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THE
I L I A D
O F
H O M E R.

Translated by
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

Te sequor, O Graiæ gentis Decus ! inque tuis nunc
Fixa pedum pono pressis vestigia signis :
Non ita certandi cupidus, quàm propter Amorem,
Quòd Te imitari aveo. ————— LUCRET.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

L O N D O N,

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MDCCLXXI.



THE
NINTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

VOL. III.

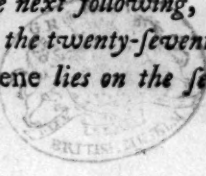
B

THE A R G U M E N T.

The Embassy to Achilles.

AGAMEMNON, after the last day's defeat, proposes to the Greeks to quit the siege, and return to their country. Diomed opposes this, and Nestor seconds him, praising his wisdom and resolution. He orders the guard to be strengthened, and a council summoned to deliberate what measures are to be followed in this emergency. Agamemnon pursues this advice, and Nestor farther prevails upon him to send ambassadors to Achilles, in order to move him to a reconciliation. Ulysses and Ajax are made choice of, who are accompanied by old Phœnix. They make, each of them, very moving and pressing speeches, but are rejected with roughness by Achilles, who notwithstanding retains Phœnix in his tent. The ambassadors return unsuccessfully to the camp, and the troops betake themselves to sleep.

This book, and the next following, take up the space of one night, which is the twenty-seventh from the beginning of the poem. The scene lies on the sea-shore, the station of the Grecian ships.



THE
* N I N T H B O O K
O F T H E
I L I A D.

THUS joyful Troy maintain'd the watch of
night ;

While Fear, pale comrade of inglorious flight,
And heav'n-bred horror, on the Grecian part,
Sat on each face, and sadden'd every heart.

* We have here a new scene of action opened ; the poet has hitherto given us an account of what happened by day only : the two following books relate the adventures of the night.

It may be thought that Homer has crouded a great many actions into a very short time. In the ninth book a council is convened, an embassy sent, a considerable time passes in the speeches and replies of the ambassadors and Achilles : in the tenth book a second council is called ; after this a debate is held, Dolon is intercepted, Diomed and Ulysses enter into the enemy's camp, kill Rhesus, and bring away his horses : and all this is done in the narrow compass of one night.

It must therefore be remembered, that the ninth book takes up the first part of the night only ; that after the first council was dissolved, there passed some time before

4 HOMER'S ILIAD. Book IX.

As from its cloudy dungeon issuing forth, 5
 A double tempest of the west and north
 Swells o'er the sea, from Thracia's frozen shore,
 Heaps waves on waves, and bids th' Ægean roar ;
 This way and that, the boiling deeps are toft ;
 Such various passions urge the troubled host. 10
 Great Agamemnon griev'd above the rest ;
 Superiour sorrows swell'd his royal breast ;
 Himself his orders to the heralds bears,
 To bid to council all the Grecian peers,

the second was summoned, as appears by the leaders being awakened by Menelaus. So that it was almost morning before Diomed and Ulysses set out upon their design, which is very evident from the words of Ulysses, Book x. v. 251.

Ἄλλ' ἵομεν μάλα γὰρ νύξ ἀνέσται, ἑγυῖθι δ' ἥως.

So that although a great many incidents are introduced, yet every thing might easily have been performed in the allotted time.

v. 7. *From Thracia's shore.*] Homer has been supposed by Eratosthenes and others, to have been guilty of an error, in saying that Zephyrus, or the west wind, blows from Thrace, whereas in truth it blows toward it. But the poet speaks so either because it is fabled to be the rendezvous of all the winds ; or with respect to the particular situation of Troy and the Ægean sea. Either of these replies are sufficient to solve that objection.

The particular parts of this composition agree admirably with the design of Homer, to express the distraction of the Greeks : the two winds representing the different opinions of the armies, one part of which were inclined to return, the other to stay. *Eustathius.*

Book IX. HOMER'S ILIAD. 5

But bid in whispers : these surround their chief,
 In solemn sadness, and majestic grief. 16
 The king amidst the mournful circle rose ;
 Down his wan cheek a briny torrent flows :
 So silent fountains, from a rock's tall head,
 In fable streams soft-trickling waters shed. 20
 With more than vulgar grief he stood oppress'd ;
 Words, mixt with sighs, thus bursting from his
 breast.

Ye sons of Greece ! partake your leader's care ;
 Fellows in arms, and princes of the war !

v. 15. *But bid in whispers.*] The reason why Agamemnon commands his heralds to summon the leaders in silence, is for fear the enemy should discover their consternation, by reason of their nearness, or perceive what their designs were in this extremity. *Eustathius.*

v. 23. *Agamemnon's speech.*] The critics are divided in their opinion, whether this speech, which is word for word the same with that he makes in lib. ii. be only a feint to try the army as it is there, or the real sentiments of the general. Dionysius of Halicarnassus explains it as the former, with whom Madam Dacier concurs; she thinks they must be both counterfeit, because they are both the same, and believes Homer would have varied them, had the design been different. She takes no notice that Eustathius is of the contrary opinion; as is also Monsieur de la Motte, who argues as if he had read him. “ Agamemnon (says he) in the Iliad, thought himself
 “ assured of victory from the dream which Jupiter had
 “ sent to him, and in that confidence was desirous to
 “ bring the Greeks to a battle; but in the ninth book
 “ his circumstances are changed, he is in the utmost
 “ distress and despair upon his defeat, and therefore his

Of partial Jove too justly we complain,
And heav'nly oracles believ'd in vain.

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“ proposal to raise the siege is in all probability sincere.
“ If Homer had intended we should think otherwise, he
“ would have told us so, as he did on the former occa-
“ sion : and some of the officers would have suspected a
“ feint, the rather because they had been imposed upon
“ by the same speech before. But none of them suspect
“ him at all. Diomed thinks him so much in earnest as
“ to reproach his cowardice. Nestor applauds Diomed's
“ liberty, and Agamemnon makes not the least defence
“ for himself.”

Dacier answers, that Homer had no occasion to tell us this was counterfeit, because the officers could not but remember it to have been so before ; and as for the answers of Diomed and Nestor, they only carry on the same feint, as Dionysius has proved, whose reasons may be seen in the following note.

I do not pretend to decide upon this point ; but which way soever it be, I think Agamemnon's design was equally answered by repeating the same speech : so that the repetition at least is not to be blamed in Homer. What obliged Agamemnon to that feint, in the second book, was the hatred he had incurred in the army, by being the cause of Achilles's departure ; this made it but a necessary precaution in him to try, before he came to a battle, whether the Greeks were disposed to it : and it was equally necessary, in case the event should prove unsuccessful, to free himself from the odium of being the occasion of it. Therefore when they were now actually defeated, to repeat the same words, was the readiest way to put them in mind that he had proposed the same advice to them before the battle ; and to make it appear unjust that their ill fortune should be charged upon him. See notes, v. 93 and 138 of the second Iliad.

Book IX. HOMER'S ILIAD. 7

A safe return was promis'd to our toils,
 With conquest honour'd, and enrich'd with spoils :
 Now shameful flight alone can save the host ;
 Our wealth, our people, and our glory lost. 30
 So Jove decrees. Almighty Lord of all !
 Jove, at whose nod whole empires rise or fall,
 Who shakes the feeble props of human trust,
 And tow'rs and armies humbles to the dust.
 Hasten then, for ever quit these fatal fields, 35
 Hasten to the joys our native country yields ;
 Spread all your canvas, all your oars employ,
 Nor hope the fall of heav'n-defended Troy.

He said ; deep silence held the Grecian band,
 Silent, unmov'd, in dire dismay they stand, 40
 A pensive scene ! 'till Tydeus' warlike son
 Roll'd on the king his eyes, and thus begun.

When kings advise us to renounce our fame,
 First let him speak, who first has suffer'd shame.

v. 43. *The speech of Diomed.*] I shall here translate the criticism of Dionysius on this passage. He asks, " What
 " can be the drift of Diomed, when he insults Agamem-
 " non in his griefs and distresses ? For what Diomed
 " here says, seems not only very ill timed, but incon-
 " sistent with his own opinion, and with the respect he
 " had shewn in the beginning of this very speech :

" If I upbraid thee, prince, thy wrath with-hold,

" The laws of council bid my tongue be bold.

" This is the introduction of a man in temper, who is
 " willing to soften and excuse the liberty of what is to
 " follow, and what necessity only obliges him to utter,

8 HOMER's I L I A D. Book IX.

If I oppose thee, prince, thy wrath with-hold,
 The laws of council bid my tongue be bold. 46
 Thou first, and thou alone, in fields of fight,
 Durst brand my courage, and defame my might :
 Nor from a friend th' unkind reproach appear'd,
 The Greeks stood witness, all our army heard. 50
 The Gods, O chief ! from whom our honours spring,
 The Gods have made thee but by halves a king.

“ But he subjoins a resentment of the reproach the king
 “ had formerly thrown upon him, and tells him that Ju-
 “ piter had given him power and dominion without cou-
 “ rage and virtue. These are things which agree but
 “ ill together, that Diomed should upbraid Agamemnon
 “ in his adversity with past injuries, after he had endured
 “ his reproaches with so much moderation, and had re-
 “ proved Sthenelus so warmly for the contrary practice
 “ in the fourth book. If any one answer, that Diomed
 “ was warranted in this freedom by the bravery of his
 “ warlike behaviour since that reproach, he supposes
 “ this hero very ignorant how to demean himself in pro-
 “ sperity. The truth is, this whole accusation of Diomed's
 “ is only a feint to serve the designs of Agamemnon.
 “ For being desirous to persuade the Greeks against their
 “ departure, he effects that design by this counterfeited
 “ anger, and licence of speech : and seeming to resent,
 “ that Agamemnon should be capable of imagining the
 “ army would return to Greece, he artfully makes use
 “ of these reproaches to cover his argument. This is
 “ farther confirmed by what follows, when he bids Aga-
 “ memnon return, if he pleases, and affirms that the
 “ Grecians will stay without him. Nay, he carries the
 “ matter so far, as to boast, that if all the rest should de-
 “ part, himself and Sthenelus alone would continue the
 “ war, which would be extremely childish and absurd in
 “ any other view than this.”

They gave thee sceptres, and a wide command,
 They gave dominion o'er the seas and land ;
 The noblest pow'r that might the world controul 55
 They gave thee not—a brave and virtuous soul.
 Is this a gen'ral's voice, that would suggest
 Fears like his own to ev'ry Grecian breast ?
 Confiding in our want of worth, he stands ;
 And if we fly, 'tis what our king commands. 60
 Go thou inglorious ! from th' embattl'd plain ;
 Ships thou hast store, and nearest to the main ;
 A nobler care the Grecians shall employ,
 To combat, conquer, and extirpate Troy.
 Here Greece shall stay ; or if all Greece retire, 65
 Myself will stay, 'till Troy or I expire ;
 Myself, and Sthenelus will fight for fame ;
 God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came.

v. 53. *They gave thee sceptres, &c.*] This is the language of a brave man, to affirm and say boldly, that courage is above sceptres and crowns. Sceptres and crowns were indeed in former times not hereditary, but the recompence of valour. With what art and haughtiness Diomed sets himself indirectly above Agamemnon !
Eustathius.

v. 62. *And nearest to the main.*] There is a secret stroke of satire in these words ; Diomed tells the king that his squadron lies next the sea, insinuating that they were the most distant from the battle, and readiest for flight.
Eustathius.

v. 68. *God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came.*] This is literal from the Greek, and therein may be seen the style of holy scripture, where it is said that they *come*

He ceas'd ; the Greeks loud acclamations raise,
 And voice to voice resounds Tydides' praise. 70
 Wife Nestor then his rev'rend figure rear'd ;
 He spoke : the host in still attention heard.

O truly great ! in whom the Gods have join'd
 Such strength of body with such force of mind ;

with God, or that they are not come without God, meaning that they did not come without his order : Numquid sine Domino ascendi in terram istam ? says Rabshekah to Hezekiah, in Isaiah xxxvi. v. 8. This passage seems to me very beautiful. Homer adds it to shew that the valour of Diomed, which puts him upon remaining alone with Sthenelus, when all the Greeks were gone, is not a rash and mad boldness, but a reasonable one, and founded on the promises of God himself, who cannot lye. *Dacier.*

v. 73. *The speech of Nestor.*] Dionysius gives us the design of this speech in the place above cited. “ Nestor
 “ (says he) seconds the oration of Diomed : we shall perceive the artifice of his discourse, if we reflect to how
 “ little purpose it would be without this design. He
 “ praises Diomed for what he has said, but does it not
 “ without declaring, that he had not spoken fully to the
 “ purpose, but fallen short in some points, which he ascribes to his youth, and promises to supply them.
 “ Then after a long preamble, when he has turned himself several ways, as if he was sporting in a new and
 “ uncommon vein of oratory, he concludes by ordering
 “ the watch to their stations, and advising Agamemnon
 “ to invite the elders of the army to a supper, there, out
 “ of many counsels, to chuse the best. All this at first
 “ sight appears absurd ; but we must know that Nestor
 “ too speaks in figure. Diomed seems to quarrel with
 “ Agamemnon purely to gratify him ; but Nestor praises
 “ his liberty of speech, as it were to vindicate a real

In conduct, as in courage you excel, 75
Still first to act what you advise so well.

Those wholesome counsels which thy wisdom moves,
Applauding Greece with common voice approves.

" quarrel with the king. The end of all this is only
" to move Agamemnon to supplicate Achilles; and to
" that end he so much commends the young man's free-
" dom. In proposing to call a council only of the eldest,
" he consults the dignity of Agamemnon, that he might
" not be exposed to make this condescension before the
" younger officers. And he concludes by an artful in-
" ference of the absolute necessity of applying to Achilles
" from the present posture of their affairs.

" See what a blaze from hostile tents aspires,
" How near our fleets approach the Trojan fires!

" This is all Nestor says at this time before the general
" assembly of the Greeks; but in his next speech when the
" elders only are present, he explains the whole matter at
" large, and openly declares that they must have recourse
" to Achilles." *Dion. Hal. περί ἐσχηματισμένων, p. 2.*

Plutarch de Laud. Poetis, takes notice of this piece of decorum in Nestor, who when he intended to move for a mediation with Achilles, chose not to do it in publick, but proposed a private meeting of the chiefs to that end. If what these two great authors have said, be considered, there will be no room for the trivial objection some moderns have made to this proposal of Nestor's, as if in the present distress he did no more than impertinently advise them to go to supper.

v. 73. *O truly great!*] Nestor could do no less than commend Diomed's valour, he had lately been a witness of it when he was preserved from falling into the enemy's hands till he was rescued by Diomed. *Eustath.*

Kings thou canst blame ; a bold but prudent youth ;
And blame ev'n kings with praise, because with
truth. 80

And yet those years that since thy birth have run,
Would hardly style thee Nestor's youngest son.

Then let me add what yet remains behind,
A thought unfinish'd in that gen'rous mind ;
Age bids me speak ; nor shall th' advice I bring 85
Distaste the people, or offend the king :

Curs'd is the man, and void of law and right,
Unworthy property, unworthy light,

v. 87. *Curs'd is the man.*] Nestor, says the same author, very artfully brings in these words as a general maxim, in order to dispose Agamemnon to a reconciliation with Achilles : he delivers it in general terms, and leaves the king to make the application. This passage is translated with liberty, for the original comprises a great deal in a very few words, ἀφῆτωρ, ἀθέμις, ἀνέρις. It will be proper to give a particular explication of each of these : ἀφῆτωρ, says Eustathius, signifies one who is a vagabond or foreigner. The Athenians kept a register, in which all that were born were enrolled, whence it easily appeared who were citizens, or not ; ἀφῆτωρ therefore signifies one who is deprived of the privilege of a citizen. ἀθέμις is one who had forfeited all title to be protected by the laws of his country. ἀνέρις, one that has no habitation, or rather, one that was not permitted to partake of any family sacrifice. For ἑστία is a family Goddess ; and Jupiter sometimes is called Ζεὺς ἑστιαρχός.

There is a sort of gradation in these words. ἀθέμις signifies a man that has lost the privileges of his country ; ἀφῆτωρ those of his own tribe, and ἀνέρις those of his own family.

Unfit for public rule, or private care ;
 That wretch, that monster, who delights in war : 90
 Whose lust is murder, and whose horrid joy,
 To tear his country, and his kind destroy !
 This night, refresh and fortify thy train ;
 Between the trench and wall let guards remain :
 Be that the duty of the young and bold ; 95
 But thou, O king, to council call the old :
 Great is thy sway, and weighty are thy cares ;
 Thy high commands must spirit all our wars.
 With Thracian wines recruit thy honour'd guests,
 For happy counsels flow from sober feasts. 100
 Wife, weighty counsels aid a state distressed,
 And such a monarch as can chuse the best.
 See ! what a blaze from hostile tents aspires,
 How near our fleet approach the Trojan fires ! 104
 Who can, unmov'd, behold the dreadful light,
 What eye beholds 'em, and can close to night ?
 This dreadful interval determines all ;
 To-morrow, Troy must flame, or Greece must fall.
 Thus spoke the hoary sage : the rest obey ;
 Swift thro' the gates the guards direct their way. 110

v. 94. *Between the trench and wall.*] It is almost impossible to make such particularities as these appear with any tolerable elegance in poetry : and as they cannot be raised, so neither must they be omitted. This particular space here mentioned between the trench and wall, is what we must carry in our mind through this and the following book : otherwise we shall be at a loss to know the exact scene of the actions and counsels that follow.

His son was first to pass the lofty mound,
 The gen'rous Thrasymed, in arms renown'd :
 Next him, Ascalaphus, Ialmen, stood,
 The double offspring of the Warriour-God.
 Deïpyrus, Aphareus, Merion join, 115
 And Lycomed, of Creon's noble line.
 Sev'n were the leaders of the nightly bands,
 And each bold chief a hundred spears commands.
 The fires they light, to short repasts they fall, 119
 Some line the trench, and others man the wall.

The king of men, on publick counsels bent,
 Conven'd the princes in his ample tent ;
 Each seiz'd a portion of the kingly feast,
 But staid his hand when thirst and hunger ceast.
 Then Nestor spoke, for wisdom long approv'd, 125
 And slowly rising, thus the council mov'd.

Monarch of nations ! whose superiour sway
 Assembled states, and lords of earth obey,
 The laws and sceptres to thy hand are giv'n,
 And millions own the care of thee and heav'n.
 O king ! the counsels of my age attend ; 131
 With thee my cares begin, in thee must end ;

v. 119. *The fires they light.*] They lighted up these fires that they might not seem to be under any consternation, but to be upon their guard against any alarm. *Eustath.*

v. 124. *When thirst and hunger ceast.*] The conduct of Homer in this place is very remarkable ; he does not fall into a long description of the entertainment, but complies with the exigence of affairs, and passes on to the consultation. *Eustathius.*

Book IX. HOMER'S I L I A D. 15

Thee, prince ! it fits alike to speak and hear,
 Pronounce with judgment, with regard give ear,
 To see no wholesome motion be withstood, 135
 And ratify the best for publick good.
 Nor, tho' a meaner give advice, repine,
 But follow it, and make the wisdom thine.
 Hear then a thought, not now conceiv'd in haste,
 At once my present judgment, and my past. 140
 When from Pelides' tent you forc'd the maid,
 I first oppos'd, and faithful, durst dissuade ;

v. 138. *And make the wisdom thine.*] Eustathius thought that Homer said this, because in council, as in the army, all is attributed to the princes, and the whole honour ascribed to them : but this is by no means Homer's thought. What he here says, is a maxim drawn from the profoundest philosophy. That which often does men the most harm, is envy, and the shame of yielding to advice, which proceeds from others. There is more greatness and capacity in following good advice, than in proposing it ; by executing it, we render it our own, and we ravish even the property of it from its author ; and Eustathius seems to incline to this thought, when he afterwards says, Homer makes him that follows good advice, equal to him that gives it ; but he has not fully expressed himself. *Dacier.*

v. 140. *At once my present judgment and my past.*] Nestor here by the word *παλαι*, means the advice he gave at the time of the quarrel, in the first book : he says, as it was his opinion then, that Agamemnon ought not to disgrace Achilles, so after the maturest deliberation, he finds no reason to alter it. Nestor here launches out into the praises of Achilles, which is a secret argument to induce Agamemnon to regain his friendship, by shewing the importance of it. *Eustathius.*

But bold of soul, when headlong fury fir'd,
 You wrong'd the man, by men and Gods admir'd :
 Now seek some means his fatal wrath to end, 145
 With pray'rs to move him, or with gifts to bend.

To whom the king. With justice hast thou
 shown

A prince's faults, and I with reason own.
 That happy man, whom Jove still honours most,
 Is more than armies, and himself an host. 150
 Blest in his love, this wond'rous hero stands ;
 Heav'n fights his war, and humbles all our bands.
 Fain wou'd my heart, which err'd thro' frantick
 rage,

The wrathful chief and angry Gods assuage.
 If gifts immense his mighty soul can bow, 155
 Hear, all ye Greeks, and witness what I vow.

v. 151. *This wond'rous hero.*] It is remarkable that Agamemnon here never uses the name of Achilles : though he is resolved to court his friendship, yet he cannot bear the mention of his name. The impression which the disension made, is not yet worn off, though he expatiates in commendation of his valour. *Eustathius.*

v. 155. *If gifts immense his mighty soul can bow.*] The poet, says Eustathius, makes a wise choice of the gifts that are to be proffered to Achilles. Had he been ambitious of wealth, there are golden tripods, and ten talents of gold to bribe his resentment. If he had been addicted to the fair sex, there was a king's daughter, and seven fair captives to win his favour : or if he had been ambitious of greatness, there were seven wealthy cities, and a kingly power to court him to a reconciliation : but he takes this way to shew us that his anger was stronger than all his other passions. It is farther ob-

Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,
And twice ten vases of refulgent mold ;
Sev'n sacred tripods, whose unfully'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame : 160

servable, that Agamemnon promises these presents at three different times ; first, at this instant ; secondly, on the taking of Troy ; and lastly, after their return to Greece. This division in some degree multiplies them.
Dacier.

v. 157. *Ten weighty talents.*] The ancient criticks have blamed one of the verses in the enumeration of these presents, as not sufficiently flowing and harmonious ; the pause is ill placed, and one word does not fall easily into the other. This will appear very plain, if we compare it with a more numerous verse.

"Αχρον ἐπὶ ῥηϊμῖνος ἀλὸς πολιοῖο θέεσκον.

"Αἰθωνας δὲ λείπτας εἰκοσι, δάδεια δ' ἵππων.

The ear immediately perceives the musick of the former line : every syllable glides smoothly away, without offending the ear with any such roughness as is found in the second. The first runs as swiftly as the coursers it describes ; but the latter is a broken, interrupted, uneven verse. But it is certainly pardonable in this place, where the musick of poetry is not necessary ; the mind is entirely taken up in learning what presents Agamemnon intended to make Achilles : and is not at leisure to regard the ornaments of versification ; and even those pauses are not without their beauties, as they would of necessity cause a stop in the delivery, and so give time for each particular to sink into the mind of Achilles.
Eustathius.

v. 159. *Sev'n sacred tripods.*] There were two kinds of tripods, in the one they used to boil water, the other was entirely for shew ; to mix wine and water in, says

Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in force,
 And still victorious in the dusty course :
 (Rich were the man whose ample stores exceed
 The prizes purchas'd by their winged speed)
 Sev'n lovely captives of the Lesbian line, 165
 Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,
 The same I chose for more than vulgar charms,
 When Lesbos sunk beneath the hero's arms :
 All these, to buy his friendship, shall be paid,
 And join'd with these the long-contested maid ;
 With all her charms, Briseïs I resign, 171
 And solemn swear those charms were never mine ;
 Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjur'd she removes,
 Pure from my arms, and guiltless of my loves.

Athenæus : the first were called λέκτρας, or cauldrons, for common use, and made to bear the fire ; the other were ἀπυροί, and made chiefly for ornament. It may be asked why this could be a proper present for Achilles, who was a martial man, and regarded nothing but arms ? It may be answered, that these presents very well suited to the person to whom they were sent, as tripods in ancient days were the usual prizes in games, and they were given by Achilles himself in those which he exhibited in honour of Patroclus : the same may be said of the female captives, which were also among the prizes in the games of Patroclus. *Eustathius.*

v. 161. *Twelve steeds unmatch'd.*] From hence it is evident that games used to be celebrated in the Grecian army during the time of war ; perhaps in honour of the deceased heroes. For had Agamemnon given Achilles horses that had been victorious before the beginning of the Trojan war, they would by this time have been too old to be of any value. *Eustathius.*

Book IX. HOMER'S ILIAD. 19

These instant shall be his; and if the pow'rs 175
 Give to our arms proud Ilion's hostile tow'rs,
 Then shall he store (when Greece the spoil divides)
 With gold and brags his loaded navy's sides.
 Besides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race
 With copious love shall crown his warm em-
 brace; 180
 Such as himself will choose; who yield to none,
 Or yield to Helen's heavenly charms alone.
 Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,
 If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore,
 There shall he live my son, our honour's share, 185
 And with Orestes' self divide my care.
 Yet more—three daughters in my court are bred,
 And each well worthy of a royal bed;
 Laodice and Iphigenia fair,
 And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair; 190

v. 189. *Laodice and Iphigenia, &c.*] These are the names of Agamemnon's daughters, among which we do not find Electra. But some affirm, says Eustathius, that Laodice and Electra are the same, (as Iphianassa is the same with Iphigenia) and she was called so either by way of sur-name, or by reason of her complexion, which was, ἡλεκτρῶδες, *flava*; or by way of derision ἡλέκτρα *quasi* ἄλεκτρον, because she was an old maid, as appears from Euripides, who says that she remained long a virgin.

Παρθένε, μακρὸν δὴ μῆκος ἡλέκτρα χρόνῃ.

And in Sophocles, she says of herself, Ἀνύμφεός εἰν οἱ χροῶ,
I wander a disconsolate unmarried virgin, which shews that it was ever looked upon as a disgrace to continue long so.

Her let him choofe, whom moft his eyes approve,
 I ask no presents, no reward for love :
 Myfelf will give the dow'r ; fo vaft a ftore
 As never father gave a child before.
 Sev'n ample cities fhall confefs his fway, 195
 Him Enope, and Pheræ him obey,
 Cardamyle with ample turrets crown'd,
 And fabled Pedafus for vines renown'd ;
 Æpea fair, the paftures Hira yields,
 And rich Antheia with her flow'ry fields : 200

v. 192. *I ask no presents—Myself will give the dow'r.*] For in Greece the bridegroom, before he married, was obliged to make two presents, one to his betrothed wife, and the other to his father-in-law. This custom is very ancient ; it was practifed by the Hebrews in the time of the patriarchs. Abraham's fervant gave necklaces and ear-rings to Rebecca, whom he demanded for Ifaac, Genesis xxiv. 22. Shechem fon of Hamor fays to Jacob and his fons, whose fiftter he was defirous to espoufe, " Ask me never fo much dowry and gifts," Genesis xxxiv. 12. For the dowry was for the daughter. This present ferved for her dowry, and the other presents were for the father. In the firft book of Samuel xviii. 25. Saul makes them fay to David, who by reafon of his poverty faid he could not be fon-in-law to the king : " The king " defireth not any dowry." And in the two laft paf-fages, we fee the presents were commonly regulated by the father of the bride. There is no mention in Homer of any present made to the father, but only of that which was given to the married daughter, which was called *ἐνθα*. The dowry which the father gave to his daughter was called *μείλια* wherefore Agamemnon fays here, *ἐπι-μείλια δώσῃ*. Dacier.

The whole extent to Pylos' sandy plain,
 Along the verdant margin of the main.
 There heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil ;
 Bold are the men, and gen'rous is the soil ;
 There shall he reign with pow'r and justice
 crown'd, 205

And rule the tributary realms around.
 All this I give, his vengeance to controul,
 And sure all this may move his mighty soul.
 Pluto, the grisly God, who never spares, 209
 Who feels no mercy, and who hears no pray'rs,
 Lives dark and dreadful in deep hell's abodes,
 And mortals hate him, as the worst of Gods.
 Great tho' he be, it fits him to obey ;
 Since more than his my years, and more my sway.

The monarch thus : the rev'rend Nestor then :
 Great Agamemnon ! glorious king of men ! 216
 Such are thy offers as a prince may take,
 And such as fits a gen'rous king to make.
 Let chosen delegates this hour be sent,
 (Myself will name them) to Pelides' tent : 220

v. 209. *Pluto, the grisly God, who never spares.*] The meaning of this may be gathered from Æschylus, cited here by Eustathius.

Μόνος θεῶν θάνατος ἔδωκεν ἑρᾶ,
 οὐδ' ἂν τι θύων ἢδ' ἐπισπένδων λάχοις,
 οὐδ' ἔστι βωμὸς, ἢδὲ παιωνίζεται.

“ Death is the only God who is not moved by offerings,
 “ whom you cannot conquer by sacrifices and oblations,
 “ and therefore he is the only God to whom no altar is
 “ erected, and no hymns are sung.”

Let Phoenix lead, rever'd for hoary age,
Great Ajax next, and Ithacus the sage.

v. 221. *Let Phoenix lead.*] How comes it to pass that Phoenix is in the Grecian camp: when undoubtedly he retired with his pupil Achilles? Eustathius says, the ancients conjectured that he came to the camp to see the first battle: and indeed nothing is more natural to imagine, than that Achilles would be impatient to know the event of the day, when he was himself absent from the fight: and as his revenge and glory were to be satisfied by the ill success of the Grecians, it is highly probable that he sent Phoenix to enquire after it. Eustathius farther observes, Phoenix was not an ambassador, but only the conductor of the embassy. This is evident from the words themselves, which are all along delivered in the dual number; and farther, from Achilles's requiring Phoenix to stay with him when the other two departed.

v. 222. *Great Ajax next, and Ithacus the sage.*] The choice of these persons is made with a great deal of judgment. Achilles could not but reverence the venerable Phoenix his guardian and tutor. Ajax and Ulysses had been disgraced in the first book, line 187, as well as he, and were therefore proper persons to persuade him to forgive as they had forgiven: besides, it was the greatest honour that could be done to Achilles, to send the most worthy personages in the army to him. Ulysses was inferior to none in eloquence but to Nestor. Ajax was second to none in valour but to Achilles.

Ajax might have an influence over him as a relation, by descent from Æacus; Ulysses as an orator: to these are joined Hodiús and Eurybates, two heralds, which though it were not customary, yet was necessary in this place, both to certify Achilles that this embassy was the act of Agamemnon himself, and also to make these persons who had been witnesses before God and man of

Yet more to sanctify the word you send,
Let Hodius and Eurybates attend. 224

Now pray to Jove to grant what Greece demands;
Pray, in deep silence, and with purest hands.

He said, and all approv'd. The heralds bring
The cleansing water from the living spring.
The youth with wine the sacred goblets crown'd,
And large libations drench'd the sands around. 230

The rite perform'd, the chiefs their thirst allay,
Then from the royal tent they take their way;
Wife Nestor turns on each his careful eye,
Forbids t' offend, instructs them to apply:
Much he advis'd them all, Ulysses most, 235
To deprecate the chief, and save the host.

Thro' the still night they march, and hear the roar
Of murm'ring billows on the sounding shore.
To Neptune, ruler of the seas profound, 239
Whose liquid arms the mighty globe furround,
They pour forth vows, their embassy to bless,
And calm the rage of stern Æacides.
And now, arriv'd, where, on the sandy bay
The Myrmidonian tents and vessels lay;

the wrong done to Achilles in respect to Briseïs, witnesses
also of the satisfaction given him. *Eustathius.*

v. 235. *Much he advis'd them all, Ulysses most.*] There
is a great propriety in representing Nestor as so particu-
larly applying himself on this occasion to Ulysses.
Though he of all men had the least need of his instruc-
tions; yet it is highly natural for one wise man to talk
most to another.

Amus'd at ease, the god-like man they found, 245
 Pleas'd with the solemn harp's harmonious sound.
 (The well-wrought harp from conquer'd Thebæ
 came,

Of polish'd silver was its costly frame ;)
 With this he sooths his angry soul, and sings
 Th' immortal deeds of heroes and of kings. 250
 Patroclus only of the royal train,
 Plac'd in his tent, attends the lofty strain :
 Full opposite he sat, and listen'd long,
 In silence waiting 'till he ceas'd the song.

v. 246. *Pleas'd with the solemn harp's harmonious sound.*]
 "Homer (says Plutarch) to prove what an excellent use
 "may be made of musick, feigned Achilles to compose
 "by this means the wrath he had conceived against Aga-
 "memnon. He sung to his harp the noble actions of
 "the valiant, and the achievements of heroes and Demi-
 "gods, a subject worthy of Achilles. Homer more-
 "over teaches us in this fiction the proper season for
 "musick, when a man is at leisure and unemployed in
 "greater affairs. For Achilles, so valorous as he was,
 "had retired from action through his displeasure to
 "Agamemnon. And nothing was better suited to the
 "martial disposition of this hero, than these heroick
 "songs, that prepared him for the deeds and toils he af-
 "terwards undertook, by the celebration of the like in
 "those who had gone before him. Such was the an-
 "cient musick, and to such purposes it was applied."
Plut. of Musick. The same author relates in the life of
 Alexander, that when the lyre of Paris was offered to
 that prince, he made answer, "He had little value for it,
 "but much desired that of Achilles, on which he sung
 "the actions of heroes in former times."

Book IX. HOMER'S ILIAD. 25

Unseen the Grecian embassy proceeds 255

To his high tent ; the great Ulysses leads.

Achilles starting, as the chiefs he spy'd,

Leap'd from his seat, and laid the harp aside.

With like surprise arose Menœtius' son :

Pelides grasp'd their hands, and thus begun. 260

Princes, all hail ! whatever brought you here,

Or strong necessity, or urgent fear ;

Welcome, tho' Greeks ! for not as foes ye came ;

To me more dear than all that bear the name.

With that, the chiefs beneath his roof he led,

And plac'd in seats with purple carpets spread. 266

Then thus—Patroclus, crown a larger bowl,

Mix purer wine, and open ev'ry soul.

v. 261. *Princes, all hail !*] This short speech is wonderfully proper to the occasion, and to the temper of the speaker. One is under a great expectation of what Achilles will say at the sight of these heroes ; and I know nothing in nature that could satisfy it but the very thing he here accosts them with.

v. 268. *Mix purer wine.*] The meaning of this word ζωρότερον is very dubious : some say it signifies warm wine, from ζέω, *ferveo* : according to Aristotle it is an adverb, and implies to mix wine *quickly*. And others think it signifies pure wine. In this last sense Herodotus uses it, Ἐπὶ ζωρότερον βάλωνται οἱ Σπαρτιάται πικρὸν, ἐπισκύνουσιν ὕδατι, ὡς ἀπὸ τῶν Σκυθῶν, οἳ, φησιν, εἰς Σπάρτην ἀφικόμενοι πρέσβεις, ἐδίδαξαν τὸν Κλεομένην ἀκραλοποιεῖν. Which in English is thus :
 “ When the Spartans have an inclination to drink their
 “ wine pure and not diluted, they propose to drink after
 “ the manner of the Scythians ; some of whom coming
 “ ambassadors to Sparta, taught Cleomenes to drink his
 “ wine unmixed.” I think this sense of the word most

Of all the warriours yonder host can send,
Thy friend most honours these, and these thy friend.

He said ; Patroclus o'er the blazing fire, 271
Heaps in a brazen vase three chines entire :

natural ; and Achilles might give this particular order not to dilute the wine so much as usually, because the embassadors, who were brave men, might be supposed to be much fatigued in the late battle, and to want a more than usual refreshment. *Eustathius*. See *Plutarch. Symp.* l. iv. c. 5.

v. 271. *Patroclus o'er the blazing fire, &c.*] The reader must not expect to find much beauty in such descriptions as these : they give us an exact account of the simplicity of that age, which for all we know might be a part of Homer's design ; there being, no doubt, a considerable change of customs in Greece, from the time of the Trojan war to those wherein our author lived ; and it seemed demanded of him to omit nothing that might give the Greeks an idea of the manners of their predecessors. But however that matter stood, it should, methinks, be a pleasure to a modern reader, to see how such mighty men, whose actions have survived their persons three thousand years, lived in the earliest ages of the world. The embassadors found this hero, says *Eustathius*, without any attendants ; he had no ushers or waiters to introduce them, no servile parasites about him : the latter ages degenerated into these pieces of state and pageantry.

The supper also is described with an equal simplicity : three princes are busied in preparing it, and they who made the greatest figure in the field of battle, thought it no disparagement to prepare their own repast. The objections some have made, that Homer's Gods and heroes do every thing for themselves, as if several of those offices were unworthy of them, proceed from the corrupt idea of modern luxury and grandeur : whereas in truth it is rather a weakness and imperfection to stand in need

The brazen vase Automedon sustains,
Which flesh of porket, sheep, and goat contains :

of the assistance and ministry of others. But however it be, methinks those of the nicest taste might relish this entertainment of Homer's, when they consider these great men as soldiers in a camp, in whom the least appearance of luxury would have been a crime.

v. 271. *Patroclus o'er the blazing fire.*] Madam Dacier's general note on this passage deserves to be transcribed. "Homer, says she, is in the right not to avoid these descriptions, because nothing can be properly called vulgar which is drawn from the manner and usages of persons of the first dignity; and also because in his tongue even the terms of cookery are so noble, and of so agreeable a sound, and he likewise knows how to place them so well, as to extract a perfect harmony from them: so that he may be said to be as excellent a poet when he describes these small matters, as when he treats of the greatest subjects. It is not so either with our manners, or our language. Cookery is left to servants; and all its terms so low and disagreeable, even in the sound, that nothing can be made of them, that has not some taint of their meanness. This great disadvantage made me at first think of abridging this preparation of the repast; but when I had well considered it, I was resolved to preserve and give Homer as he is, without retrenching any thing from the simplicity of the heroick manners. I do not write to enter the lists against Homer, I will dispute nothing with him; my design is only to give an idea of him, and to make him understood: the reader will therefore forgive me if this description has none of its original grace."

v. 272. *In a brazen vase.*] The word *κεραυνον* signifies the vessel, and not the meat itself, as Euphorion conjectured, giving it as a reason that Homer makes no men-

Achilles at the genial feast presides, 275
 The parts transfixes, and with skill divides.
 Meanwhile Patroclus sweats the fire to raise ;
 The tent is brighten'd with the rising blaze :
 Then, when the languid flame at length subside,
 He strows a bed of glowing embers wide, 280
 Above the coals the smoking fragments turns,
 And sprinkles sacred salt from lifted urns ;
 With bread the glitt'ring canisters they load,
 Which round the board Menœtius' son bestow'd ;
 Himself, oppos'd t' Ulysses full in fight, 285
 Each portion parts, and orders ev'ry rite.
 The first fat off'rings, to th' Immortals due,
 Amidst the greedy flames Patroclus threw ;
 Then each, indulging in the social feast,
 His thirst and hunger soberly repress. 290

tion of boiled meat : but this does not hinder but that
 the meat might be parboiled in the vessel to make it roast
 the sooner. This, with some other notes on the particu-
 lars of this passage, belong to Eustathius ; and madam
 Dacier ought not to have taken to herself the merit of
 his explanations.

v. 282. *And sprinkles sacred salt.*] Many reasons are
 given why salt is called sacred or divine ; but the best is,
 because it preserves things incorrupt, and keeps them
 from dissolution. " So thunder (says Plutarch Sympo-
 " l. v. qu. 10.) is called divine, because bodies struck
 " with thunder will not putrify ; besides generation is
 " divine, because God is the principle of all things,
 " and salt is most operative in generation. Lycophron
 " calls it ἀγνίτην τὴν ἅλα : for this reason Venus was feigned
 " by the poets to spring from the sea."

That done, to Phœnix Ajax gave the sign ;
 Not unperceiv'd ; Ulysses crown'd with wine
 The foaming bowl, and instant thus began,
 His speech addressing to the God-like man.

Health to Achilles ! happy are thy guests ! 295
 Not those more honour'd whom Atrides feasts :
 Tho' gen'rous plenty crown thy loaded boards,
 That Agamemnon's regal tent affords ;

v. 291. *To Phœnix Ajax gave the sign.*] Ajax, who was a rough soldier and no orator, is impatient to have the business over : he makes a sign to Phœnix to begin, but Ulysses prevents him. Perhaps Ulysses might flatter himself that his oratory would prevail upon Achilles, and so obtain the honour of making the reconciliation himself : or if he were repulsed, there yet remained a second and third resource in Ajax and Phœnix, who might renew the attempt, and endeavour to shake his resolution : there would still be some hopes of success, as one of these was his guardian, the other his relation. One may farther add to these reasons of Eustathius, that it would have been improper for Phœnix to have spoken first, since he was not an ambassador ; and therefore Ulysses was the fitter person, as being empowered by that function to make an offer of the presents, in the name of the king.

v. 295. *Health to Achilles !*] There are no discourses in the Iliad better placed, better timed, or that give a greater idea of Homer's genius, than these of the ambassadors to Achilles. These speeches are not only necessarily demanded by the occasion, but disposed with art, and in such order, as raises more and more the pleasure of the reader. Ulysses speaks the first, the character of whose discourse is a well-addressed eloquence ; so the mind is agreeably engaged by the choice of his reasons

But greater cares sit heavy on our souls,
 Not eas'd by banquets or by flowing bowls. 300
 What scenes of slaughter in yon' fields appear !
 The dead we mourn, and for the living fear ;
 Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful stands,
 And owns no help but from thy saving hands :
 Troy and her aids for ready vengeance call ; 305
 Their threat'ning tents already shade our wall :
 Hear how with shouts their conquest they proclaim,
 And point at ev'ry ship their vengeful flame !
 For them the Father of the Gods declares,
 Theirs are his omens, and his thunder theirs. 310
 See, full of Jove, avenging Hector rise !
 See ! heav'n and earth the raging chief defies ;
 What fury in his breast, what lightning in his eyes ! }

and applications : Achilles replies with a magnanimous freedom, whereby the mind is elevated with the sentiments of the hero : Phœnix discourses in a manner touching and pathetick, whereby the heart is moved ; and Ajax concludes with a generous disdain that leaves the soul of the reader inflamed. This order undoubtedly denotes a great poet, who knows how to command attention as he pleases, by the arrangement of his matter ; and I believe it is not possible to propose a better model for the happy disposition of a subject. These words are monsieur de la Motte's, and no testimony can be more glorious to Homer than this, which comes from the mouth of an enemy.

v. 296. *Not those more honour'd whom Atrides feasts.* I must just mention Dacier's observation : with what cunning Ulysses here slides in the odious name of Agamemnon, as he praises Achilles, that the ear of this impetuous man might be familiarised to that name.

Book IX. HOMER'S ILIAD. 31

He waits but for the morn, to sink in flame 314
 The ships, the Greeks, and all the Grecian name.
 Heav'ns! how my country's woes distract my mind,
 Left fate accomplish all his rage design'd.
 And must we, Gods! our heads inglorious lay
 In Trojan dust, and this the fatal day?
 Return, Achilles! oh return, tho' late, 320
 To save thy Greeks, and stop the course of fate;
 If in that heart, or grief, or courage lies,
 Rise to redeem; ah yet, to conquer, rise!
 The day may come, when all our warriors slain,
 That heart shall melt, that courage rise in vain.
 Regard in time, O prince divinely brave! 326
 Those wholesome counsels which thy father gave.
 When Peleus in his aged arms embrac'd
 His parting son, these accents were his last.
 My child! with strength, with glory and success,
 Thy arms may Juno and Minerva bless!
 Trust that to heav'n: but thou, thy cares engage
 To calm thy passions, and subdue thy rage:
 From gentler manners let thy glory grow,
 And shun contention, the sure source of woe; 335

v. 314. *He waits but for the morn, to sink in flame The ships, the Greeks, &c.*] There is a circumstance in the original, which I have omitted, for fear of being too particular in an oration of this warmth and importance; but as it preserves a piece of antiquity, I must not forget it here. He says that Hector will not only fire the fleet, but bear off the *statues of the Gods*, which were carved on the prows of the vessels. These were hung up in the temples, as a monument of victory, according to the custom of those times.

That young and old may in thy praise combine,
The virtues of humanity be thine——

This, now despis'd advice, thy father gave ;
Ah ! check thy anger, and be truly brave.

If thou wilt yield to great Atrides' prayers, 340

Gifts worthy thee his royal hand prepares ;

If not—but hear me, while I number o'er
The proffer'd presents, an exhaustless store.

Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,

And twice ten vases of refulgent mold ; 345

Sev'n sacred tripods, whose unfully'd frame

Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame :

Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in force,

And still victorious in the dusty course :

(Rich were the man, whose ample stores exceed

The prizes purchas'd by their winged speed) 351

Sev'n lovely captives of the Lesbian line,

Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,

The same he chose for more than vulgar charms,

When Lesbos sunk beneath thy conqu'ring arms.

v. 342. *But hear me, while I number o'er The proffer'd presents.*] Monsieur de la Motte finds fault with Homer for making Ulysses in this place repeat all the offers of Agamemnon to Achilles. Not to answer that it was but necessary to make known to Achilles all the proposals, or that this distinct enumeration served the more to move him, I think one may appeal to any person of common taste, whether the solemn recital of these circumstances does not please him more than the simple narration could have done, which Monsieur de la Motte would have put in its stead. *Ulysses made all the offers Agamemnon had commissioned him.*

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All these, to buy thy friendship, shall be paid, 356
And join'd with these the long contested maid;
With all her charms, Briseïs he'll resign,
And solemn swear those charms were only thine;
Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjur'd she removes, 360
Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.
These instant shall be thine; and if the pow'rs
Give to our arms proud Ilion's hostile tow'rs,
Then shalt thou store (when Greece the spoil divides)
With gold and brass thy loaded navy's sides. 365
Besides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race
With copious love shall crown thy warm embrace;
Such as thyself shall chuse; who yield to none,
Or yield to Helen's heav'nly charms alone.
Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,
If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore, 371
There shalt thou live his son, his honours share,
And with Orestes' self divide his care.
Yet more—three daughters in his court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed; 375
Laodice and Iphigenia fair,
And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair;
Her shalt thou wed whom most thy eyes approve,
He asks no presents, no reward for love:
Himself will give the dow'r; so vast a store, 380
As never father gave a child before.
Sev'n ample cities shall confess thy sway,
Thee Enope, and Phœæ thee obey,

Cardamyle with ample turrets crown'd,
 And sacred Pedasus, for vines renown'd : 385
 Æpea fair, the pastures Hira yields,
 And rich Antheia with her flow'ry fields :
 The whole extent to Pylos' sandy plain
 Along the verdant margin of the main.
 There heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil ; 390
 Bold are the men, and gen'rous is the soil.
 There shalt thou reign with pow'r and justice
 crown'd,
 And rule the tributary realms around.
 Such are the proffers which this day we bring,
 Such the repentance of a suppliant king. 395
 But if all this relentless thou disdain,
 If honour, and if int'rest plead in vain ;
 Yet some redress to suppliant Greece afford,
 And be, amongst her guardian Gods, ador'd.
 If no regard thy suff'ring country claim, 400
 Hear thy own glory, and the voice of fame :
 For now that chief, whose unresisted ire
 Made nations tremble, and whole hosts retire,
 Proud Hector, now, th' unequal fight demands,
 And only triumphs to deserve thy hands. 405
 Then thus the Goddess-born. Ulysses hear
 A faithful speech, that knows nor art, nor fear ;

v. 406. *Achilles's speech.*] Nothing is more remarkable
 than the conduct of Homer in this speech of Achilles.
 He begins with some degree of coolness, as in respect to
 the ambassadors, whose persons he esteemed ; yet even
 there his temper just shews itself in the insinuation that

What in my secret soul is understood,
 My tongue shall utter, and my deeds make good.
 Let Greece then know, my purpose I retain : 410
 Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.
 Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
 My heart detests him as the gates of hell.

Then thus in short my fixt resolves attend,
 Which nor Atrides, nor his Greeks can bend ; 415
 Long toils, long perils in their cause I bore,
 But now th' unfruitful glories charm no more.
 Fight or not fight, a like reward we claim,
 The wretch and hero find their prize the same ;
 Alike regretted in the dust he lies, 420
 Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.
 Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,
 A life of labours, lo ! what fruit remains ?
 As the bold bird her helpless young attends, 424
 From danger guards them, and from want defends ;

Ulysses had dealt artfully with him, which in two periods rises into an open detestation of all artifice. He then falls into a fullen declaration of his resolves, and a more sedate representation of his past services ; but warms as he goes on, and every minute he but names his wrongs, flies out into extravagance. His rage, awakened by that injury, is like a fire blown by a wind that sinks and rises by fits, but keeps continually burning, and blazes but the more for those intermissions.

v. 424. *As the bold bird, &c.*] This simile (says la Motte) must be allowed to be just, but was not fit to be spoken in a passion. One may answer, that the tender-

In search of prey she wings the spacious air,
 And with th' untasted food supplies her care :
 For thankless Greece such hardships have I brav'd,
 Her wives, her infants by my labours sav'd ;
 Long sleepless nights in heavy arms I stood, 430
 And sweat laborious days in dust and blood.
 I sack'd twelve ample cities on the main,
 And twelve lay smoking on the Trojan plain :
 Then at Atrides' haughty feet were laid
 The wealth I gather'd, and the spoils I made. 435

ness of the comparison renders it no way the less proper to a man in a passion : it being natural enough, the more one is disgusted at present, the more to recollect the kindness we have formerly shewn to those who are ungrateful. Eustathius observes, that so soft as the simile seems, it has nevertheless its *fiercé* ; for Achilles herein expresses his contempt for the Greeks, as a weak defenceless people, who must have perished, if he had not preserved them. And indeed, if we consider what is said in the preceding note, it will appear that the passion of Achilles ought not as yet to be at the height.

v. 432. *I sack'd twelve ample cities.*] Eustathius says, that the anger of Achilles not only throws him into tautology, but also into ambiguity : for, says he, these words may either signify that he destroyed twelve cities with his ships, or barely cities with twelve ships. But Eustathius in this place is like many other commentators, who can see a meaning in a sentence, that never entered into the thoughts of an author. It is not easy to conceive how Achilles could have expressed himself more clearly. There is no doubt but δώδεκα agrees with the same word that ἑξήδεκα does, in the following line, which is certainly πύλας ; and there is a manifest enumeration of the places he had conquered by sea, and by land.

Your mighty monarch these in peace possesse ;
 Some few my soldiers had, himself the rest.
 Some present too to ev'ry prince was paid ;
 And ev'ry prince enjoys the gift he made ;
 I only must refund, of all his train ; 440
 See what preheminance our merits gain !
 My spoil alone his greedy soul delights ;
 My spouse alone must bless his lustful nights :
 The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy ;
 But what's the quarrel then of Greece to Troy ? 445
 What to these shores th' assembled nations draws,
 What calls for vengeance, but a woman's cause ?
 Are fair endowments and a beauteous face
 Belov'd by none but those of Atreus' race ?
 The wife whom choice and passion both approve,
 Sure ev'ry wise and worthy man will love. 451

v. 450. *The wife whom choice and passion both approve,
 Sure ev'ry wise and worthy man will love.*] The argu-
 ment of Achilles in this place is very a-propos with re-
 ference to the case of Agamemnon. If I translated it
verbatim, I must say in plain English, *Every honest man
 loves his wife*. Thus Homer has made this rash, this
 fiery soldier, governed by his passions, and in the rage of
 youth, bear testimony to his own respect for the ladies.
 But it seems Poltis king of Thrace was of another opi-
 nion, who would have parted with two wives, out of
 pure good-nature to two mere strangers ; as I have met
 with the story somewhere in Plutarch. When the Greeks
 were raising forces against Troy, they sent ambassadors
 to this Poltis to desire his assistance. He enquired the
 cause of the war, and was told it was the injury Paris had
 done Menelaus in taking his wife from him. " If that

Nor did my fair-one less distinction claim ;
 Slave as she was, my soul ador'd the dame.
 Wrong'd in my love all proffers I disdain ;
 Deceiv'd for once, I trust not kings again. 455
 Ye have my answer—what remains to do,
 Your king, Ulysses, may consult with you.
 What needs he the defence this arm can make ?
 Has he not walls no human force can shake ?

“ be all, said the good king, let me accommodate the
 “ difference : indeed it is not just the Greek prince should
 “ lose a wife, and on the other side it is pity the Trojan
 “ should want one. Now I have two wives, and to pre-
 “ vent all this mischief, I'll send one of them to Me-
 “ nelaus, and the other to Paris.” It is a shame this
 story is so little known, and that poor Poltis yet remains
 uncelebrated : I cannot but recommend him to the mo-
 dern poets.

v. 457. *Your king, Ulysses, may consult with you.*] Achilles
 still remembers what Agamemnon said to him when they
 quarrelled, *Other brave warriors will be left behind to
 follow me in battle*, as we have seen in the first book. He
 answers here without either sparing Ajax or Ulysses ; as
 much his friends as they are, they have their share in this
 stroke of raillery. *Eustathius.*

v. 459. *Has he not walls ?*] This is a bitter satire (says
 Eustathius) against Agamemnon, as if his only deeds
 were the making of this wall, this ditch, these pallisades,
 to defend himself against those whom he came to besiege :
 there was no need of these retrenchments, whilst Achilles
 fought. But (as Dacier observes) this satire does not
 affect Agamemnon only, but Nestor too, who had ad-
 vised the making of these retrenchments, and who had
 said in the second book, *If there are a few who separate*

Has he not fenc'd his guarded navy round, 460
 With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound?
 And will not these (the wonders he has done)
 Repel the rage of Priam's single son?
 There was a time ('twas when for Greece I fought)
 When Hector's prowess no such wonders wrought;
 He kept the verge of Troy, nor dar'd to wait 466 }
 Achilles' fury at the Scæan gate;
 He try'd it once, and scarce was sav'd by Fate. }
 But now those ancient enmities are o'er;
 To-morrow we the fav'ring Gods implore, 479
 Then shall you see our parting vessels crown'd,
 And hear with oars the Hellespont resound.
 The third day hence, shall Pthia greet our sails,
 If mighty Neptune send propitious gales;

themselves from the rest of the army, let them stay and perish,
 v. 346. Probably this had been reported to Achilles, and
 that hero revenges himself here by mocking these re-
 trenchments.

v. 473. *The third day hence shall Pthia, &c.*] Monsieur
 de la Motte thinks the mention of these minute circum-
 stances not to agree with the passionate character of the
 speaker; that *he shall arrive at Pthia in three days*, that
he shall find there all the riches he left when he came to the
siege, and that *he shall carry other treasures home*. Dacier
 answers, that we need only consider the present situation
 of Achilles, and his cause of complaint against Agamem-
 non, and we shall be satisfied here is nothing but what
 is exactly agreeable to the occasion. To convince the
 ambassadors that he will return home, he instances the
 easiness of doing it in the space of three days. Agamem-
 non had injured him in the point of booty, he there-

Pthia to her Achilles shall restore 475

The wealth he left for this detested shore :

Thither the spoils of this long war shall pass,

The ruddy gold, the steel, and shining brass ;

My beauteous captives thither I'll convey,

And all that rests of my unravish'd prey. 480

One only valu'd gift your tyrant gave,

And that resum'd ; the fair Lyrnessian slave.

Then tell him, loud, that all the Greeks may hear,

And learn to scorn the wretch they basely fear ;

(For arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves, 485

And meditates new cheats on all his slaves ;

Tho' shameless as he is, to face these eyes

Is what he dares not ; if he dares, he dies)

Tell him, all terms, all commerce I decline,

Nor share his council, nor his battle join ; 490

For once deceiv'd, was his ; but twice, were mine. }

No—let the stupid prince, whom Jove deprives

Of sense and justice, run where frenzy drives ;

fore. declares he had sufficient treasures at home, and that he will carry off spoils enough, and women enough, to make amends for those that prince had ravished from him. Every one of these particulars marks his passion and resentment.

v. 481. *One only valu'd gift your tyrant gave.*] The injury which Agamemnon offered to Achilles is still uppermost in his thoughts ; he has but just dismissed it, and now returns to it again. These repetitions are far from being faults in Achilles's wrath, whose anger is perpetually breaking out upon the same injury.

His gifts are hateful : kings of such a kind
Stand but as slaves before a noble mind. 495
Not tho' he proffer'd all himself posselt,
And all his rapine could from others wrest;
Not all the golden tides of wealth that crown
The many-peopled Orchomenian town;
Not all proud Thebes' unrivall'd walls contain, 500
The world's great empress on th' Ægyptian plain,

v. 494. *Kings of such a kind Stand but as slaves before a noble mind.*] The words in the Greek are, *I despise him as a Carian*. The Carians were people of Bœotia, the first that sold their valour, and were ready to fight for any that gave them their pay. This was looked upon as the vilest of actions in those heroical ages. I think there is at present but one nation in the world distinguished for this practice, who are ready to prostitute their hands to kill for the highest bidder.

Eustathius endeavours to give many other solutions of this place, as that *ἐν καρῷ* may be mistaken for *ἐγκαρῷ* from *ἐγκαρῷ*, *pediculus*; but this is too mean and trivial to be Homer's sentiment. There is more probability that it comes from *καρῷ*, *καρῷ*, and so *καρῷ* by the change of the *Eta* into *Alpha*; and then the meaning will be, that Achilles hates him as much as hell or death, agreeable to what he had said a little before :

Ἐχθρὸς μὲν μοι κεῖνός ἐμῷς αἰδᾷο πύλῃσι

v. 500. *Not all proud Thebes', &c.*] These several circumstances concerning Thebes are thought by some not to suit with that emotion with which Achilles here is supposed to speak : but the contrary will appear true, if we reflect that nothing is more usual for persons transported with anger, than to insist, and return to such particulars as most touch them ; and that exaggeration is a

(That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand states,
And pours her heroes thro' a hundred gates,

figure extremely natural in passion. Achilles therefore, by shewing the greatness of Thebes, its wealth, and extent, does in effect but shew the greatness of his own soul, and of that insuperable resentment which renders all these riches (though the greatest in the world) contemptible in his sight, when he compares them with the indignity his honour has received.

v. 500. *Proud Thebes' unrivall'd walls, &c.*] "The city which the Greeks call Thebes, the Ægyptians Diopolis (says Diodorus, lib. i. par. 2.) was in circuit a hundred and forty *stadia*, adorned with stately buildings, magnificent temples, and rich donations. It was not only the most beautiful and noble city of Ægypt, but of the whole world. The fame of its wealth and grandeur was so celebrated in all parts, that the poet took notice of it in these words:

— — — — — ἔδ' ἔσα Θήβας
 Αἰγυπτίας, ὅθι πλεῖστα δόμοις ἐν κλήμασι κεῖται,
 Αἴθ' ἐκατόμυλοι εἰσι, διηκόσιοι δ' ἂν ἐκάστην
 Ἄνερες ἐξοιχνεῦσι σὺν ἵπποισι καὶ ὄχεσφιν. v. 381.

"Though others affirm it had not an hundred gates, but
 "several vast porches to the temples; from whence the city
 "was called Hundred-gated, only as having many gates.
 "Yet it is certain it furnished twenty thousand chariots
 "of war; for there were a hundred stables along the river,
 "from Memphis to Thebes towards Libya, each of which
 "contained two hundred horses, the ruins whereof are
 "shewn at this day. The princes from time to time made
 "it their care to beautify and enlarge this city, to which
 "none under the sun was equal in the many and magnificent
 "treasures of gold, silver, and ivory; with innumerable
 "colossuses, and obeliskes of one entire stone. There were
 "four temples admirable in beauty

Two hundred horsemen, and two hundred cars
 From each wide portal issuing to the wars) 505
 Tho' bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number more
 Than dust in fields, or sands along the shore ;
 Should all these offers for my friendship call ;
 'Tis he that offers, and I scorn them all.
 Atrides' daughter never shall be led 510
 (An ill-match'd consort) to Achilles' bed ;
 Like golden Venus tho' she charm'd the heart,
 And vy'd with Pallas in the works of art.
 Some greater Greek let those high nuptials grace,
 I hate alliance with a tyrant's race. 515
 If heav'n restore me to my realms with life,
 The rev'rend Peleus shall elect my wife.

“ and greatness, the most ancient of which was in cir-
 “ cuit thirteen *stadia*, and five and forty cubits in height,
 “ with a wall of four and twenty feet broad. The or-
 “ naments and offerings within were agreeable to this
 “ magnificence, both in value and workmanship. The
 “ fabrick is yet remaining ; but the gold, silver, ivory,
 “ and precious stones were ransacked by the Persians,
 “ when Cambyfes burned the temples of Ægypt. There
 “ were found in the rubbish above three hundred talents
 “ of gold, and no less than two thousand three hundred
 “ of silver.” The same author proceeds to give many
 instances of the magnificence of this great city. The de-
 scription of the sepulchres of their kings, and particu-
 larly that of Osymanduas, is perfectly astonishing, to
 which I refer the reader.

Strabo farther informs us, that the kings of Thebes
 extended their conquests as far as Scythia, Bactria, and
 India.

Theſſalian nymphs there are, of form divine,
 And kings that ſue to mix their blood with mine.
 Bleſt in kind love, my years ſhall glide away, 520
 Content with juſt hereditary ſway ;
 There deaf for ever to the martial ſtrife,
 Enjoy the dear prerogative of life.
 Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold ;
 Not all Apollo's Pythian treaſures hold, 525
 Or Troy once held, in peace and pride of ſway,
 Can bribe the poor poſſeſſion of a day !
 Loſt herds and treaſures, we by arms regain,
 And ſteeds unrivall'd on the duſty plain :
 But from our lips the vital ſpirit fled, 530
 Returns no more to wake the ſilent dead.

v. 525. *Not all Apollo's Pythian treaſures.*] The temple of Apollo at Delphos was the richeſt temple in the world, by the offerings which were brought to it from all parts ; there were ſtatues of maſſy gold of a human ſize, figures of animals in gold, and ſeveral other treaſures. A great ſign of its wealth is, that the Phocians pillaged it in the time of Philip the ſon of Amyntas, which gave occaſion to the holy war. It is ſaid to have been pillaged before, and that the great riches of which Homer ſpeaks, had been carried away. *Euſtathius.*

v. 530. *The vital ſpirit fled, Returns no more.*] Nothing ſure could be better imagined, or more ſtrongly paint Achilles's reſentment, than this commendation which Homer puts into his mouth of a long and peaceable life. That hero, whoſe very ſoul was poſſeſſed with love of glory, and who preferred it to life itſelf, lets his anger prevail over this his darling paſſion : he deſpiſes even glory, when he cannot obtain that, and enjoy his re-

My fates long since by Thetis were disclos'd,
And each alternate, life or fame propos'd ;

venge at the same time ; and rather than lay this aside,
becomes the very reverse of himself.

v. 532. *My fates long since by Thetis were disclos'd.*] It was very necessary for Homer to put the reader more than once in mind of this piece of Achilles's story : there is a remark of monsieur de la Motte, which deserves to be transcribed entire on this occasion.

" The generality of people, who do not know Achilles by the Iliad, and who upon a most noted fable conceive him invulnerable all but in the heel, find it ridiculous that he should be placed at the head of heroes ; so true it is, that the idea of valour implies it always in danger.

" Should a giant, well armed, fight against a legion of children, whatever slaughter he should make, the pity any one would have for them, would not turn at all to any admiration of him ; and the more he should applaud his own courage, the more one would be offended at his pride.

" Achilles had been in this case, if Homer, besides all the superiority of strength he has given him, had not found the art of putting likewise his greatness of soul out of all suspicion.

" He has perfectly well succeeded in feigning that Achilles before his setting out to the Trojan war, was sure of meeting his death. The destinies had proposed to him by the mouth of Thetis, the alternative of a long and happy, but obscure life, if he staid in his own state ; or of a short, but glorious one, if he embraced the vengeance of the Greek. He wishes for glory in contempt of death ; and thus all his actions, all his motions, are so many proofs of his courage ; he runs, in hastening his exploits, to a death which he

Here, if I stay, before the Trojan town,
 Short is my date, but deathless my renown : 535
 If I return, I quit immortal praise
 For years on years, and long-extended days.
 Convinc'd, tho' late, I find my fond mistake,
 And warn the Greeks the wiser choice to make :
 To quit these shores, their native seats enjoy, 540
 Nor hope the fall of heav'n-defended Troy.
 Jove's arm display'd asserts her from the skies ;
 Her hearts are strengthen'd, and her glories rise.
 Go then, to Greece report our fix'd design ;
 Bid all your counsels, all your armies join, 545
 Let all your forces, all your arts conspire,
 To save the ships, the troops, the chiefs from fire.
 One stratagem has fail'd, and others will :
 Ye find, Achilles is unconquer'd still.
 Go then—digest my message as ye may— 550
 But here this night let rev'rend Phoenix stay :
 His tedious toils, and hoary hairs demand
 A peaceful death in Pthia's friendly land.

“ knows infallibly attends him ; what does it avail him,
 “ that he routs every thing almost without resistance ?
 “ It is still true, that he every moment encounters and
 “ faces the sentence of his destiny, and that he devotes
 “ himself generously for glory. Homer was so sensible
 “ that this idea must force a concern for his hero, that
 “ he scatters it throughout his poem, to the end that
 “ the reader having it always in view, may esteem Achil-
 “ les even for what he performs without the least dan-
 “ ger.”

But whether he remain, or sail with me,
His age be sacred, and his will be free. 555

The son of Peleus ceas'd : the chiefs around
In silence wrapt, in consternation drown'd,
Attend the stern reply. Then Phœnix rose ;
(Down his white beard a stream of sorrow flows)
And while the fate of suff'ring Greece he mourn'd,
With accent weak these tender words return'd. 561

Divine Achilles ! wilt thou then retire,
And leave our hosts in blood, our fleets on fire ?
If wrath so dreadful fill thy ruthless mind,
How shall thy friend, thy Phœnix, stay behind ?

v. 565. *How shall thy friend, thy Phœnix, stay behind ?*
This is a strong argument to persuade Achilles to stay, but dressed up in the utmost tenderness : the venerable old man rises with tears in his eyes, and speaks the language of affection. He tells him that he would not be left behind him, though the Gods would free him from the burthen of old age, and restore him to his youth : but in the midst of so much fondness, he couches a powerful argument to persuade him not to return home, by adding that his father sent him to be his guide and guardian ; Phœnix ought not therefore to follow the inclinations of Achilles, but Achilles the directions of Phœnix.
Exsathius.

“ The art of this speech of Phœnix (says Dionysius, “ *περὶ ἐσχηματισμένων*, lib. 1.) consists in his seeming to “ agree with all that Achilles has said : Achilles, he sees, “ will depart, and he must go along with him ; but in “ assigning the reasons why he must go with him, he “ proves that Achilles ought not to depart. And thus “ while he seems only to shew his love to his pupil in his “ inability to stay behind him, he indeed challenges the

The royal Peleus, when from Pthia's coast 566
He sent thee early to th' Achaian host ;

“ other's gratitude for the benefits he had conferred upon
“ him in his infancy and education. At the same time
“ that he moves Achilles, he gratifies Agamemnon ;
“ and that this was the real design which he disguised in
“ that manner, we are informed by Achilles himself in
“ the reply he makes : for Homer, and all the authors
“ that treat of this figure, generally contrived it so, that
“ the answers made to these kind of speeches, discover
“ all the art and structure of them. Achilles therefore
“ asks him,

“ Is it for him these tears are taught to flow ?

“ For him these sorrows ? for my mortal foe ?

“ You see the scholar reveals the art and dissimulation of
“ his master ; and as Phoenix had recounted the benefits
“ done him, he takes off that expostulation by promising
“ to divide his empire with him, as may be seen in the
“ same answer.”

v. 567. *He sent thee early to th' Achaian host.*] Achilles (says Eustathius) according to some of the ancients, was but twelve years old when he went to the wars of Troy ; (*ωδέκατε ἔτητιον*) and it may be gathered from what the poet here relates of the education of Achilles under Phoenix, that the fable of his being tutored by Chiron was the invention of later ages, and unknown to Homer.

Mr. Bayle, in his article of Achilles, has very well proved this. He might indeed, as he grew up, have learned musick and physick of Chiron, without having him formally as his tutor ; for it is plain from this speech, that he was put under the direction of Phoenix as his governor in morality, when his father sent him along with him to the siege of Troy.

Thy youth as then in sage debates unskill'd,
 And new to perils of the direful field :
 He bade me teach thee all the ways of war ; 570
 To shine in councils, and in camps to dare.
 Never, ah never let me leave thy side !
 No time shall part us, and no fate divide.
 Not tho' the God, that breath'd my life, restore
 The bloom I boasted, and the part I bore, 575
 When Greece of old beheld my youthful flames,
 (Delightful Greece, the land of lovely dames.)
 My father, faithless to my mother's arms,
 Old as he was, ador'd a stranger's charms.
 I try'd what youth could do (at her desire) 580
 To win the damsel, and prevent my fire.

v. 578. *My father, faithless to my mother's arms, &c.*] Homer has been blamed for introducing two long stories into this speech of Phoenix ; this concerning himself is said not to be in the proper place, and what Achilles must needs have heard over and over : it also gives (say they) a very ill impression of Phoenix himself, and makes him appear a very unfit person to be a teacher of morality to the young hero. It is answered, that though Achilles might have known the story before in general, it is probable Phoenix had not till now so pressing an occasion to make him discover the excess his fury had transported him to, in attempting the life of his own father : the whole story tends to represent the dreadful effects of passion : and I cannot but think the example is the more forcible, as it is drawn from his own experience.

v. 581. *To win the damsel.*] The counsel that this mother gives to her son Phoenix is the same that Achitophel
 VOL. III. E

My fire with curses loads my hated head,
 And cries, "Ye furies! barren be his bed."
 Infernal Jove, the vengeful fiends below,
 And ruthless Proserpine, confirm'd his vow. 585

gave to Absalom, to hinder him from ever being reconciled to David. *Et ait Achitophel ad Absalom: ingredi ad concubinos patris tui, quas dimisit ad custodiendam domum, et cum audierit omnis Israel quod fecideris patrem tuum, roborantur tecum manus eorum.* 2 Sam. xiv. 20. *Dacier.*

v. 581. *Prevent my fire.*] This decency of Homer is worthy observation, who to remove all the disagreeable ideas, which might proceed from this intrigue of Phoenix with his father's mistress, took care to give us to understand in one single word, that Amyntor had no share in her affections, which makes the action of Phoenix the more excusable. He does it only in obedience to his mother, in order to reclaim his father, and oblige him to live like her husband: besides, his father had yet no commerce with this mistress to whose love he pretended. Had it been otherwise, and had Phoenix committed this sort of incest, Homer would neither have presented this image to his reader, nor Peleus chosen Phoenix to be governor to Achilles. *Dacier.*

v. 584. *Infernal Jove.*] The Greek is ζεύς τε καὶ ᾗδης. The ancients gave the name of Jupiter not only to the God of heaven, but likewise to the God of hell, as is seen here; and to the God of the sea, as appears from Æschylus. They thereby meant to shew that one sole deity governed the world; and it was to teach the same truth, that the ancient statuaries made statues of Jupiter, which had three eyes. Priam had one of them in that manner in the court of his palace, which was there in Laomedon's time: after the taking of Troy, when the Greeks shared the booty, it fell to Sthenelus's lot, who carried it into Greece. *Dacier.*

Despair and grief distract my lab'ring mind !
 Gods ! what a crime my impious heart design'd ?
 I thought (but some kind God that thought sup-
 preff)
 To plunge the poniard in my father's breast :

v. 586. *Despair and grief distract, &c.*] I have taken the liberty to replace here four verses which Aristarchus had cut out, because of the horror which the idea gave him of a son who is going to kill his father ; but perhaps Aristarchus's niceness was too great. These verses seem to me necessary, and have a very good effect ; for Phœnix's aim is to shew Achilles, that unless we overcome our wrath, we are exposed to commit the greatest crimes : he was going to kill his own father. Achilles in the same manner is going to let his father Phœnix and all the Greeks perish, if he does not appease his wrath. Plutarch relates these four verses in his treatise of reading the poets ; and adds, " Aristarchus frightened at this " horrible crime, cut out these verses ; but they do very " well in this place, and on this occasion, Phœnix in- " tending to shew Achilles what wrath is, and to what " abominable excesses it hurries men, who do not obey " reason, and who refuse to follow the counsels of those " that advise them." These sort of curtailings from Homer, often contrary to all reason, gave room to Lucian to feign that being in the Fortunate Islands, he asked Homer a great many questions. " Among other things " (says he in his second book of his True History) I " asked him whether he had made all the verses which " had been rejected in his poem ? He assured me they " were all his own, which made me laugh at the imper- " tinent and bold criticisms of Zenodorus and Aristar- " chus, who had retrenched them."

Then meditate my flight ; my friends in vain 590
 With pray'rs entreat me, and with force detain.
 On fat of rams, black bulls, and brawny swine,
 They daily feast, with draughts of fragrant wine :
 Strong guards they plac'd, and watch'd nine nights
 entire ;

The roofs and porches flam'd with constant fire. 595
 The tenth, I forc'd the gates, unseen of all ;
 And favour'd by the night, o'erleap'd the wall.
 My travels thence thro' spacious Greece extend ;
 In Pthia's court at last my labours end.

Your fire receiv'd me, as his son carefs'd, 600
 With gifts enrich'd, and with possessions bless'd.
 The strong Dolopians thenceforth own'd my reign,
 And all the coast that runs along the main.

By love to thee his bounties I repaid,
 And early wisdom to thy soul convey'd : 605
 Great as thou art, my lessons made thee brave,
 A child I took thee, but a hero gave.

Thy infant breast a like affection show'd ;
 Still in my arms (an ever-pleasing load)
 Or at my knee, by Phoenix would'st thou stand ; 610
 No food was grateful but from Phoenix' hand.

I pass my watchings o'er thy helpless years,
 The tender labours, the compliant cares ;

v. 612. *I pass my watchings o'er thy helpless years.*] In the original of this place Phoenix tells Achilles, that as he placed him in his infancy on his lap, *he has often cast up the wine he had drank upon his cloaths.* I wish I had any authority to say these verses were foisted into the

The Gods (I thought) revers'd their hard decree,
 And Phoenix felt a father's joys in thee : 615
 Thy growing virtues justify'd my cares,
 And promis'd comfort to my silver hairs.
 Now be thy rage, thy fatal rage, resign'd;
 A cruel heart ill suits a manly mind :
 The Gods (the only great, and only wise) 620
 Are mov'd by off'rings, vows, and sacrifice ;
 Offending man their high compassion wins,
 And daily pray'rs atone for daily sins.
 Pray'rs are Jove's daughters, of celestial race,
 Lame are their feet, and wrinkled is their face ;

text: for though the idea be indeed natural, it must be granted to be so very gross, as to be utterly unworthy of Homer; nor do I see any colour to soften the meanness of it: such images in any age or country, must have been too nauseous to be described.

v. 624. *Pray'rs are Jove's daughters.*] Nothing can be more beautiful, noble, or religious, than this divine allegory. We have here Goddesses of Homer's creation; he sets before us their pictures in lively colours, and gives these fancied beings all the features that resemble mankind who having offered injuries have recourse to prayers.

Prayers are said to be the daughters of Jove, because it is he who teaches man to pray. They are lame, because the posture of a suppliant is with his knee on the ground. They are wrinkled, because those that pray have a countenance of dejection and sorrow. Their eyes are turned aside, because through an awful regard to heaven they dare not lift them thither. They follow Ate or Injury, because nothing but prayers can atone for the

With humble mien and with dejected eyes, 626
 Constant they follow, where Injustice flies :
 Injustice swift, erect, and unconfin'd,
 Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er mankind,
 While Pray'rs, to heal her wrongs, move slow
 behind. 630

Who hears these daughters of almighty Jove,
 For him they mediate to the throne above :
 When man rejects the humble suit they make,
 The fire revenges for the daughter's sake ;
 From Jove commission'd, fierce Injustice then 635
 Descends, to punish unrelenting men,
 Oh let not headlong passion bear the sway ;
 These reconciling Goddesses obey :

wrongs that are offered by the injurious. Ate is said to be strong and swift of foot, &c. because injurious men are swift to do mischief. This is the explanation of Eustathius, with whom Dacier agrees ; but when she allows the circumstance of lameness to intimate the custom of kneeling in prayer, she forgets that this contradicts her own assertion in one of the remarks on Iliad vii. where she affirms that no such custom was used by the Greeks. And indeed the contrary seems inferred in several places in Homer, particularly where Achilles says in the 608th verse of the eleventh book in the original, *The Greeks shall stand round his knees supplicating to him*. The phrases in that language that signify praying, are derived from the knee, only as it were usual to lay hold on the knee of the person to whom they supplicated.

A modern author imagines Ate to signify *divine Justice* ; a notion in which he is single, and repugnant to all the Mythologists. Besides, the whole context in this place, and the very application of the allegory to the

Due honours to the seed of Jove belong ; 639
 Due honours calm the fierce and bend the strong.
 Were these not paid thee by the terms we bring,
 Were rage still harbour'd in the haughty king ;
 Nor Greece, nor all her fortunes should engage
 Thy friend to plead against so just a rage. 644
 But since what honour asks, the gen'ral sends,
 And sends by those whom most thy heart commends,
 The best and noblest of the Grecian train ;
 Permit not these to sue, and sue in vain !

present case of Achilles, whom he exhorts to be moved by prayers, notwithstanding the injustice done him by Agamemnon, makes the contrary evident.

v. 643. *Nor Greece, nor all her fortunes.*] Plato in the third book of his Republick condemns this passage, and thinks it very wrong, that Phoenix should say to Achilles, that if they did not offer him great presents, he would not advise him to be appeased : but I think there is some injustice in this censure, and that Plato has not rightly entered into the sense of Phoenix, who does not look upon these presents on the side of interest, but honour, as a mark of Agamemnon's repentance, and of the satisfaction he is ready to make : wherefore he says, that honour has a mighty power over great spirits. *Dacier.*

v. 648. *Permit not these to sue, and sue in vain !*] In the original it is—*τῶν μὴ σὺ γε μῦθον ἐλέγξης Μηδὲ πύδας.*—I am pretty confident there is not any manner of speaking like this used throughout all Homer ; nor two substantives so oddly coupled to a verb, as *μῦθον* and *πύδας* in this place. We may indeed meet with such little affectations in Ovid,—*Aurigam pariter animâque rotisque, Expulit*—and the like ; but the taste of the ancients in general was too good for these fooleries. I must have leave to

Let me (my son) an ancient fact unfold,
 A great example drawn from times of old; 650
 Hear what our fathers were, and what their praise,
 Who conquer'd their revenge in former days.

think the verse *Μυδι πόδας*, &c. an interpolation; the sense is complete without it, and the latter part of the line, *πρὶν δ' ἄτι νειμεσσῆδον μεχολῶσθαι*, seems but a tautology, after what is said in the six verses preceding.

v. 649. *Let me (my son) an ancient fact unfold.*] Phoenix, says Eustathius, lays down, as the foundation of his story, that great men in former ages were always appeased by presents and entreaties; and to confirm this position, he brings Meleager as an instance: but it may be objected that Meleager was an ill-chosen instance, being a person whom no entreaties could move. The superstructure of this story seems not to agree with the foundation. Eustathius solves the difficulty thus. Homer did not intend to give an instance of a hero's compliance with the entreaties of his friends, but to shew that they who did not comply, were sufferers themselves in the end. So that the connection of the story is thus: the heroes of former times were used always to be won by presents and entreaties; Meleager only was obstinate, and suffered because he was so.

The length of this narration cannot be taxed as unreasonable; it was at full leisure in the tent, and in the night, a time of no action. Yet I cannot answer but the tale may be tedious to a modern reader. I have translated it therefore with all possible shortness, as will appear upon a comparison. The piece itself is very valuable, as it preserves to us a part of ancient history that had otherwise been entirely lost, as Quintilian has remarked. The same great critick commends Homer's manner of relating it: *Narrare quis significantius potest quàm qui Curetum Ætolorumque prælia exponit?* lib. x. c. i.

Where Calydon on rocky mountains stands,
 Once fought th' Ætolian and Curetian bands ;
 To guard it those, to conquer these advance ; 655
 And mutual deaths were dealt with mutual chance.
 The silver Cynthia bade Contention rise,
 In vengeance of neglected sacrifice ;
 On Oeneus' fields she sent a monstrous boar,
 That levell'd harvests, and whole forests tore : 660
 This beast, (when many a chief his tusks had slain)
 Great Meleager stretch'd along the plain.
 Then, for his spoils, a new debate arose,
 The neighbour nations thence commencing foes.
 Strong as they were, the bold Curetes fail'd, 655
 While Meleager's thund'ring arm prevail'd :
 'Till rage at length inflam'd his lofty breast,
 (For rage invades the wisest and the best.)
 Curs'd by Althæa, to his wrath he yields,
 And in his wife's embrace forgets the fields. 670
 " (She from Marpeſſa sprung, divinely fair,
 " And matchless Idas, more than man in war ;
 " The God of day ador'd the mother's charms ;
 " Against the God the father bent his arms :
 " Th' afflicted pair, their sorrows to proclaim, 675
 " From Cleopatra chang'd this daughter's name,
 " And call'd Alcyone ; a name to show
 " The father's grief, the mourning mother's woe.")

v. 677. *Alcyone ; a name to show, &c.*] It appears (says madam Dacier) by this passage, and by others already observed, that the Greeks often gave names, as did the

To her the chief retir'd from stern debate,
But found no peace from fierce Althæa's hate : 680
Althæa's hate th' unhappy warrior drew,
Whose luckless hand his royal uncle slew ;
She beat the ground, and call'd the pow'rs beneath
On her own son to wreak her brother's death : 684
Hell heard her curses from the realms profound,
And the red fiends that walk the nightly round.
In vain Ætolia her deliv'rer waits,
War shakes her walls, and thunders at her gates.
She sent embassadors, a chosen band,
Priests of the Gods, and elders of the land ; 690
Besought the chief to save the sinking state :
Their pray'rs were urgent, and their proffers great :
(Full fifty acres of the richest ground,
Half pasture green, and half with vin'yards crown'd.)
His suppliant father, aged Oeneus, came ; 695
His sisters follow'd ; ev'n the vengeful dame,
Althæa sues ; his friends before him fall :
He stands relentless, and rejects 'em all.
Mean while the victor's shouts ascend the skies ;
The walls are scal'd ; the rolling flames arise ; 700
At length his wife (a form divine) appears,
With piercing cries, and supplicating tears ;

Hebrews, not only with respect to the circumstances, but likewise to the accidents which happened to the fathers and mothers of those they named : thus Cleopatra is called Alcyone, from the lamentations of her mother. I cannot but think this digression concerning Idas and Marpessa too long, and not very much to the purpose.

She paints the horrors of a conquer'd town,
 The heroes slain, the palaces o'erthrown, 704
 The matrons ravish'd, the whole race enslav'd :
 The warrior heard, he vanquish'd, and he sav'd.
 Th' Ætolians, long disdain'd, now took their turn,
 And left the chief their broken faith to mourn.
 Learn hence, betimes to curb pernicious ire,
 Nor stay, 'till yonder fleets ascend in fire : 710
 Accept the presents ; draw thy conqu'ring sword ;
 And be amongst our guardian Gods ador'd.

Thus he : the stern Achilles thus reply'd.
 My second father, and my rev'rend guide : 714

v. 703. *She paints the horrors of a conquer'd town,
 The heroes slain, the palaces o'erthrown,
 The matrons ravish'd, the whole race enslav'd.]*

It is remarkable with what art Homer here in a few words sums up the miseries of a city taken by assault.

It had been unpardonable for Cleopatra to have made a long representation to Meleager of these miseries, when every moment that kept him from the battle could not be spared. It is also to be observed how perfectly the features of Meleager resemble Achilles ; they are both brave men, ambitious of glory, both of them described as giving victory to their several armies while they fought, and both of them implacable in their resentment. *Eustathius.*

v. 713. *Achilles's answer to Phœnix.]* The character of Achilles is excellently sustained in all his speeches : to Ulysses he returns a flat denial, and threatens to leave the Trojan shores in the morning : to Phœnix he gives a much gentler answer, and begins to mention Agamemnon

Thy friend, believe me, no such gifts demands,
 And asks no honours from a mortal's hands :
 Jove honours me, and favours my designs ;
 His pleasure guides me, and his will confines :
 And here I stay, (if such his high behest) 719
 While life's warm spirit beats within my breast.

with less disrespect, Ἀτρεΐδῃ ἡρώϊ : after Ajax had spoken, he seems determined not to depart, but yet refuses to bear arms, till it is to defend his own squadron. Thus Achilles's character is every where of a piece : he begins to yield, and not to have done so, would not have spoke him a man : to have made him perfectly inexorable, had shewn him a monster. Thus the poet draws the heat of his passion cooling by slow degrees, which is very natural : to have done otherwise, had not been agreeable to Achilles's temper, nor the reader's expectation, to whom it would have been shocking to have seen him passing from the greatest storm of anger to a quiet calmness. *Eustathius.*

V. 720. *While life's warm spirit beats within my breast.*] Eustathius observes here with a great deal of penetration, that these words of Achilles include a sort of oracle, which he does not understand : for it sometimes happens, that men full of their objects say things, which, besides the sense natural and plain to every body, include another supernatural, which they themselves do not understand, and which is understood by those only who have penetration enough to see through the obscurity of it. Thus Oedipus often speaks in Sophocles ; and holy scripture furnishes us with great examples of enthusiastick speeches, which have a double sense. Here we manifestly see that Achilles, in speaking a very simple and common thing, foretels without thinking of it, that his abode on that fatal shore will equal the course of his life,

Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy heart ;
 No more molest me on Atrides' part :
 Is it for him these tears are taught to flow,
 For him these sorrows ? for my mortal foe ? 724
 A gen'rous friendship no cold medium knows,
 Burns with one love, with one resentment glows ;
 One should our int'rests, and our passions be ;
 My friend must hate the man that injures me.
 Do this, my Phoenix, 'tis a gen'rous part ; 729
 And share my realms, my honours, and my heart.
 Let these return : our voyage, or our stay,
 Rest undetermin'd 'till the dawning day.

He ceas'd : then order'd for the sage's bed
 A warmer couch with num'rous carpets spread.
 With that, stern Ajax his long silence broke, 735
 And thus, impatient, to Ulysses spoke.

Hence let us go—why waste we time in vain ?
 See what effect our low submissions gain !
 Lik'd or not lik'd, his words we must relate,
 The Greeks expect them, and our heroes wait. 740

and consequently that he shall die there : and this double meaning gives a sensible pleasure to the reader.
Dacier.

v. 737. *The speech of Ajax.*] I have before spoken of this short soldier-like speech of Ajax ; Dionysius of Halicarnassus says of it, " That the person who entreats most, and with most liberty, who supplicates most, and " presses most, is Ajax." It is probable that Ajax rises up when he speaks the word, *Let us go*. He does not vouchsafe to address himself to Achilles, but turns himself to Ulysses, and speaks with a martial eloquence.

Proud as he is, that iron-heart retains
 Its stubborn purpose, and his friends disdains.
 Stern, and unpitying! if a brother bleed,
 On just atonement, we remit the deed ;
 A fire the slaughter of his son forgives ; 745
 The price of blood discharg'd, the murd'rer lives :
 The haughtiest hearts at length their rage resign,
 And gifts can conquer ev'ry soul but thine.
 The Gods that unrelenting breast have steel'd,
 And curs'd thee with a mind that cannot yield.
 One woman-slave was ravish'd from thy arms : 751
 Lo, sev'n are offer'd, and of equal charms.
 Then hear, Achilles! be of better mind ;
 Revere thy roof, and to thy guests be kind ;

v. 746. *The price of blood discharg'd.*] It was the custom for the murderer to go into banishment one year; but if the relations of the person murdered were willing, the criminal, by paying them a certain fine, might buy off the exile, and remain at home. (It may not be amiss to observe, that *ποῖν*, *quasi* *φoῖν*, properly signifies a mulct paid for murder.) Ajax sums up this argument with a great deal of strength: We see, says he, a brother forgive the murder of his brother, a father that of his son: but Achilles will not forgive the injury offered him by taking away one captive woman. *Eustathius.*

v. 754. *Revere thy roof, and to thy guests be kind.*] *Eustathius* says there is some difficulty in the original of this place. Why should Ajax draw an argument to influence Achilles, by putting him in mind to reverence his own habitation? The latter part of the verse explains the former: we, says Ajax, are under your roof, and let that protect us from any ill usage; send us not away from your house with contempt, who came hither as friends, as supplicants, as ambassadors.

And know the men, of all the Grecian host, 755
Who honour worth, and prize thy valour most.

Oh soul of battles, and thy people's guide!
(To Ajax thus the first of Greeks reply'd)

Well hast thou spoke; but at the tyrant's name
My rage rekindles, and my soul's on flame: 760

'Tis just resentment, and becomes the brave;
Disgrac'd, dishonour'd, like the vilest slave!

Return then heroes! and our answer bear,
The glorious combat is no more my care;

Not 'till amidst yon' sinking navy slain, 765
The blood of Greeks shall dye the sable main;

Not 'till the flames, by Hector's fury thrown,
Consume your vessels, and approach my own;

Just there, th' impetuous homicide shall stand,
There cease his battle, and there feel our hand. 770

This said, each prince a double goblet crown'd,
And cast a large libation on the ground;

Then to their vessels, thro' the gloomy shades,
The chiefs return; divine Ulysses leads.

v. 759. *Well hast thou spoke; but at the tyrant's name My rage rekindles.*] We have here the true picture of an angry man, and nothing can be better imagined to heighten Achilles's wrath; he owns that reason will induce him to a reconciliation, but his anger is too great to listen to reason. He speaks with respect to them, but upon mentioning Agamemnon, he flies into rage: anger is in nothing more like madness, than that mad men will talk sensibly enough upon any indifferent matter; but upon the mention of the subject that caused their disorder, they fly out into their usual extravagance.

Meantime Achilles' slaves prepar'd a bed, 775

With fleeces, carpets, and soft linen spread :

There, 'till the sacred morn restor'd the day,

In slumbers sweet the rev'rend Phoenix lay.

But in his inner tent, an ampler space,

Achilles slept ; and in his warm embrace 780

Fair Diomed of the Lesbian race.

Last, for Patroclus was the couch prepar'd,

Whose nightly joys the beauteous Iphis shar'd ;

Achilles to his friend consign'd her charms,

When Scyros fell before his conqu'ring arms. 785

And now th' elected chiefs whom Greece had
sent,

Pass'd thro' the hosts, and reach'd the royal tent.

Then rising all, with goblets in their hands,

The peers, and leaders of th' Achaian bands

Hail'd their return : Atrides first begun. 790

Say what success? divine Laertes' son !

Achilles' high resolves declare to all ;

Returns the chief, or must our navy fall ?

Great king of nations ! (Ithacus reply'd)

Fix'd is his wrath, unconquer'd is his pride ; 795

He flights thy friendship, thy proposals scorns,

And thus implor'd, with fiercer fury burns.

To save our army, and our fleets to free,

Is not his care ; but left to Greece and thee.

Your eyes shall view, when morning paints the

sky, 800

Beneath his oars the whitening billows fly,

Us too he bids our oars and sails employ,
 Nor hope the fall of heav'n-protected Troy;
 For Jove o'er shades her with his arm divine,
 Inspires her war, and bids her glory shine. 805
 Such was his word: what farther he declar'd,
 These sacred heralds and great Ajax heard.
 But Phoenix in his tent the chief retains,
 Safe to transport him to his native plains,
 When morning dawns: if other he decree, 810
 His age is sacred, and his choice is free.

Ulysses ceas'd: the great Achaian host,
 With sorrow seiz'd, in consternation lost,
 Attend the stern reply. Tydides broke
 The gen'ral silence, and undaunted spoke. 815
 Why should we gifts to proud Achilles send?
 Or strive with pray'rs his haughty soul to bend?

v. 806. *Such was his word.*] It may be asked here why Ulysses speaks only of the answer which Achilles made him at first, and says nothing of the disposition to which the discourses of Phoenix and Ajax had brought him. The question is easily answered; it is because Achilles is obstinate in his resentment: and that, if at length a little moved by Phoenix, and shaken by Ajax, he seemed disposed to take arms, it is not out of regard to the Greeks, but only to save his own squadron, when Hector, after having put the Greeks to the sword, shall come to insult it. Thus this inflexible man abates nothing of his rage. It is therefore prudent in Ulysses to make this report to Agamemnon, to the end that being put out of hopes of the aid with which he flattered himself, he may concert with the leaders of the army the measures necessary to save his fleet and troops. *Eustathius.*

v. 816. *Why should we gifts, &c.*] This speech is admirably adapted to the character of Diomed, every word

His country's woes he glories to deride,
And pray'rs will burst that swelling heart with
pride.

Be the fierce impulse of his rage obey'd ;
Our battles let him, or desert, or aid ;
Then let him arm when Jove or he think fit ;
That, to his madness, or to heav'n commit ;
What for ourselves we can, is always ours ;
This night, let due repast refresh our pow'rs ; 825
(For strength consists in spirits and in blood,
And those are ow'd to gen'rous wine and food)
But when the rosy messenger of day
Strikes the blue mountains with her golden ray,
Rang'd at the ships, let all our squadrons shine, 830
In flaming arms, a long extended line :
In the dread front let great Atrides stand,
The first in danger, as in high command.

Shouts of acclaim the list'ning heroes raise,
Then each to heav'n the due libations pays ; 835
'Till sleep descending o'er the tents, bestows
The grateful blessings of desir'd repose.

is animated with a martial courage, and worthy to be delivered by a gallant soldier. He advised fighting in the beginning of the book, and continues still in that opinion ; and he is no more concerned at the speech of Achilles now, than he was at that of Agamemnon before.

THE
TENTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

THE
A R G U M E N T.

The Night-Adventure of Diomed and Ulysses.

UPON the refusal of Achilles to return to the army, the distress of Agamemnon is described in the most lively manner. He takes no rest that night, but passes through the camp, awaking the leaders, and contriving all possible methods for the publick safety. Menelaus, Nestor, Ulysses, and Diomed, are employed in raising the rest of the captains. They call a council of war, and determine to send scouts into the enemy's camp, to learn their posture, and discover their intentions. Diomed undertakes this hazardous enterprise, and makes choice of Ulysses for his companion. In their passage they surprise Dolon, whom Hector had sent on a like design to the camp of the Grecians. From him they are informed of the situation of the Trojan and auxiliary forces, and particularly of Rhesus, and the Thracians who were lately arrived. They pass on with success; kill Rhesus, with several of his officers, and seize the famous horses of that prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp.

The same night continues; the Scene lies in the two camps.

THE
* TENTH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.

ALL night the chiefs before their vessels lay,
And lost in sleep the labours of the day :
All but the king ; with various thoughts oppress'd,
His country's cares lay rolling in his breast.
As when by light'nings, Jove's ætherial pow'r 5
Foretells the rattling hail, or weighty show'r,

* It is observable, says Eustathius, that the poet very artfully repairs the loss of the last day by this nocturnal stratagem ; and it is plain that such a contrivance was necessary : the army was dispirited, and Achilles inflexible ; but by the success of this adventure the scale is turned in favour of the Grecians.

v. 3. *All but the king, &c.*] Homer here with a very small alteration repeats the verses which begin the second book : he introduces Agamemnon with the same pomp, as he did Jupiter ; he ascribes to the one the same watchfulness over men, as the other exercised over the Gods ; and Jove and Agamemnon are the only persons awake, while heaven and earth are asleep. *Eustathius.*

Or sends soft snows to whiten all the shore,
 Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar ;
 By fits one flash succeeds as one expires,
 And heav'n flames thick with momentary fires. 10
 So bursting frequent from Atrides' breast,
 Sighs following sighs his inward fears confess.
 Now o'er the fields, dejected, he surveys
 From thousand Trojan fires the mounting blaze ;

v. 7. *Or send soft snows.*] Scaliger's criticism against this passage, that it never lightens and snows at the same time, is sufficiently refuted by experience. See Bossu of the Epic poem, lib. iii. c. 7. and Barnes's note on this place.

v. 8. *Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar.*] There is something very noble and sublime in this image: the *vast jaws of war* is an expression that very poetically represents the voraciousness of war, and gives us a lively idea of an insatiate monster. *Eustathius.*

v. 9. *By fits one flash succeeds, &c.*] It requires some skill in Homer to take the chief point of his similitudes: he has often been misunderstood in that respect, and his comparisons have frequently been strained to comply with the fancies of commentators. This comparison, which is brought to illustrate the frequency of Agamemnon's sighs, has been usually thought to represent in general the groans of the king; whereas what Homer had in his view, was only the quick succession of them.

v. 13. *Now o'er the fields, &c.*] Aristotle answers a criticism of some censurers of Homer on this place. They asked how it was that Agamemnon, shut up in his tent in the night, could see the Trojan camp at one view, and the fleet at another, as the poet represents it? It is (says

Book X. HOMER'S ILIAD. 71

Hears in the passing wind their musick blow, 15

And marks distinct the voices of the foe.

Now looking backwards to the fleet and coast,

Anxious he sorrows for th' endanger'd host.

He rends his hairs in sacrifice to Jove,

And fues to him that ever lives above : 20

Inly he groans ; while glory and despair

Divide his heart, and wage a doubtful war.

A thousand cares his lab'ring breast revolves ;

To seek sage Nestor now the chief resolves,

With him, in wholesome counsels, to debate 25

What yet remains to save th' afflicted state.

He rose, and first he cast his mantle round,

Next on his feet the shining sandals bound ;

Aristotle) only a metaphorical manner of speech ; *to cast one's eye*, means but *to reflect upon*, or *to revolve in one's mind* : and that employed Agamemnon's thoughts in his tent, which had been the chief object of his eyes the day before.

v. 19. *He rends his hairs in sacrifice to Jove.*] I know this action of Agamemnon has been taken only as a common expression of grief, and so indeed it was rendered by Accius, as cited by Tully, *Tusc. Quæst. l. iii. Scindens dolore identidem intonsam comam*. But whoever reads the context will, I believe, be of opinion, that Jupiter is mentioned here on no other account than as he was applied to in the offering of these hairs, in an humble supplication to the offended deity, who had so lately manifested his anger.

v. 27. *He rose, and first he cast his mantle round.*] I fancy it will be entertaining to the reader, to observe how well the poet at all times suits his descriptions to the cir-

A lion's yellow spoils his back conceal'd ;
His warlike hand a pointed jav'lin held. 30
Meanwhile his brother, prest with equal woes,
Alike deny'd the gifts of soft repose,
Laments for Greece ; that in his cause before
So much had suffer'd, and must suffer more.

circumstances of the persons ; we must remember that this book continues the actions of one night ; the whole army is now asleep, and Homer takes this opportunity to give us a description of several of his heroes suitable to their proper characters. Agamemnon, who is every where described as anxious for the good of his people, is kept awake by a fatherly care for their preservation. Menelaus, for whose sake the Greeks had suffered so greatly, shares all their misfortunes, and is restless while they are in danger. Nestor, a provident, wise, old man, sacrifices his rest even in the extremity of his age, to his love for his country. Ulysses, a person next to Nestor in wisdom, is ready at the first summons ; he finds it hard, while the Greeks suffer, to compose himself to sleep, but is easily awaked to march to their defence ; but Diomed, who is every where described as a daring warrior, sleeps unconcerned at the nearness of the enemy, and is not awaked without some violence : he is said to be asleep, but he sleeps like a soldier in complete arms.

I could not pass over *one* circumstance in this place in relation to Nestor. It is a pleasure to see what care the poet takes of his favourite counsellor : he describes him lying in a soft bed, wraps him up in a warm cloak, to preserve his age from the coldness of the night ; but Diomed, a gallant, young hero, sleeps upon the ground in open air ; and indeed every warrior is dressed in arms peculiar to that season : the hide of a lion or leopard is what they all put on, being not to engage an enemy, but to meet their friends in council. *Eustathius.*

A leopard's spotted hide his shoulde's spread ; 35
 A brazen helmet glitter'd on his head :
 Thus (with a jav'lin in his hand) he went
 To wake Atrides in the royal tent.
 Already wak'd, Atrides he descry'd,
 His armour buckling at his vessel's side. 40
 Joyful they met ; the Spartan thus begun :
 Why puts my brother his bright armour on ?
 Sends he some spy, amidst these silent hours,
 To try yon' camp, and watch the Trojan pow'rs ?
 But say, what hero shall sustain that task,
 Such bold exploits uncommon courage ask ; 45
 Guideless, alone, through night's dark shade to go,
 And 'midst a hostile camp explore the foe.

To whom the king. In such distress we stand,
 No vulgar counsels our affairs demand ; 50
 Greece to preserve, is now no easy part,
 But asks high wisdom, deep design, and art.
 For Jove averse our humble pray'r denies,
 And bows his head to Hector's sacrifice.
 What eye has witness'd, or what ear believ'd, 55
 In one great day, by one great arm achiev'd,

v. 43. *Sends he some spy, &c.*] Menelaus in this place starts a design, which is afterwards proposed by Nestor in council ; the poet knew that the project would come with greater weight from the age of the one, than from the youth of the other ; and that the valiant would be ready to execute a design, which so venerable a counsellor had formed. *Exstathius.*

Such wond'rous deeds as Hector's hand has done,
 And we beheld, the last revolving sun
 What honours the belov'd of Jove adorn ! 59
 Sprung from no God, and of no Goddess born,
 Yet such his acts, as Greeks unborn shall tell,
 And curse the battle where their fathers fell.

Now speed thy hasty course along the fleet,
 There call great Ajax, and the prince of Crete ;

v. 57. *Such wond'rous deeds as Hector's hand, &c.*] We hear Agamemnon in this place launching into the praises of a gallant enemy ; but if any one think that he raises the actions of Hector too high, and sets him above Achilles himself, this objection will vanish, if he considers that he commends him as the bravest of mere men, but still he is not equal to Achilles, who was descended from a goddess. Agamemnon undoubtedly had Achilles in his thoughts when he says,

Sprung from no God, &c.

But his anger will not let him even name the man whom he thus obliquely praises.

Eustathius proceeds to observe, that the poet ascribes the gallant exploits of Hector to his piety ; and had he not been favoured by Jove, he had not been thus victorious.

He also remarks that there is a double tautology in this speech of Agamemnon, as *δὴνὰ* and *δολιχόν, μέγιστα μνηίσασθαι*, and *ἔγχα ἔρρεζε*. This proceeds from the wonder which the king endeavours to express at the greatness of Hector's actions : he labours to make his words answer the great idea he had conceived of them ; and while his mind dwells upon the same object, he falls into the same manner of expressing it. This is very natural to a person in his circumstances, whose thoughts are as it were pent up, and struggle for an utterance.

Book X. HOMER'S ILIAD. 75

Ourself to hoary Nestor will repair ; 65
 To keep the guards on duty, be his care ;
 (For Nestor's influence best that quarter guides,
 Whose son with Merion, o'er the watch presides.)
 To whom the Spartan : These thy orders borne,
 Say shall I stay, or with dispatch return ? 70
 There shalt thou stay, (the king of men reply'd)
 Else may we miss to meet, without a guide,
 The paths so many, and the camp so wide. }
 Still, with your voice, the slothful foldiers raise,
 Urge by their father's fame, their future praise. 75
 Forget we now our state and lofty birth ;
 Not titles here, but works, must prove our worth.
 To labour is the lot of man below ;
 And when Jove gave us life, he gave us woe.
 This said, each parted to his sev'ral cares ; 80
 The king to Nestor's sable ship repairs ;
 The sage protector of the Greeks he found
 Stretch'd in his bed with all his arms around ;
 The various-colour'd scarf, the shield he rears,
 The shining helmet, and the pointed spears : 85

v. 73. *The paths so many, &c.*] It is plain from this verse, as well as from many others, that the art of fortification was in some degree of perfection in Homer's days : here are lines drawn, that traverse the camp every way ; the ships are drawn up in the manner of a rampart, and sally ports made at proper distances, that they might without difficulty either retire or issue out, as the occasion should require. *Eustathius.*

The dreadful weapons of the warrior's rage,
 That, old in arms, disdain'd the peace of age.
 Then leaning on his hand his watchful head,
 The hoary monarch rais'd his eyes, and said, 89
 What art thou, speak, that on designs unknown,
 While others sleep, thus range the camp alone ;
 Seek'st thou some friend, or nightly sentinel ?
 Stand off, approach not, but thy purpose tell.

O son of Neleus (thus the king rejoin'd)
 Pride of the Greeks, and glory of thy kind ! 95
 Lo here the wretched Agamemnon stands,
 Th' unhappy gen'ral of the Grecian bands ;

v. 92. *Seek'st thou some friend, or nightly sentinel ?*] It has been thought that Nestor asks this question upon the account of his son Thrasymedes, who commanded the guard that night. He seems to be under some apprehension lest he should have remitted the watch. And it may also be gathered from this passage, that in those times the use of the watch-word was unknown ; because Nestor is obliged to croud several questions together, before he can learn whether Agamemnon be a friend or an enemy. The shortness of the questions agrees admirably with the occasion upon which they were made ; it being necessary that Nestor should be immediately informed who he was, that passed along the camp : if a spy, that he might stand upon his guard ; if a friend, that he might not cause an alarm to be given to the army, by multiplying questions. *Eustathius.*

v. 96. *Lo here the wretched Agamemnon stands.*] Eustathius observes, that Agamemnon here paints his distress in a very pathetic manner : while the meanest soldier is at rest, the general wanders about disconsolate, and is superiour now in nothing so much as in sorrow : but this

Whom Jove decrees with daily cares to bend,
 And woes, that only with his life shall end ! 99
 Scarce can my knees these trembling limbs sustain,
 And scarce my heart support its load of pain.
 No taste of sleep these heavy eyes have known ;
 Confus'd, and sad, I wander thus alone,
 With fears distracted, with no fix'd design ;
 And all my people's miseries are mine. 105
 If ought of use thy waking thoughts suggest,
 (Since cares, like mine, deprive thy soul of rest)
 Impart thy counsel, and assist thy friend ;
 Now let us jointly to the trench descend,
 At ev'ry gate the fainting guard excite, 110
 Tir'd with the toils of day and watch of night :
 Else may the sudden foe our works invade,
 So near, and favour'd by the gloomy shade.

To him thus Nestor. Trust the Pow'rs above,
 Nor think proud Hector's hopes confirm'd by
 Jove: 115

How ill agree the views of vain mankind,
 And the wise counsels of th' eternal mind ?
 Audacious Hector, if the Gods ordain,
 That great Achilles rise and rage again,
 What toils attend thee, and what woes remain ? }

sorrow proceeds not from a base abject spirit, but from a generous disposition ; he is not anxious for the loss of his own glory, but for the sufferings of his people : it is a noble sorrow, and springs from a commendable tenderness and humanity.

Lo faithful Nestor thy command obeys ; 121

The care is next our other chiefs to raise :

Ulysses, Diomed we chiefly need ;

Meges for strength, Oileus fam'd for speed.

Some other be dispatch'd of nimbler feet, 125 }

To those tall ships, remotest of the fleet,

Where lye great Ajax, and the king of Crete. }

To rouse the Spartan I myself decree ;

Dear as he is to us, and dear to thee,

Yet must I tax his sloth, that claims no share 129

With his great brother in his martial care :

Him it behov'd to ev'ry chief to sue,

Preventing ev'ry part perform'd by you ;

For strong necessity our toils demands, 134

Claims all our hearts, and urges all our hands.

To whom the king : With rev'rence we allow

Thy just rebukes, yet learn to spare them now,

My gen'rous brother is of gentle kind,

He seems remiss, but bears a valiant mind ; 139

v. 138. *My gen'rous brother is of gentle kind.*] Agamemnon is every where represented as the greatest example of brotherly affection ; and he at all times defends Menelaus, but never with more address than now : Nestor had accused Menelaus of sloth ; the king is his advocate, but pleads his excuse only in part : he does not entirely acquit him, because he would not contradict so wise a man as Nestor ; nor does he condemn him, because his brother at this time was not guilty ; but he very artfully turns the imputation of Nestor to the praise of Menelaus ; and affirms, that what might seem to be remissness in his character, was only a deference to his authority, and that

Thro' too much def'rence to our sov'reign sway,
Content to follow when we lead the way.
But now, our ills industrious to prevent,
Long e'er the rest, he rose, and fought my tent.
The chiefs you nam'd, already, at his call,
Prepare to meet us near the navy wall ; 145
Assembling there, between the trench and gates,
Near the night-guards, our chosen council waits.

Then none (said Nestor) shall his rule withstand,
For great examples justify command.

With that, the venerable warrior rose ; 150
The shining greaves his manly legs inclose ;
His purple mantle golden buckles join'd,
Warm with the softest wool, and doubly lin'd.
Then rushing from his tent, he snatch'd in haste
His steely lance, that lighten'd as he past. 155
The camp he travers'd thro' the sleeping croud,
Stopp'd at Ulysses' tent, and call'd aloud.

Ulysses, sudden as the voice was sent,
Awakes, starts up, and issues from his tent. 159
What new distress, what sudden cause of fright,
Thus leads you wand'ring in the silent night ?
O prudent chief ! (the Pylian sage reply'd)
Wise as thou art, be now thy wisdom try'd :
Whatever means of safety can be fought,
Whatever counsels can inspire our thought, 165

his seeming inactivity was but an unwillingness to act
without command. *Eustathius.*

Whatever methods, or to fly or fight ;
All, all depend on this important night !

He heard, return'd, and took his painted shield :
Then join'd the chiefs, and follow'd thro' the field.
Without his tent, bold Diomed they found, 170
All sheath'd in arms, his brave companions round :
Each sunk in sleep, extended on the field,
His head reclining on his bossy shield.

A wood of spears stood by, that fixt upright,
Shot from their flashing points a quiv'ring light.
A bull's black hide compos'd the hero's bed ; 176
A splendid carpet roll'd beneath his head.

Then, with his foot, old Nestor gently shakes
The slumb'ring chief, and in these words awakes.

Rise, son of Tydeus ! to the brave and strong 180
Rest seems inglorious, and the night too long.
But sleep'st thou now ? when from yon' hill the foe
Hangs o'er the fleet, and shades our walls below ?

v. 174. *A wood of spears stood by, &c.*] The picture here given us of Diomed sleeping in his arms, with his soldiers about him, and the spears sticking upright in the earth, has a near resemblance to that in the first book of Samuel, ch. xxvi. v. 7. *Saul lay sleeping within the trench, and his spear stuck in the ground at his bolster ; but Abner and the people lay round about him.*

v. 182. *From yon' hill the foe, &c.*] It is necessary, if we would form an exact idea of the battles of Homer, to carry in our minds the place where our action was fought. It will therefore be proper to enquire where that eminence stood, upon which the Trojans encamped this night. Eustathius is inclinable to believe it was Callico-

At this, soft slumber from his eyelids fled ;
 The warrior saw the hoary chief, and said, 185
 Wond'rous old man ! whose soul no respite knows,
 Tho' years and honours bid thee seek repose.
 Let younger Greeks our sleeping warriors wake ;
 Ill fits thy age these toils to undertake.
 My friend, (he answer'd) gen'rous is thy care, 190
 These toils, my subjects and my sons might bear,
 Their loyal thoughts and pious loves conspire
 To ease a sov'reign, and relieve a fire.
 But now the last despair surrounds our host ;
 No hour must pass, no moment must be lost ; 195

lone (the situation of which you will find in the map of Homer's battles) but it will appear from what Dolon says, v. 487. (of Hector's being encamped at the monument of Ilus) that this eminence must be the Tumulus on which that monument was situate, and so the old scholiast rightly explains it.

v. 194. *But now the last despair surrounds our host.*] The different behaviour of Nestor upon the same occasion, to different persons, is worthy observation : Agamemnon was under a concern and dejection of spirit from the danger of his army : to raise his courage, Nestor gave him hopes of success, and represented the state of affairs in the most favourable view. But he applies himself to Diomed, who is at all times enterprising and incapable of despair, in a far different manner : he turns the darkest side to him, and gives the worst prospect of their condition. This conduct (says Eustathius) shews a great deal of prudence : it is the province of wisdom to encourage the disheartened with hopes, and to qualify the forward courage of the daring with fears ; that the va-

Each single Greek, in this conclusive strife,
 Stands on the sharpest edge of death or life:
 Yet if my years thy kind regard engage,
 Employ thy youth as I employ my age ;
 Succeed to these my cares, and rouse the rest ; 200
 He serves me most, who serves his country best.

This said, the hero o'er his shoulders flung
 A lion's spoils, that to his ankles hung ;
 Then seiz'd his pond'rous lance, and strode along. }
 Meges the bold, with Ajax fam'd for speed, 205
 The warrior rous'd, and to th' entrenchments led.

And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard ;
 A wakeful squadron, each in arms prepar'd :
 Th' unwearied watch their list'ning leaders keep,
 And couching close, repel invading sleep. 210

hour of the one may not sink through despair, nor that
 of the other fly out into rashness.

v. 207. *And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard.*]

It is usual in poetry to pass over little circumstances, and carry on the greater. Menelaus in this book was sent to call some of the leaders ; the poet has too much judgment to dwell upon the trivial particulars of his performing his message, but lets us know by the sequel that he had performed it. It would have clogged the poetical narration to have told us how Menelaus waked the heroes to whom he was dispatched, and had been but a repetition of what the poet had fully described before : he therefore (says the same author) drops these particularities, and leaves them to be supplied by the imagination of the reader. It is so in painting ; the painter does not always draw at the full length, but leaves what is wanting to be added by the fancy of the beholder.

Book X. HOMER'S ILIAD. 83

So faithful dogs their fleecy charge maintain,
 With toil protected from the prowling train,
 When the gaunt lioness, with hunger bold,
 Springs from the mountains tow'rd the guarded
 fold: 214

Thro' breaking woods her rust'ling course they hear;
 Loud, and more loud, the clamours strike their ear
 Of hounds and men; they start, they gaze around,
 Watch ev'ry side, and turn to ev'ry sound.
 Thus watch'd the Grecians, cautious of surprise,
 Each voice, each motion, drew their ears and
 eyes; 220

Each step of passing feet increas'd th' affright;
 And hostile Troy was ever full in fight.
 Nestor with joy the wakeful band survey'd,
 And thus accosted thro' the gloomy shade.
 'Tis well, my sons! your nightly cares employ;
 Else must our host become the scorn of Troy. 226

v. 211. *So faithful dogs, &c.*] This simile is in all its parts just to the description it is meant to illustrate. The dogs represent the watch, the flock the Greeks, the fold their camp, and the wild beast that invades them, Hector. The place, posture, and circumstance, are painted with the utmost life and nature.

Eustathius takes notice of one particular in this description, which shews the manner in which their centinels kept the guard. The poet tells us that they *sat down with their arms in their hands*. I think that this was not so prudent a method as is now used; it being almost impossible for a man that stands, to drop asleep, whereas one that is seated, may easily be overpowered by the fatigue of a long watch.

Watch thus, and Greece shall live—The hero said ;
Then o'er the trench the following chieftains led.

His son, and god-like Merion march'd behind,
(For these the princes to their council join'd) 230

The trenches past, th' assembl'd kings around
In silent state the consistory crown'd.

A place there was yet undefil'd with gore,
The spot where Hector stop'd his rage before ;
When night descending, from his vengeful hand
Repriev'd the relicks of the Grecian band : 236

(The plain beside with mangled corpse was spread,
And all his progress mark'd by heaps of dead.)
There sat the mournful kings : when Neleus' son
The council opening, in these words begun. 240

Is there (said he) a chief so greatly brave,
His life to hazard, and his country save ?

v. 228. *Then o'er the trench the following chieftains led.*]
The reason why Nestor did not open the council within the trenches, was with a design to encourage the guards, and those whom he intended to send to enter the Trojan camp. It would have appeared unreasonable to send others over the entrenchments upon a hazardous enterprise, and not to have dared himself to set a foot beyond them. This also could not fail of inflaming the courage of the Grecian spies, who would know themselves not to be far from assistance, while so many of the princes were passed over the ditch as well as they. *Eustathius.*

v. 241. *Is there (said he) a chief so greatly brave.*]
Nestor proposes his design of sending spies into the Trojan army with a great deal of address : he begins with a general sentence, and will not choose any one hero, for fear of disgusting the rest : had Nestor named the person,

Lives there a man, who singly dares to go
 To yonder camp, or seize some straggling foe?
 Or favour'd by the night approach so near, 245
 Their speech, their counsels, and designs to hear?
 If to besiege our navies they prepare,
 Or Troy once more must be the seat of war?
 This could he learn, and to our peers recite,
 And pass unharm'd the dangers of the night; 250
 What fame were his thro' all succeeding days,
 While Phœbus shines, or men have tongues to praise;
 What gifts his grateful country would bestow?
 What must not Greece to her deliv'rer owe?

he would have paid him a compliment that was sure to be attended with the hazard of his life; and that person might have believed that Nestor exposed him to a danger, which his honour would not let him decline; while the rest might have resented such a partiality, which would have seemed to give the preference to another before them. It therefore was wisdom in Nestor to propose the design in general terms, whereby all the gallant men that offered themselves satisfied their honour, by being willing to share the danger with Diomed; and it was no disgrace to be left behind, after they had offered to hazard their lives for their country. *Eustathius.*

v. 244. *Or seize some straggling foe?*] It is worthy observation with how much caution Nestor opens this design, and with how much courage Diomed accepts it. Nestor forms it with coolness, but Diomed embraces it with warmth and resolution. Nestor only proposes that some man would approach the enemy, and intercept some straggling Trojan, but Diomed offers to penetrate the very camp. Nestor was afraid lest no one should undertake it: Diomed overlooks the danger, and presents himself, as willing to march against the whole army of Troy. *Eustathius.*

A fable ewe each leader should provide, 255
 With each a fable lambkin by her side ;
 At ev'ry rite his share should be increas'd,
 And his the foremost honours of the feast.

Fear held them mute : alone, untaught to fear,
 Tydides spoke—The man you seek, is here. 260
 Thro' yon' black camps to bend my dang'rous way,
 Some God within commands, and I obey.
 But let some other chosen warriour join,
 To raise my hopes, and second my design.
 By mutual confidence, and mutual aid, 265
 Great deeds are done, and great discov'ries made ;
 The wise new prudence from the wise acquire,
 And one brave hero fans another's fire.

Contending leaders at the word arose :
 Each gen'rous breast with emulation glows : 270
 So brave a task each Ajax strove to share,
 Bold Merion strove, and Nestor's valiant heir ;
 The Spartan wish'd the second place to gain,
 And great Ulysses wish'd, nor wish'd in vain.
 Then thus the king of men the contest ends : 275
 Thou first of warriours, and thou best of friends,
 Undaunted Diomed ! what chief to join
 In this great enterprize, is only thine.
 Just be thy choice, without affection made ;
 To birth, or office, no respect be paid ; 280

v. 280. *To birth, or office, no respect be paid.*] Eustathius remarks, that Agamemnon artfully steals away his brother from danger ; the fondness he bears to him makes him think him unequal to so bold an enterprize, and

Let worth determine here. The monarch spake,
And inly trembled for his brother's sake.

Then Thus (the God-like Diomed rejoin'd)
My choice declares the impulse of my mind,
How can I doubt, while great Ulysses stands 285
To lend his counsels, and assist our hands?
A chief, whose safety is Minerva's care;
So fam'd, so dreadful, in the works of war:
Blest in his conduct, I no aid require;
Wisdom like his might pass thro' flames of fire. 290

prefer his safety to his glory. He farther adds, that the poet intended to condemn that faulty modesty which makes one sometimes prefer a nobleman before a person of real worth. To be greatly born is an happiness, but no merit; whereas personal virtues shew a man worthy of that greatness to which he is not born.

It appears from hence, how honourable it was of old to go upon these parties by night, or undertake those offices which are now only the talk of common soldiers. Gideon in the book of Judges (as Dacier observes) goes as a spy into the camp of Midian, though he was at that time general of the Israelites.

v. 289. *Blest in his conduct.*] There required some address in Diomed to make his choice without offending the Grecian princes; each of them might think it an indignity to be refused such a place of honour. Diomed therefore chooses Ulysses not because he is braver than the rest, but because he is wiser. This part of his character was allowed by all the leaders of the army; and none of them thought it a disparagement to themselves as they were men of valour, to see the first place given to Ulysses in point of wisdom. No doubt but the poet, by causing Diomed to make his choice, intended to insinuate that valour ought always to be tempered with

It fits thee not, before these chiefs of fame,
 (Reply'd the sage) to praise me, or to blame :
 Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,
 Are lost on hearers that our merits know.
 But let us haste—Night rolls the hours away, 295
 The red'ning Orient shews the coming day,
 The stars shine fainter on th' ætherial plains,
 And of Night's empire but a third remains.

wisdom ; to the end that what is designed with prudence
 may be executed with resolution. *Eustathius.*

v. 291. *It fits thee not, to praise me or to blame.*] The
 modesty of Ulysses in this passage is very remarkable ;
 though undoubtedly he deserved to be praised, yet he
 interrupts Diomed rather than he would be a hearer of
 his own commendation. What Diomed spoke in praise
 of Ulysses, was uttered to justify his choice of him to the
 leaders of the army ; otherwise the praise he had given
 him, would have been no better than flattery. *Eu-*
stathius.

v. 295. — — — *Night rolls the hours away,*
The stars shine fainter on th' ætherial plains,
And of Night's empire but a third remains.]

It has been objected that Ulysses is guilty of a threefold
 tautology, when every word he uttered shews the neces-
 sity of being concise : if the night was nigh spent, there
 was the less time to lose in tautologies. But this is so far
 from being a fault, that it is a beauty : Ulysses dwells
 upon the shortness of the time before the day appears, in
 order to urge Diomed to the greater speed in prosecuting
 the design. *Eustathius.*

v. 298. *But a third remains.]* One ought to take notice
 with how much exactness Homer proportions his inci-
 dents to the time of action : these two books take up no

Thus having spoke, with gen'rous ardour prest,
 In arms terrific their huge limbs they drest. 300
 A two-edg'd falchion Thrasymed the brave,
 And ample buckler, to Tydides gave :
 Then in a leathern helm he cas'd his head,
 Short of its crest, and with no plume o'erspread :

more than the compass of one night ; and his design could not have been executed in any other part of it. The poet had before told us, that all the plain was enlightened by the fires of Troy, and consequently no spy could pass over to their camp, till they were almost sunk and extinguished, which could not be till near the morning.

It is observable that the poet divides the night into three parts, from whence we may gather, that the Grecians had three watches during the night : the first and second of which were over, when Diomed and Ulysses set out to enter the enemy's camp. *Eustathius.*

v. 301. *A two-edg'd falchion Thrasymed the brave, &c.]* It is a very impertinent remark of Scaliger, that Diomed should not have gone from his tent without a sword. The expedition he now goes upon could not be foreseen by him at the time he rose : he was awaked of a sudden, and sent in haste to call some of the princes : besides, he went but to council, and even then carried his spear with him, as Homer had already informed us. I think if one were to study the art of cavilling, there would be more occasion to blame Virgil for what Scaliger praises him, giving a sword to Euryalus, when he had one before, *Æn.* ix. v. 303.

v. 303. *Then in a leathern helm.]* It may not be improper to observe how conformably to the design the poet arms these two heroes : Ulysses has a bow and arrows, that he might be able to wound the enemy at a distance,

(Such as by youths unus'd to arms, are worn ; 305
No spoils enrich it, and no studs adorn.)

Next him Ulysses took a shining sword,
A bow and quiver, with bright arrows stor'd :
A well-prov'd casque, with leather braces bound,
(Thy gift, Meriones) his temples crown'd ; 310
Soft wool within ; without, in order spread,
A boar's white teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head.
This from Amyntor, rich Ormenus' son,
Autolychus by fraudulent rapine won,
And gave Amphidamas ; from him the prize 315
Molus receiv'd, the pledge of social ties ;

and so retard his flight till he could overtake him ; and for fear of a discovery, Diomed is armed with an helmet of leather, that the glittering of it might not betray him. *Eustathius.*

There is some resemblance in this whole story to that of Nisus and Euryalus in Virgil : and as the heroes are here successful, and in Virgil unfortunate, it was perhaps as great an instance of Virgil's judgment to describe the unhappy youth in a glittering helmet, which occasioned his discovery, as it was in Homer to arm his successful one in the contrary manner.

v. 309. *A well-prov'd casque.*] Mr. Barnes has a pretty remark on this place, that it was probably from this description, *πίλος ἀγέῃ*, that the ancient painters and tragic Poets constantly represented Ulysses with the Pileus on his head ; but this particularity could not be preserved with any grace in the translation.

v. 313. *This from Amyntor, &c.*] The succession of this helmet descending from one hero to another, is imitated by Virgil in the story of Nisus and Euryalus.

The helmet next by Merion was possess'd,
 And now Ulysses' thoughtful temples press'd.
 Thus sheath'd in arms, the council they forsake,
 And dark thro' paths oblique their progress take.
 Just then, in sign she favour'd their intent, 321
 A long-wing'd heron great Minerva sent :
 This, tho' furrounding shades obscur'd their view,
 By the shrill clang and whistling wings, they knew.
 As from the right she soar'd, Ulysses pray'd, 325
 Hail'd the glad omen, and address'd the Maid.

- “ Euryalus phaleras Rhamnetis, & aurea bullis
 “ Cingula ; Tiburti Remulo ditissimus olim
 “ Quæ mittit dona, hospitio cùm jungeret absens
 “ Cædicus ; ille suo moriens dat habere nepoti :
 “ Post mortem bello Rutuli pugnâque potiti.”

It was anciently a custom to make these military presents to brave adventurers. So Jonathan in the first book of Samuel, *stript himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David ; and his garments, even to his sword, and his bow, and his girdle.* Ch. xviii. v. 4.

v. 326. *Ulysses.—Hail'd the glad omen.*] This passage sufficiently justifies Diomed for his choice of Ulysses : Diomed, who was most renowned for valour, might have given a wrong interpretation to this omen, and so have been discouraged from proceeding in the attempt. For though it really signified, that as the bird was not seen, but only heard by the sound of its wings, so they should not be discovered by the Trojans, but perform actions which all Troy should hear with sorrow ; yet on the other hand it might imply, that as they discovered the bird by the noise of its wings, so they should be betrayed by the noise they should make in the Trojan army. The reason why Pallas does not send the bird that is sacred

O daughter of that God, whose arm can wield
 Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield !
 O thou ! for ever present in my way,
 Who, all my motions, all my toils survey ! 330
 Safe may we pass beneath the gloomy shade,
 Safe by thy succour to our ships convey'd ;
 And let some deed this signal night adorn,
 To claim the tears of Trojans yet unborn.

Then god-like Diomed preferr'd his pray'r : 335
 Daughter of Jove, unconquer'd Pallas ! hear.
 Great Queen of arms, whose favour Tydeus won,
 As thou defend'st the sire, defend the son.
 When on Æfopus' banks the banded pow'rs 339
 Of Greece he left, and fought the Theban tow'rs,
 Peace was his charge ; receiv'd with peaceful show,
 He went a legate, but return'd a foe :
 Then help'd by thee, and cover'd by thy shield,
 He fought with numbers, and made numbers yield.
 So now be present, Oh celestial Maid ! 345

So still continue to the race thine aid !
 A youthful steer shall fall beneath the stroke,
 Untam'd, unconscious of the galling yoke,
 With ample forehead, and with spreading horns,
 Whose taper tops refulgent gold adorns. 350

The heroes pray'd, and Pallas from the skies,
 Accords their vow, succeeds their enterprise.

to herself, but the heron, is because it is a bird of prey,
 and denoted that they should spoil the Trojans. *Eusathius.*

Now, like two lions panting for the prey,
 With deathful thoughts they trace the dreary way,
 Thro' the black horrors of th' ensanguin'd plain,
 Thro' dust, thro' blood, o'er arms, and hills of
 slain. 356

Nor less bold Hector, and the sons of Troy,
 On high designs the wakeful hours employ ;

v. 356. *Thro' dust, thro' blood, &c.*] Xenophon (says Eustathius) has imitated this passage ; but what the poet gives us in one line, the historian protracts into several sentences. Ἐπει δὲ ἔληξεν ἡ μάχη, παρὼν ἰδεῖν, τὴν μὲν γῆν αἵματι, περιφυμένην, &c. " When the battle was over, one might
 " behold through the whole extent of the field, the
 " ground dyed red with blood, the bodies of friends and
 " enemies stretched over each other, the shields pierced,
 " the spears broken, and the drawn swords, some scattered on the earth, some plunged in the bodies of the
 " slain, and some yet grasped in the hands of the soldiers."

v. 357. *Nor less bold Hector, &c.*] It is the remark of Eustathius, that Homer sends out the Trojan spy in this place in a very different manner from the Grecian ones before. Having been very particular in describing the council of the Greeks, he avoids tiring the reader here with parallel circumstances, and passes it in general terms. In the first, a wise old man proposes the adventure with an air of deference ; in the second, a brave young man with an air of authority. The one promises a small gift, but very honourable and certain ; the other a great one, but uncertain, and less honourable, because it is given as a reward. So that Diomed and Ulysses are inspired with the love of glory. Dolon is possessed with a thirst of gain : they proceed with a sage and circumspect valour, he with rashness and vanity ; they go in conjunction, he

Th' assembled peers their lofty chief inclos'd ;
 Who thus the counsels of his breast propos'd. 360

What glorious man, for high attempts prepar'd,
 Dares greatly venture for a rich reward ?

Of yonder fleet a bold discov'ry make,
 What watch they keep, and what resolves they take ?
 If now subdu'd they meditate their flight, 365
 And spent with toil neglect the watch of night ?

His be the chariot that shall please him most,
 Of all the plunder of the vanquish'd host ;
 His the fair steeds that all the rest excel,
 And his the glory to have serv'd so well. 370

A youth there was among the tribes of Troy,
 Dolon his name, Eumedes' only boy.

alone ; they cross the fields out of the road, he follows the common track. In all there is a contrast that is admirable, and a moral that strikes every reader at first sight.

v. 372. *Dolon his name.*] It is scarce to be conceived with what conciseness the poet has here given us the name, the fortunes, the pedigree, the office, the shape, the swiftness of Dolon. He seems to have been eminent for nothing so much as for his wealth, though undoubtedly he was by place one of the first rank in Troy : Hector summons him to this assembly amongst the chiefs of Troy ; nor was he unknown to the Greeks ; for Diomed immediately after he had seized him, calls him by his name. Perhaps being an herald, he had frequently passed between the armies in the execution of his office.

The ancients observed upon this place, that it was the office of Dolon which made him offer himself to Hector. The sacred character gave him hopes that they would not

(Five girls beside the rev'rend herald told)
 Rich was the son in brass, and rich in gold;
 Not blest by nature with the charms of face, 375
 But swift of foot, and matchless in the race.
 Hector! (he said) my courage bids me meet
 This high atchievement, and explore the fleet:
 But first exalt thy scepter to the skies,
 And swear to grant me the demanded prize; 380

violate his person, should he happen to be taken; and his riches he knew were sufficient to purchase his liberty; besides all which advantages, he had hopes from his swiftness to escape any pursuers. *Eustathius.*

v. 375. *Not blest by nature with the charms of face.*] The original is,

“Ὅς δὲ τοι εἶδος μὲν ἔην κακός, ἀλλὰ ποδῶν.”

Which some ancient criticks thought to include a contradiction, because the man who is ill shaped can hardly be swift in running; taking the word εἶδος as applied in general to the air of the whole person. But Aristotle acquaints us that word was as proper in regard to the face only, and that it was usual with the Cretans to call a man with a handsome face, εὐεἶδης. So that Dolon might want a good face, and yet be well-shaped enough to make an excellent racer. *Poet. c. 26.*

v. 380. *Swear to grant me, &c.*] It is evident from this whole narration, that Dolon was a man of no worth or courage; his covetousness seems to be the sole motive of his undertaking this exploit: and whereas Diomed neither desired any reward, nor when promised required any assurance of it; Dolon demands an oath, and will not trust the promise of Hector; he every where discovers a base spirit, and by the sequel it will appear, that

Th' immortal coursers, and the glitt'ring car,
That bear Pelides thro' the ranks of war.

Encourag'd thus no idle scout I go,
Fulfil thy wish, their whole intention know,
Ev'n to the royal tent pursue my way, 385
And all their counsels, all their aims betray.

The chief then heav'd the golden scepter high,
Attesting thus the monarch of the sky.

this vain boaster instead of discovering the army of the enemy, becomes a traitor to his own. *Eustathius.*

v. 381. *Th' immortal coursers, and the glitt'ring car.*] Hector in the foregoing speech promises the best horses in the Grecian army, as a reward to any one who would undertake what he proposed. Dolon immediately demands those of Achilles, and confines the general promise of Hector to the particular horses of that brave hero.

There is something very extraordinary in Hector's taking a solemn oath, that he will give the chariots and steeds of Achilles to Dolon. The ancients, says Eustathius, knew not whose vanity most to wonder at, that of Dolon or Hector; the one for demanding this, or the other for promising it. Though we may take notice, that Virgil liked this extravagance so well as to imitate it, where Ascanius (without being asked) promises the horses and armour of Turnus to Nisus, on his undertaking a like enterprise:

“Vidisti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis,
“Aureus; ipsum illum, clypeum cristasque rubentes
“Excipiam forti, jam nunc tua præmia, Nise.”

Unless one should think the rashness of such a promise better agreed with the ardour of this youthful prince, than with the character of an experienced warrior like Hector.

Be witness thou ! immortal Lord of all !
Whose thunder shakes the dark aerial hall : 390
By none but Dolon shall this prize be borne,
And him alone th' immortal steeds adorn.

Thus Hector swore : the Gods were call'd in vain,
But the rash youth prepares to scour the plain :
A-crofs his back the bended bow he flung, 395
A wolf's grey hide around his shoulders hung,
A ferret's downy furr his helmet lin'd,
And in his hand a pointed jav'lin shin'd.
Then (never to return) he fought the shore, 399
And trod the path his feet must tread no more.
Scarce had he pass'd the steeds and Trojan throng,
(Still bending forward as he cours'd along)
When, on the hollow way, th' approaching tread
Ulysses mark'd, and thus to Diomed.

O friend ! I hear some step of hostile feet, 405
Moving this way, or hast'ning to the fleet ;
Some spy perhaps, to lurk beside the main ;
Or nightly pillager that strips the slain.
Yet let him pass, and win a little space ; 410
Then rush behind him, and prevent his pace.
But if too swift of foot he flies before,
Confine his course along the fleet and shore,
Betwixt the camp and him our spears employ,
And intercept his hop'd return to Troy.

With that they stepp'd aside, and stoop'd their
head, 415
(As Dolon pass'd) behind a heap of dead :

Along the path the spy unwary flew ;
 Soft, at just distance, both the chiefs pursue.
 So distant they, and such the space between,
 As when two teams of mules divide the green, 420

v. 419. — — — *Such the space between, As when two teams of mules, &c.]* I wonder Eustathius takes no notice of the manner of ploughing used by the ancients, which is described in these verses, and of which we have the best account from Dacier. She is not satisfied with the explanation given by Didymus, that Homer meant the space which mules by their swiftness gain upon oxen, that plough in the same field. “ The Grecians (says she) did not plough in the manner now in use. They “ first broke up the ground with oxen, and then ploughed “ it more lightly with mules. When they employed “ two ploughs in a field, they measured the space they “ could plough in a day, and set their ploughs at the “ two ends of that space, and those ploughs proceeded “ toward each other. This intermediate space was constantly fixed, but less in proportion for two ploughs of “ oxen than for two of mules ; because oxen are slower, “ and toil more in a field that has not been yet turned “ up, whereas mules are naturally swifter, and make “ greater speed in a ground that has already had the “ first ploughing. I therefore believe that what Homer “ calls ἐπιέγα, is the space left by the husbandmen between two ploughs of mules which till the same field : “ and as this space was so much the greater in a field “ already ploughed by oxen, he adds what he says of “ mules, that they are swifter and fitter to give the second ploughing than oxen, and therefore distinguishes “ the field so ploughed by the epithet of *deep*, *υελοῖο* *βαθεῖος* for that was a certain space of so many acres or “ perches, and always larger than in a field as yet untill, which being heavier and more difficult, required the interval to be so much the less between two

(To whom the hind like shares of land allows)
When now new furrows part th' approaching
ploughs.

Now Dolon list'ning heard them as they past ;
Hector (he thought) had sent, and check'd his haste,
'Till scarce at distance of a jav'lin's throw, 425
No voice succeeding, he perceiv'd the foe.

As when two skilful hounds the lev'ret wind ;
Or chase thro' woods obscure the trembling hind ;
Now lost, now seen, they intercept his way,
And from the herd still turn the flying prey : 430
So fast, and with such fears the Trojan flew ;
So close, so constant, the bold Greeks pursue.

Now almost on the fleet the dastard falls,
And mingles with the guards that watch the walls ;
When brave Tydides stopp'd ; a gen'rous thought
(Inspir'd by Pallas) in his bosom wrought, 436

" ploughs of oxen, because they could not dispatch so
" much work. Homer could not have served himself
" of a juster comparison for a thing that passed in the
" fields ; at the same time he shews his experience in the
" art of agriculture, and gives his verses a most agree-
" able ornament, as indeed all the images drawn from
" this art are peculiarly entertaining."

This manner of measuring a space of ground by a
comparison from ploughing, seems to have been custo-
mary in those times, from that passage in the first book
of Samuel, ch. xiv. v. 14. *And the first slaughter which
Jonathan and his armour-bearer made, was about twenty
men, within as it were half a furrow of an acre of land,
which a yoke of oxen might plough.*

Left on the foe some forward Greek advance,
 And snatch the glory from his lifted lance.
 Then thus aloud : who'er thou art, remain ;
 This jav'lin else shall fix thee to the plain. 440
 He said, and high in air the weapon cast,
 Which wilful err'd, and o'er his shoulder past ;
 Then fix'd in earth. Against the trembling wood
 The wretch stood propp'd, and quiver'd as he stood ;
 A sudden palsy seiz'd his turning head ; 445
 His loose teeth chatter'd, and his colour fled :
 The panting warriors seize him as he stands,
 And with unmanly tears his life demands.

O spare my youth, and for the breath I owe,
 Large gifts of price my father shall bestow. 450
 Vast heaps of brags shall in your ships be told,
 And steel well-temper'd, and refulgent gold.

To whom Ulysses made this wise reply ;
 Whoe'er thou art, be bold, nor fear to die.

v. 444. *Quiver'd as he stood, &c.*] The poet here gives us a very lively picture of a person in the utmost agonies of fear: Dolon's swiftness forsakes him, and he stands shackled by his cowardice. The very words express the thing he describes by the broken turn of the Greek verses. And something like it is aimed at in the English.

— — — — — ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἔζη, τάρχευσέν τε
 βαμβαίνων· ἄρατος δὲ διὰ σόμα γίνετ' ὀδόντων.
 Χλωρὸς ὑπὸ δαίεσσι. — — —

v. 454. *Be bold, nor fear to die.*] It is observable what caution the poet here uses in reference to Dolon: Ulysses does not make him any promises of life, but only bids him very artfully not to think of dying: so that when

What moves thee, say, when sleep has clos'd the
fight, 455

To roam the silent fields in dead of night?
Cam'st thou the secrets of our camp to find,
By Hector prompted, or thy daring mind?
Or art some wretch by hopes of plunder led
Thro' heaps of carnage, to despoil the dead? 460

Then thus pale Dolon with a fearful look,
(Still, as he spoke, his limbs with horror shook)
Hither I came, by Hector's words deceiv'd;
Much did he promise, rashly I believ'd:
No less a bribe than great Achilles' car, 465
And those swift steeds that sweep the ranks of war,
Urg'd me, unwilling, this attempt to make;
To learn what counsels, what resolves you take:
If now subdu'd, you fix your hopes on flight, 469
And tir'd with toils, neglect the watch of night?

Bold was thy aim, and glorious was the prize,
(Ulysses, with a scornful smile, replies)

Diomed kills him, he was not guilty of a breach of promise, and the spy was deceived rather by the art and subtlety of Ulysses, than by his falsehood. Dolon's understanding seems entirely to be disturbed by his fears; he was so cautious as not to believe a friend just before without an oath, but here he trusts an enemy without so much as a promise. *Eustathius*.

v. 467. *Urg'd me, unwilling.*] It is observable that the cowardice of Dolon here betrays him into a falsehood: though *Eustathius* is of opinion that the word in the original means no more than *contrary to my judgment*.

Far other rulers those proud steeds demand,
 And scorn the guidance of a vulgar hand ;
 Ev'n great Achilles scarce their rage can tame, 475
 Achilles sprung from an immortal dame.
 But say, be faithful, and the truth recite !
 Where lies encamp'd the Trojan chief to-night ?
 Where stand his courfers ? in what quarter sleep
 Their other princes ? tell what watch they keep : 480
 Say, since their conquest, what their counsels are ;
 Or here to combat, from their city far,
 Or back to Ilion's walls transfer the war. }

Ulysses thus, and thus Eumedes' son :
 What Dolon knows, his faithful tongue shall own.
 Hector, the peers assembling in his tent, 486
 A council holds at Ilus' monument.
 No certain guards the nightly watch partake ;
 Where-e'er yon' fires ascend, the Trojans wake :

v. 478. *Where lies encamp'd.*] The night was now very far advanced, the morning approached, and the two heroes had their whole design still to execute : Ulysses therefore complies with the necessity of the time, and makes his questions very short, though at the same very full. In the like manner when Ulysses comes to shew Diomed the chariot of Rhesus, he uses a sudden transition without the usual form of speaking.

v. 488. *No certain guards.*] Homer, to give an air of probability to this narration, lets us understand that the Trojan camp might easily be entered without discovery, because there were no centinels to guard it. This might happen partly through the security which their late success had thrown them into, and partly through the fa-

Anxious for Troy, the guard the natives keep; 490
Safe in their cares, th' auxiliar forces sleep,
Whose wives and infants, from the danger far,
Discharge their souls of half the fears of war.

Then sleep those aids among the Trojan train,
(Enquir'd the chief) or scatter'd o'er the plain? 495

To whom the spy : Their pow'rs they thus dispose:
The Pæons, dreadful with their bended bows,
The Carians, Caucons, the Pelasgian host,
And Leleges encamp along the coast.

Not distant far, lie higher on the land 500

The Lycian, Mysian, and Mæonian band,
And Phrygia's horse, by Thymbras' ancient wall;
The Thracians utmost, and apart from all.

These Troy but lately to her succour won,
Led on by Rhesus, great Eioneus' son : 505

I saw his courfers in proud triumph go,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter-snow :

tigues of the former day. Besides which, Homer gives us another very natural reason, the negligence of the auxiliar forces, who being foreigners, had nothing to lose by the fall of Troy.

v. 489. *Where-e'er yon' fires ascend.*] This is not to be understood of those fires which Hector commanded to be kindled at the beginning of this night, but only of the household fires of the Trojans, distinct from the auxiliars. The expression in the original is somewhat remarkable; but implies those people that were natives of Troy: *ἰσρία* and *ἰσχαρά* *συνεῖς* signifying the same thing. So that *ἰσρίας ἔχειν* and *ἰσχαράς ἔχειν* mean to have houses or hearths in Troy. *Eustathius.*

Rich silver plates his shining car infold ;
 His solid arms, refulgent, flame with gold ;
 No mortal shoulders suit the glorious load, 510
 Celestial Panoply, to grace a God !
 Let me, unhappy, to your fleet be borne,
 Or leave me here, a captive's fate to mourn,
 In cruel chains ; 'till your return reveal,
 The truth or falsehood of the news I tell. 515

To this Tydides, with a gloomy frown :
 Think not to live, tho' all the truth be shown :
 Shall we dismiss thee, in some future strife
 To risk more bravely thy now forfeit life ?
 Or that again our camps thou may'st explore ?
 No—once a traitor, thou betray'st no more. 521

Sternly he spoke, and as the wretch prepar'd
 With humble blandishment to stroke his beard,
 Like light'ning swift the wrathful falchion flew,
 Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two ; 525
 One instant snatch'd his trembling soul to hell,
 The head, yet speaking, mutter'd as it fell.
 The furry helmet from his brow they tear,
 The wolf's grey hide, th' unbended bow and spear ;
 These great Ulysses lifting to the skies, 530
 To fav'ring Pallas dedicates the prize.

v. 525. *Divides the neck.*] It may seem a piece of barbarity in Diomed to kill Dolon thus, in the very act of supplicating for mercy. Eustathius answers, that it was very necessary that it should be so, for fear, if he had deferred his death, he might have cried out to the Trojans, who hearing his voice, would have been upon their guard.

Great queen of arms ! receive this hostile spoil,
 And let the Thracian steeds reward our toil :
 Thee first of all the heav'nly host we praise ;
 O speed our labours, and direct our ways ! 535
 This said, the spoils with dropping gore defac'd,
 High on a spreading tamarisk he plac'd ;
 Then heap'd with reeds and gather'd boughs the
 plain,

To guide their footsteps to the place again. 539

Thro' the still night they cross the devious fields,
 Slipp'ry with blood, o'er arms and heaps of shields,
 Arriving where the Thracian squadrons lay,
 And eas'd in sleep the labours of the day.
 Rang'd in three lines they view the prostrate band :
 The horses yok'd beside each warrior stand ; 545
 Their arms in order on the ground reclin'd,
 Thro' the brown shade the fulgid weapons shin'd ;
 Amidst lay Rhesus, stretch'd in sleep profound,
 And the white steeds behind his chariot bound.

The welcome sight Ulysses first descries, 550
 And points to Diomed the tempting prize.

The man, the courfers, and the car behold !
 Describ'd by Dolon, with the arms of gold.
 Now, brave Tydides ! now thy courage try,
 Approach the chariot, and the steeds untie ; 555
 Or if thy soul aspire to fiercer deeds,
 Urge thou the slaughter, while I seize the steeds.

Pallas (this said) her hero's bosom warms,
 Breath'd in his heart, and strung his nervous arms ;

Where-e'er he pass'd, a purple stream pursu'd ; 560
 His thirsty falchion, sat with hostile blood,
 Bath'd all his footsteps, dy'd the fields with gore,
 And a low groan remurmur'd thro' the shore.
 So the grim lion, from his nightly den,
 O'erleaps the fences, and invades the pen ; 565
 On sheep or goats, resistless in his way,
 He falls, and foaming rends the guardless prey.
 Nor stopp'd the fury of his vengeful hand,
 'Till twelve lay breathless of the Thracian band.
 Ulysses following, as his part'ner slew, 570
 Back by the foot each slaughter'd warrior drew ;
 The milk-white courfers studious to convey
 Safe to the ships, he wisely clear'd the way ;
 Left the fierce steeds, not yet to battles bred,
 Should start, and tremble at the heaps of dead. 575
 Now twelve dispatch'd, the monarch last they found
 Tydides' falchion fix'd him to the ground.
 Just then a deathful dream Minerva sent ;
 A warlike form appear'd before his tent,

v. 578. *Just then a deathful dream Minerva sent.*] All the circumstances of this action, the night, Rhesus buried in a profound sleep, and Diomed with the sword in his hand hanging over the head of that prince, furnished Homer with the idea of this fiction, which represents Rhesus dying fast-asleep, and as it were beholding his enemy in a dream plunging a sword into his bosom. This image is very natural, for a man in this condition awakes no farther than to see confusedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality, but a vision. *Eustathius, Dacier.*

Book X. HOMER'S ILIAD. 107

Whose visionary steel his bosom tore : 580
So dream'd the monarch, and awak'd no more.

Ulysses now the snowy steeds detains,
And leads them, fasten'd by the silver reins ;
These, with his bow unbent, he lash'd along ;
(The scourge forgot, on Rhesus' chariot hung.) 585
Then gave his friend the signal to retire ;
But him, new dangers, new atchievements fire :
Doubtful he stood, or with his reeking blade
To send more heroes to th' infernal shade,
Drag off the car where Rhesus' armour lay,
Or heave with manly force, and lift away.
While unresolv'd the son of Tydeus stands,
Pallas appears, and thus her chief commands.

Enough, my son, from farther slaughter cease,
Regard thy safety, and depart in peace ; 595
Haste to the ships, the gotten spoils enjoy,
Nor tempt too far the hostile Gods of Troy.

The voice divine confess'd the martial Maid ;
In haste he mounted, and her word obey'd ;
The coursers fly before Ulysses' bow, 600
Swift as the wind, and white as winter-snow.

Not unobserv'd they pass'd : the God of light
Had watch'd his Troy, and mark'd Minerva's flight,
Saw Tydeus' son with heav'nly succour blest,
And vengeful anger fill'd his sacred breast. 605
Swift to the Trojan camp descends the Pow'r,
And wakes Hippocoön in the morning-hour,

v, 607. *And wakes Hippocoön.*] Apollo's waking the

(On Rhesus' side accustom'd to attend,
 A faithful kinsman, and instructive friend.)
 He rose, and saw the field deform'd with blood, 610
 An empty space where late the coursers stood,
 The yet-warm Thracians panting on the coast;
 For each he wept, but for his Rhesus most:
 Now while on Rhesus' name he calls in vain,
 The gath'ring tumult spreads o'er all the plain; 615
 On heaps the Trojans rush, with wild affright,
 And wond'ring view the slaughters of the night.

Meanwhile the chiefs, arriving at the shade
 Where late the spoils of Hector's spy were laid,
 Ulysses stopp'd; to him Tydides bore 620
 The trophy, dropping yet with Dolon's gore:
 Then mounts again; again their nimble feet
 The coursers ply, and thunder tow'rd the fleet.

Old Nestor first perceiv'd th' approaching sound,
 Bespeaking thus the Grecian peers around. 625

Trojans is only an allegory to imply that the light of the morning awakened them. *Eustathius*.

v. 624. *Old Nestor first perceiv'd, &c.*] It may with an appearance of reason be asked, whence it could be that Nestor, whose sense of hearing might be supposed to be impaired by his great age, should be the first person among so many youthful warriors who hears the tread of the horses feet at a distance? *Eustathius* answers, that Nestor had a particular concern for the safety of Diomed and Ulysses on this occasion, as he was the person who, by proposing the undertaking, had exposed them to a very signal danger; and consequently his extraordinary care for their preservation, did more than supply the dis-

Methinks the noise of tramp'ling steeds I hear,
Thick'ning this way, and gath'ring on my ear;
Perhaps some horses of the Trojan breed
(So may, ye Gods! my pious hopes succeed)
The great Tydides and Ulysses bear, 630

Return'd triumphant with this prize of war.
Yet much I fear (ah may that fear be vain!)
The chiefs out-number'd by the Trojan train;
Perhaps, ev'n now pursu'd, they seek the shore;
Or oh! perhaps those heroes are no more. 635

Scarce had he spoke, when lo! the chiefs appear,
And spring to earth; the Greeks dismiss their fear:
With words of friendship and extended hands
They greet the kings; and Nestor first demands:

Say thou, whose praises all our host proclaim,
Thou living glory of the Grecian name! 641
Say whence these coursers? by what chance be-
stow'd,

The spoil of foes, or present of a God?
Not those fair steeds so radiant and so gay,
That draw the burning chariot of the day. 645
Old as I am, to age I scorn to yield,
And daily mingle in the martial field;
But sure 'till now no coursers struck my fight
Like these, conspicuous thro' the ranks of fight.

advantage of his age. This agrees very well with what immediately follows; for the old man breaks out into a transport at the sight of them, and in a wild sort of joy asks some questions, which could not have proceeded from him, but while he was under that happy surprise.
Eustathius.

Some God, I deem, conferred the glorious prize,
 Blest as ye are, and fav'rites of the skies ; 651
 The care of him who bids the thunder roar,
 And * her, whose fury bathes the world with gore.

Father ! not so, (sage Ithacus rejoin'd)
 The gifts of heav'n are of a nobler kind. 655
 Of Thracian lineage are the steeds ye view,
 Whose hostile king the brave Tydides slew ;
 Sleeping he dy'd, with all his guards around,
 And twelve beside lay gasping on the ground.
 These other spoils from conquer'd Dolon came, 660
 A wretch, whose swiftness was his only fame,
 By Hector sent our forces to explore,
 He now lies headless on the sandy shore.

Then o'er the trench the bounding courfers flew ;
 The joyful Greeks with loud acclaim pursue. 665

* Minerva.

v. 656. *Of Thracian lineage, &c.*] It is observable, says Eustathius, that Homer in this place unravels the series of this night's exploits, and inverts the order of the former narration. This is partly occasioned by a necessity of Nestor's enquiries, and partly to relate the same thing in a different way, that he might not tire the reader with an exact repetition of what he knew before.

v. 659. *And twelve beside, &c.*] How comes it to pass that the poet should here call Dolon the thirteenth that was slain, whereas he had already numbered up thirteen besides him ? Eustathius answers, that he mentions Rhesus by himself, by way of eminence. Then coming to recount the Thracians, he reckons twelve of them ; so that taking Rhesus separately, Dolon will make the thirteenth.

Straight to Tydides' high pavilion borne,
 The matchless steeds his ample stall adorn :
 The neighing courfers their new fellows greet,
 And the full racks are heap'd with gen'rous wheat.
 But Dolon's armour, to his ships convey'd, 670 }
 High on the painted stern Ulysses laid, }
 A trophy destin'd to the blue-ey'd Maid. }

Now from nocturnal sweat, and sanguine stain,
 They cleanse their bodies in the neighb'ring main :
 Then in the polish'd bath, refresh'd from toil, 675
 Their joints they supple with dissolving oil,
 In due repast indulge the genial hour,
 And first to Pallas the libations pour :

v. 674. *They cleanse their bodies in the main, &c.*] We have here a regimen very agreeable to the simplicity and austerity of the old heroick times. These warriors plunge into the sea to wash themselves; for the salt water is not only more purifying than any other, but more corroborates the nerves. They afterwards enter into a bath, and rub their bodies with oil, which by softening and moistening the flesh prevents too great a dissipation, and restores the natural strength. *Eustathius.*

v. 677. *In due repast, &c.*] It appears from hence with what preciseness Homer distinguishes the time of these actions. It is evident from this passage, that immediately after their return, it was day-light; that being the time of taking such a repast as is here described.

I cannot conclude the notes to this book without observing, that what seems the principal beauty of it, and what distinguishes it among all the others, is the liveliness of its paintings: the reader sees the most natural night scene in the world; he is led step by step with the adventurers, and made the companion of all their expect-

They fit, rejoicing in her aid divine,
And the crown'd goblet foams with floods of
wine. 680

tations, and uncertainties. We see the very colour of the sky, know the time to a minute, are impatient while the heroes are arming, our imagination steals out after them, becomes privy to all their doubts, and even to the secret wishes of their hearts sent up to Minerva. We are alarmed at the approach of Dolon, hear his very footsteps, assist the two chiefs in pursuing him, and stop just with the spear that arrests him. We are perfectly acquainted with the situation of all the forces, with the figure in which they lie, with the disposition of Rhesus and the Thracians, with the posture of his chariot and horses. The marshy spot of ground where Dolon is killed, the tamarisk, or aquatick plants upon which they hang his spoils, and the reeds that are heaped together to mark the place, are circumstances the most *picturesque* imaginable. And though it must be owned, that the human figures in this piece are excellent, and disposed in the properest actions; I cannot but confess my opinion, that the chief beauty of it is in the prospect, a finer than which was never drawn by any pencil.

THE
ELEVENTH BOOK

OF THE
I L I A D.

VOL. III.

I

THE
A R G U M E N T.

The third Battle, and the acts of Agamemnon.

AGAMEMNON having armed himself, leads the Grecians to battle : *Hector* prepares the Trojans to receive them ; while *Jupiter*, *Juno*, and *Minerva* give the signals of war. *Agamemnon* bears all before him ; and *Hector* is commanded by *Jupiter* (who sends *Iris* for that purpose) to decline the engagement, till the king shall be wounded and retire from the field. He then makes a great slaughter of the enemy ; *Ulysses* and *Diomed* put a stop to him for a time ; but the latter being wounded by *Paris*, is obliged to desert his companion, who is encompassed by the Trojans, wounded, and in the utmost danger, till *Menelaus* and *Ajax* rescue him. *Hector* comes against *Ajax*, but that hero alone opposes multitudes, and rallies the Greeks. In the mean time *Machaon*, in the other wing of the army, is pierced with an arrow by *Paris*, and carried from the fight in *Nestor's* chariot. *Achilles* (who overlooked the action from his ship) sent *Patroclus* to enquire which of the Greeks was wounded in that manner ? *Nestor* entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and a long recital of some former wars which he remembered, tending to put *Patroclus* upon persuading *Achilles* to fight for his countrymen, or at least permit Him to do it, clad in *Achilles's* armour. *Patroclus* in his return meets *Eurypylus* also wounded, and assists him in that distress.

This book opens with the eight and twentieth day of the poem ; and the same day, with its various actions and adventures, is extended through the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth books. The scene lies in the field near the monument of *Ilus*.

THE
* ELEVENTH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.

THE saffron morn, with early blushes spread,
Now rose refulgent from Tithonus' bed;
With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of heav'n with sacred light:

* As Homer's invention is in nothing more wonderful, than in the great variety of characters with which his poems are diversified, so his judgment appears in nothing more exact, than in that propriety with which each character is maintained. But this exactness must be collected by a diligent attention to his conduct through the whole; and when the particulars of each character are laid together, we shall find them all proceeding from the same temper and disposition of the person. If this observation be neglected, the poet's conduct will lose much of its true beauty and harmony.

I fancy it will not be unpleasant to the reader, to consider the picture of Agamemnon, drawn by so masterly an hand as that of Homer, in its full length, after having seen him in several views and lights since the beginning of the poem.

He is a master of policy and stratagem, and maintains a good understanding with his council; which was but necessary, considering how many different, independent nations and interests he had to manage: he seems fully conscious of his own superiour authority, and always

When baleful Eris, sent by Jove's command, 5
The torch of discord blazing in her hand,

knows the time when to exert it : he is personally very valiant, but not without some mixture of fierceness : highly resentful of the injuries done his family, even more than Menelaus himself : warm both in his passions and affections, particularly in the love he bears his brother. In short, he is (as Homer himself in another place describes him) both a good king, and a great warrior.

Ἀμφότερον, βασιλεὺς τ' ἀγαθὸς, κρατερός τ' αἰχμητής.

It is very observable how this hero rises in the esteem of the reader as the poem advances : it opens with many circumstances very much to the disadvantage of his character ; he insults the priest of Apollo, and outrages Achilles : but in the second book he grows sensible of the effects of his rashness, and takes the fault entirely upon himself : in the fourth he shews himself a skilful commander, by exhorting, reproving, and performing all the offices of a good general : in the eighth he is deeply touched by the sufferings of his army, and makes all the people's calamities his own : in the ninth he endeavours to reconcile himself to Achilles, and condescends to be the petitioner, because it is for the publick good : in the tenth finding those endeavours ineffectual, his concern keeps him the whole night awake, in contriving all possible methods to assist them : and now in the eleventh, as it were resolving himself to supply the want of Achilles, he grows prodigiously in his valour, and performs wonders in his single person.

Thus we see Agamemnon continually winning upon our esteem, as we grow acquainted with him ; so that he seems to be like that Goddess the poet describes, who was low at the first, but rising by degrees, at last reaches the very heavens.

v. 5. *When baleful Eris, &c.*] With what a wonderful sublimity does the poet begin this book ? He awakens the

Thro' the red skies her bloody sign extends,
 And wrapt in tempests, o'er the fleet descends.
 High on Ulysses' bark, her horrid stand
 She took, and thunder'd thro' the seas and land. 10
 Ev'n Ajax and Achilles heard the sound,
 Whose ships, remote, the guarded navy bound.
 Thence the black Fury thro' the Grecian throng
 With horror sounds the loud Orthian song:
 The navy shakes, and at the dire alarms 15
 Each bosom boils, each warrior starts to arms.
 No more they sigh, inglorious to return,
 But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.

reader's curiosity, and sounds an alarm to the approaching battle. With what magnificence does he usher in the deeds of Agamemnon? He seems for a while to have lost all view of the main battle, and lets the whole action of the poem stand still, to attend the motions of this single hero. Instead of a herald, he brings down the Goddess to enflame the army; instead of a trumpet, or such war-like musick, Juno and Minerva thunder over the field of battle: Jove rains down drops of blood, and averts his eyes from such a scene of horrors.

By the Goddess Eris is meant that ardour and impatience for the battle which now inspired the Grecian army; they who just before were almost in despair, now burn for the fight, and breathe nothing but war. *Eustathius.*

v. 14. *Orthian song.*] This is a kind of an Odaic song, invented and sung on purpose to fire the soul to noble deeds in war. Such was that of Timotheus before Alexander the Great, which had such an influence upon him, that he leaped from his seat, and laid hold on his arms. *Eustathius,*

The king of men his hardy hosts inspires 19
 With loud command, with great example fires ;
 Himself first rose, himself before the rest
 His mighty limbs in radiant armour drest.
 And first he cas'd his manly legs around
 In shining greaves, with silver buckles bound :
 The beaming cuirass next adorn'd his breast, 25
 The same which once king Cinyras possess'd :
 (The fame of Greece and her assembled host
 Had reach'd that monarch on the Cyprian coast ;
 'Twas then the friendship of the chief to gain,
 This glorious gift he sent, nor sent in vain.) 30
 Ten rows of azure steel the work infold,
 Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold ;
 Three glitt'ring dragons to the gorget rise,
 Whose imitated scales, against the skies
 Reflected various light, and arching bow'd, 35
 Like colour'd rainbows o'er a show'ry cloud.
 (Jove's wond'rous bow, of three celestial dyes,
 Plac'd as a sign to man amid the skies.)

v. 26. *King Cinyras.*] It is probable this passage of Cinyras, king of Cyprus, alludes to a true history ; and what makes it the more so, is, that this island was famous for its mines of several metals. *Eustathius.*

v. 35. *Arching bow'd, &c.*] Eustathius observes, that the poet intended to represent the bending figure of these serpents as well as their colour, by comparing them to rainbows. Dacier observes here how close a parallel this passage of Homer bears to that in Genesis, where God tells Noah, *I have set my bow in the clouds, that it may be for a sign of the covenant between me and the earth.*

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A radiant baldrick o'er his shoulder ty'd,
 Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side : 40
 Gold was the hilt, a silver sheath encas'd
 The shining blade, and golden hangers grac'd.
 His buckler's mighty orb was next display'd,
 That round the warrior cast a dreadful shade ;
 Ten zones of brass its ample brim surround, 45
 And twice ten bosses the bright convex crown'd :
 Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its field,
 And circling terrors fill'd th' expressive shield :
 Within its concave hung a silver thong,
 On which a mimic serpent creeps along, 50
 His azure length in easy waves extends,
 'Till in three heads th' embroider'd monster ends.
 Last o'er his brows his fourfold helm he plac'd,
 With nodding horse-hair formidably grac'd ;
 And in his hands two steely jav'lines wield, 55
 That blaze to heav'n, and lighten all the fields.

That instant Juno, and the martial Maid
 In happy thunders promis'd Greece their aid ;
 High o'er the chief they clash'd their arms in air,
 And leaning from the clouds, expect the war. 60

Close to the limits of the trench and mound,
 The fiery couriers to their chariots bound
 The squires restrain'd : the foot, with those who
 wield

The lighter arms, rush forward to the field.

v. 63. *The foot, with those who wield The lighter arms, rush forward.*] Here we see the order of battle is in-

To second these, in close array combin'd, 65
 The squadrons spread their fable wings behind.
 Now shouts and tumults wake the tardy sun,
 As with the light the warriour's toils begun.
 Ev'n Jove, whose thunder spoke his wrath, distill'd
 Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field ; 70
 The woes of men unwilling to survey,
 And all the slaughters that must stain the day.
 Near Ilus' tomb in order rang'd around,
 The Trojan lines possess'd the rising ground,
 There wise Polydamas and Hector stood ; 75
 Æneas, honour'd as a guardian God ;
 Bold Polybus, Agenor the divine ;
 The brother warriours of Antenor's line ;

verted, and opposite to that which Nestor proposed in the fourth book : for it is the cavalry which is there sustained by the infantry ; here the infantry by the cavalry. But to deliver my opinion, I believe it was the nearness of the enemy that obliged Agamemnon to change the disposition of the battle : he would break their battalions with his infantry, and complete their defeat by his cavalry, which should fall upon the flyers. *Dacier.*

v. 70. *Red drops of blood.*] These prodigies, with which Homer embellishes his poetry, are the same with those which history relates not as ornaments, but as truths. Nothing is more common in history than showers of blood, and philosophy gives us the reason of them : the two battles which had been fought on the plains of Troy, had so drenched them with blood, that a great quantity of it might be exhaled in vapours, and carried into the air, and being there condensed, fall down again in dews and drops of the same colour. *Eustathius.* See notes on lib. xvi. v. 560.

With youthful Acamas, whose beauteous face
 And fair proportion, match'd th' etherial race ; 80
 Great Hector, cover'd with his spacious shield,
 Plies all the troops, and orders all the field.
 As the red star now shows his sanguine fires
 Thro' the dark clouds, and now in night retires ;
 Thus thro' the ranks appear'd the god-like man,
 Plung'd in the rear, or blazing in the van ; 86
 While streamy sparkles, restless as he flies,
 Flash from his arms as light'ning from the skies.
 As sweating reapers in some wealthy field, 89
 Rang'd in two bands, their crooked weapons wield,

v. 83. *As the red star.*] We have just seen at full length the picture of the general of the Greeks : here we see Hector beautifully drawn in miniature. This proceeded from the great judgment of the poet : it was necessary to speak fully of Agamemnon, who was to be the chief hero of this battle, and briefly of Hector, who had so often been spoken of at large before. This is an instance that the poet well knew when to be concise, and when to be copious. It is impossible that any thing should be more happily imagined, than this similitude : it is so lively, that we see Hector sometimes shining in arms at the head of his troops ; and then immediately lose sight of him, while he retires in the ranks of the army.
Eustathius.

v. 89. *As sweating reapers.*] It will be necessary for the understanding of this similitude, to explain the method of mowing in Homer's days : they mowed in the same manner as they ploughed, beginning at the extremes of the field, which was equally divided, and proceeded till

Bear down the furrows, 'till their labours meet ;
 Thick fall the heapy harvests at their feet :
 So Greece and Troy the field of war divide,
 And falling ranks are strow'd on ev'ry side.
 None stoop'd a thought to base inglorious flight ; 95
 But horse to horse, and man to man they fight.
 Not rabid wolves more fierce contest their prey ;
 Each wounds, each bleeds, but none resign the day.
 Discord with joy the scene of death descries,
 And drinks large slaughter at her sanguine eyes : 100
 Discord alone, of all th' immortal train,
 Swells the red horrors of this direful plain :
 The Gods in peace their golden mansions fill,
 Rang'd in bright order on the Olympian hill ;
 But gen'ral murmurs told their griefs above, 105
 And each accus'd the partial will of Jove.
 Meanwhile apart, superiour, and alone,
 Th' eternal Monarch, on his awful throne,
 Wrapt in the blaze of boundless glory sat ;
 And 'fix'd, fulfill'd the just decrees of fate. 110
 On earth he turn'd his all-confid'ring eyes,
 And mark'd the spot where Ilion's tow'rs arise ;
 The sea with ships, the fields with armies spread,
 The victor's rage, the dying, and the dead.

they met in the middle of it. By this means they raised an emulation between both parties, which should finish their share first. If we consider this custom, we shall find it a very happy comparison to the two armies advancing against each other, together with an exact resemblance in every circumstance the poet intended to illustrate.

Thus while the morning-beams increas'ing
bright 115

O'er heav'n's pure azure spread the growing light,
Communal death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverse battle gor'd with equal wounds.
But now (what time in some sequester'd vale
The weary woodman spreads his sparing meal, 120

v. 119. *What time in some sequester'd vale The weary woodman, &c.*] One may gather from hence, that in Homer's time they did not measure the day by hours, but by the progression of the sun; and distinguished the parts of it by the most noted employments; as in the xiith of the Odyssey, v. 439. from the rising of the judges, and here from the dining of the labourer.

It may perhaps be entertaining to the reader to see a general account of the mensuration of time among the ancients, which I shall take from Spondanus. At the beginning of the world it is certain there was no distinction of time but by the light and darkness, and the whole day was included in the general terms of the evening and the morning. Munster makes a pretty observation upon this custom: our long-lived forefathers (says he) had not so much occasion to be exact observers how the day passed, as their frailer sons, whose shortness of life makes it necessary to distinguish every part of time, and suffer none of it to slip away without their observation.

It is not improbable but that the Chaldeans, many ages after the flood, were the first who divided the day into hours; they being the first who applied themselves with any success to astrology. The most ancient sun-dial we read of, is that of Achaz, mentioned in the second book of Kings, ch. xx. about the time of the building of Rome: but as these were of no use in clouded days, and in the night, there was another invention of mea-

When his tir'd arms refuse the ax to rear,
And claim a respite from the silvan war ;

suring the parts of time by water ; but that not being sufficiently exact, they laid it aside for another by sand.

It is certain the use of dials was earlier among the Greeks than the Romans ; it was above three hundred years after the building of Rome before they knew any thing of them : but yet they had divided the day and night into twenty-four hours, as appears from Varro and Macrobius, though they did not count the hours as we do, numerically, but from midnight to midnight, and distinguished them by particular names, as by the cock-crowing, the dawn, the mid-day, &c. The first sundial we read of among the Romans which divided the day into hours, is mentioned by Pliny, lib. i. cap. 20. fixed upon the temple of Quirinus by L. Papyrius the censor, about the twelfth year of the wars with Pyrrhus. But the first that was of any use to the publick, was set up near the *rostra* in the *forum* by Valerius Messala the consul, after the taking of Catana in Sicily ; from whence it was brought, thirty years after the first had been set up by Papyrius : but this was still an imperfect one, the lines of it not exactly corresponding with the several hours. Yet they made use of it many years, till Q. Marcius Philippus placed another by it, greatly improved : but these had still one common defect of being useless in the night, and when the skies were overcast. All these inventions being thus ineffectual, Scipio Nasica, some years after, measured the day and night into hours from the dropping of water.

Yet near this time, it may be gathered that sun dials were very frequent in Rome, from a fragment preserved by Aulus Gellius, and ascribed to Plautus : the lines are so beautiful, that I cannot deny the reader the satisfaction of seeing them. They are supposed to be spoken by an hungry parasite, upon a sight of one of these dials.

But not 'till half the prostrate forests lay
 Stretch'd in long ruin, and expos'd to day)
 Then, nor 'till then, the Greeks impulsive might 125
 Pierc'd the black Phalanx, and let in the light.
 Great Agamemnon then the slaughter led,
 And slew Bienor at his people's head :
 Whose squire Oileus, with a sudden spring,
 Leap'd from the chariot to revenge his king, 130

“ Ut illum Dii perdant, primus qui horas repperit,
 “ Quique adeo primus statuit heic solarium:
 “ Qui mihi comminuit misero, articulatim, diem!
 “ Nam me puero uterus hic erat solarium,
 “ Multo omnium istorum optimum & verissimum;
 “ Ubi iste monebat esse, nisi cum nihil erat.
 “ Nunc etiam quod est, non est, nisi Soli lubet :
 “ Itaque adeo jam oppletum est oppidum solariis,
 “ Major pars populi aridi reptant fame.”

We find frequent mention of the hours in the course of this poem; but to prevent any mistake, it may not be improper to take notice, that they must always be understood to mean the seasons, and not the division of the day by hours.

v. 125. *The Greeks impulsive might.*] We had just before seen that all the Gods were withdrawn from the battle; that Jupiter was resolved, even against the inclinations of them all, to honour the Trojans. Yet we here see the Greeks breaking through them; the love the poet bears to his countrymen makes him aggrandize their valour and over-rule even the decrees of fate. To vary his battles, he supposes the Gods to be absent this day; and they are no sooner gone, but the courage of the Greeks prevails, even against the determination of Jupiter. *Eustathius.*

But in his front he felt the fatal wound,
Which pierc'd his brain, and stretch'd him on the
ground.

Atrides spoil'd, and left them on the plain :
Vain was their youth, their glitt'ring armour vain :
Now soil'd with dust, and naked to the sky, 135
Their snowy limbs and beauteous bodies lie.

Two sons of Priam next to battle move,
The product one of marriage, one of love ;
In the same car the brother warriors ride, 139
This took the charge to combat, that to guide :
Far other task ! than when they went to keep,
On Ida's tops, their father's fleecy sheep.
These on the mountains once Achilles found,
And captive led, with pliant osiers bound ;

v. 135. *Naked to the sky.*] Eustathius refines upon this place, and believes that Homer intended, by particularizing the whiteness of the limbs, to ridicule the effeminate education of these unhappy youths. But as such an interpretation may be thought below the majesty of an epic poem, and a kind of barbarity to insult the unfortunate, I thought it better to give the passage an air of compassion. As the words are equally capable of either meaning, I imagined the reader would be more pleased with the humanity of the one, than with the satire of the other.

v. 143. *These on the mountains once Achilles found.*] Homer, says Eustathius, never lets any opportunity pass of mentioning the hero of his poem, Achilles: he gives here an instance of his former resentment, and at once varies his own poetry, and exalts his hero's character. Nor does he mention him cursorily; he seems unwilling

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Then to their fire for ample sums restor'd ; 145

But now to perish by Attrides' sword :

Pierc'd in the breast the base-born Ifus bleeds :

Cleft thro' the head, his brother's fate succeeds.

Swift to the spoil the hasty victor falls,

And stript, their features to his mind recalls. 150

The Trojans see the youths untimely die,

But helpless tremble for themselves, and fly.

So when a lion, ranging o'er the lawns,

Finds, on some grassy lair, the couching fawns,

Their bones he cracks, their reeking vitals draws, 155

And grinds the quiv'ring flesh with bloody jaws ;

The frighted hind beholds, and dares not stay,

But swift thro' rustling thickets bursts her way ;

All drown'd in sweat the panting mother flies,

And the big tears roll trickling from her eyes. 160

Amidst the tumult of the routed train,

The sons of false Antimachus were slain ;

He, who for bribes his faithless counsels sold,

And voted Helen's stay for Paris' gold.

Attrides mark'd, as these their safety sought, 165

And slew the children for the father's fault ;

Their headstrong horse unable to restrain,

They shook with fear, and dropp'd the silken rein ;

to leave him ; and when he pursues the thread of the story in a few lines, takes occasion to speak again of him. This is a very artful conduct ; by mentioning him so frequently, he takes care that the reader should not forget him, and shews the importance of that hero, whose anger is the subject of his poem.

Then in their chariot on their knees they fall,
And thus with lifted hands for mercy call. 170

Oh spare our youth, and for the life we owe
Antimachus shall copious gifts bestow,
Soon as he hears, that not in battle slain,
The Grecian ships his captive sons detain,
Large heaps of brass in ransom shall be told, 175
And steel well-temper'd, and persuasive gold.

These words, attended with a flood of tears,
The youths address'd to unrelenting ears :
The vengeful monarch gave this stern reply ;
If from Antimachus ye spring, ye die : 180
The daring wretch who once in council stood
To shed Ulysses' and my brother's blood,
For proffer'd peace ! and sues his seed for grace !
No, die, and pay the forfeit of your race.

This said, Pisander from the car he cast, 185
And pierc'd his breast : supine he breath'd his last.
His brother leap'd to earth ; but as he lay,
The trenchant falchion lopp'd his hands away ;

v. 181. *Antimachus, who once, &c.*] It is observable that Homer with a great deal of art interweaves the true history of the Trojan war in his poem ; he here gives a circumstance that carries us back from the tenth year of the war to the very beginning of it. So that although the action of the poem takes up but a small part of the last year of the war, yet by such incidents as these we are taught a great many particulars that happened through the whole series of it. *Eustathius.*

v. 188. *Lopp'd his hands away.*] I think one cannot but compassionate the fate of these brothers, who suffer

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His fever'd head was tofs'd among the throng,
 And rolling, drew a bloody trail along. 190
 Then, where the thickest fought, the victor flew ;
 The king's example all his Greeks pursue.
 Now by the foot the flying foot were slain,
 Horfe trod by horfe, laying foaming on the plain.
 From the dry fields thick clouds of dust arife,
 Shade the black hoft, and intercept the skies. 196
 The brafs-hoof'd steeds tumultuous plunge and bound,
 And the thick thunder beats the lab'ring ground.

for the fins of their father, notwithstanding the juftice which the commentators find in this action of Agamemnon. And I can much lefs imagine that his cutting off their *hands* was meant for an exprefs example againft bribery, in revenge for the gold which Antimachus had received from Paris. Eufthadius is very refining upon this point ; but the grave Spondanius outdoes them all, who has found there was an excellent conceit in cutting off the hands and head of the fon ; the firft, becaufe the father had been for *laying hands* on the Grecian embaffadors ; and the fecond, becaufe it was from his *head* that the advice proceeded of detaining Helena.

v. 193. *Now by the foot the flying foot, &c.*] After Homer with a poetical juftice has punifhed the fons of Antimachus for the crimes of the father, he carries on the narration, and presents all the terroures of the battle to our view : we fee in the lively defcription the men and chariots overthrown, and hear the trampling of the horfes feet. Thus the poet very artfully, by fuch fudden alarms, awakens the attention of the reader, that is apt to be tired and grow remifs by a plain and more cool narration.

v. 197. *The brafs-hoof'd steeds.*] Eufthadius obferves, that the cuftom of shoeing horfes was in ufe in Homer's

Still slaught'ring on, the king of men proceeds;
 The distanc'd army wonders at his deeds. 200
 As when the winds with raging flames conspire,
 And o'er the forests roll the flood of fire,
 In blazing heaps the grove's old honours fall,
 And one refulgent ruin levels all:
 Before Atrides' rage so sinks the foe, 205
 Whole squadrons vanish, and proud heads lie low.
 The steeds fly trembling from his waving sword;
 And many a car, now lighted of its lord,
 Wide o'er the field with guideless fury rolls, 209
 Breaking their ranks, and crushing out their souls;
 While his keen falchion drinks the warriors lives;
 More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives!

time, and calls the shoes *σεληναῖα*, from the figure of a half-moon.

v. 212. *More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives!*
 This is a reflection of the poet, and such an one as arises from a sentiment of compassion; and indeed there is nothing more moving than to see those heroes, who were the love and delight of their spouses, reduced suddenly to such a condition of horror, that those very wives durst not look upon them. I was very much surprised to find a remark of Eustathius upon this, which seems very wrong and unjust: he would have it that there is in this place an *ellipsis*, which comprehends a severe railery: "For, says he, Homer would imply, that those
 "dead warriors were now more agreeable to vultures,
 "than they had ever been in all their days to their
 "wives." This is very ridiculous; to suppose that these unhappy women did not love their husbands, is to insult them barbarously in their affliction; and every body can see that such a thought in this place would have appeared

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Perhaps great Hector then had found his fate,
But Jove and Destiny prolong'd his date. 214
Safe from the darts, the care of Heav'n he stood,
Amidst alarms, and death, and dust, and blood.

Now past the tomb where ancient Ilus lay,
Thro' the mid field the routed urge their way.
Where the wild figs th' adjoining summit crown,
That path they take, and speed to reach the town.
As swift Atrides with loud shouts pursu'd, 221
Hot with his toil, and bath'd in hostile blood.
Now near the beech-tree, and the Scæan gates,
The hero halts, and his associates waits.
Meanwhile on ev'ry side, around the plain, 225
Dispers'd, disorder'd, fly the Trojan train.
So flies a herd of beeves, that hear dismay'd
The lion's roaring thro' the midnight shade ;

mean, frigid, and out of season. Homer, on the contrary, always endeavours to excite compassion by the grief of the wives, whose husbands are killed in the battle. *Dacier.*

v. 217. *Now past the tomb where ancient Ilus lay.*] By the exactness of Homer's description we see as in a landscape the very place where this battle was fought. Agamemnon drives the Trojans from the tomb of Ilus, where they encamped all the night ; that tomb stood in the middle of the plain : from thence he pursues them by the wild fig-tree to the beech-tree, and from thence to the very Scæan gate. Thus the scene of action is fixed, and we see the very route through which the one retreats, and the other advances. *Eustathius.*

On heaps they tumble with successful haste ;
 The savage seizes, draws, and rends the last : 230
 Not with less fury stern Atrides flew,
 Still press'd the rout, and still the hindmost flew ;
 Hurl'd from their cars the bravest chiefs are kill'd,
 And rage, and death, and carnage, load the field.

Now storms the victor at the Trojan wall ; 235
 Surveys the tow'rs, and meditates their fall.
 But Jove descending shook th' Idæan hills,
 And down their summits pour'd a hundred rills :
 Th' unkindled light'ning in his hand he took,
 And thus the many-colour'd Maid bespoke. 240

Iris, with haste thy golden wings display,
 To god-like Hector this our word convey.
 While Agamemnon wastes the ranks around,
 Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,

V. 241. *Iris, with haste thy golden wings display.*] It is evident that some such contrivance as this was necessary ; the Trojans, we learn from the beginning of this book, were to be victorious this day ; but if Jupiter had not now interposed, they had been driven even within the walls of Troy. By this means also the poet consults both for the honour of Hector, and that of Agamemnon. Agamemnon has time enough to shew the greatness of his valour, and it is no disgrace to Hector not to encounter him when Jupiter interposes.

Eustathius observes, that the poet gives us here a sketch of what is drawn out at large in the story of this whole book : this he does to raise the curiosity of the reader, and make him impatient to hear those great actions which must be performed before Agamemnon can retire, and Hector be victorious.

Bid him give way ; but issue forth commands, 245
 And trust the war to less important hands :
 But when, or wounded by the spear, or dart,
 That chief shall mount his chariot, and depart :
 Then Jove shall string his arm, and fire his breast,
 Then to her ships shall flying Greece be press'd, 250
 'Till to the main the burning sun descend,
 And sacred night her awful shade extend.

He spoke, and Iris at his word obey'd ;
 On wings of winds descends the various Maid.
 The chief she found amidst the ranks of war, 255
 Close to the bulwarks, on his glitt'ring car.
 The Goddess then : O son of Priam hear !
 From Jove I come, and his high mandate bear.
 While Agamemnon wastes the ranks around,
 Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the
 ground, 260

Abstain from fight ; yet issue forth commands,
 And trust the war to less important hands.
 But when, or wounded by the spear or dart,
 The chief shall mount his chariot, and depart :
 Then Jove shall string thy arm, and fire thy
 breast, 265

Then to her ships shall flying Greece be press'd,
 'Till to the main the burning sun descend,
 And sacred night her awful shade extend.

She said, and vanish'd : Hector, with a bound,
 Springs from his chariot on the trembling ground,
 In clanging arms : he grasps in either hand 271
 A pointed lance, and speeds from band to band ;

Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight,
 And wakes anew the dying flames of fight. 274
 They stand to arms: the Greeks their onset dare,
 Condense their pow'rs, and wait the coming war.
 New force, new spirit to each breast returns:
 The fight renew'd with fiercer fury burns:
 The king leads on; all fix on him their eye,
 And learn from him, to conquer, or to die. 280

Ye sacred nine, celestial Muses! tell,
 Who fac'd him first, and by his prowess fell?
 The great Iphidamas, the bold and young:
 From sage Antenor and Theano sprung; 284

v. 281. *Ye sacred nine.*] The poet, to win the attention of the reader, and seeming himself to be struck with the exploits of Agamemnon while he recites them (who when the battle was rekindled, rushes out to engage his enemies) invokes not one Muse, as he did in the beginning of the poem, but, as if he intended to warn us that he was about to relate something surprising, he invokes the whole nine; and then, as if he had received their inspiration, goes on to deliver what they suggested to him. By means of this apostrophe, the imagination of the reader is so filled, that he seems not only present, but active in the scene to which the skill of the poet has transported him. *Eustathius.*

v. 283. *Iphidamas, the bold and young.*] Homer here gives us the history of this Iphidamas, his parentage, the place of his birth, and many circumstances of his private life. This he does to diversify his poetry, and to soften with some amiable embellishments, the continual horrors that must of necessity strike the imagination, in an uninterrupted narration of blood and slaughter. *Eustathius.*

Whom from his youth his grandfire Cisseus bred,
 And nurs'd in Thrace where snowy flocks are fed.
 Scarce did the down his rosy cheeks invest,
 And early honour warm his gen'rous breast,
 When the kind fire consign'd his daughter's charms
 (Theano's sister) to his youthful arms. 290
 But call'd by glory to the wars of Troy,
 He leaves untasted the first fruits of joy ;
 From his lov'd bride departs with melting eyes,
 And swift to aid his dearer country flies. 294
 With twelve black ships he reach'd Percepe's strand,
 Thence took the long, laborious march by land.
 Now fierce for fame, before the ranks he springs,
 Tow'ring in arms, and braves the king of kings.
 Atrides first discharg'd the missive spear ;
 The Trojan stopp'd, the jav'lin pass'd in air. 300
 Then near the corselet, at the monarch's heart,
 With all his strength the youth directs his dart :
 But the broad belt, with plates of silver bound,
 The point rebated, and repell'd the wound.
 Encumber'd with the dart, Atrides stands, 305
 'Till grasp'd with force, he wrench'd it from his
 hands,

v. 290. *Theano's sister.*] That the reader may not be
 shocked at the marriage of Iphidamas with his mother's
 sister, it may not be amiss to observe from Eustathius,
 that consanguinity was no impediment in Greece in the
 days of Homer : nor is Iphidamas singular in this kind
 of marriage ; for Diomed was married to his own aunt as
 well as he.

At once his weighty sword discharg'd a wound
 Full on his neck, that fell'd him to the ground.
 Stretch'd in the dust th' unhappy warrior lies,
 And sleep eternal seals his swimming eyes. 310

Oh worthy better fate ! oh early slain !
 Thy country's friend ; and virtuous, tho' in vain !
 No more the youth shall join his consort's side,
 At once a virgin, and at once a bride !

No more with presents her embraces meet, 315
 Or lay the spoils of conquest at her feet,
 On whom his passion, lavish of his store,
 Bestow'd so much, and vainly promis'd more !

Unwept, uncover'd on the plain he lay,
 While the proud victor bore his arms away. 320

Coön, Antenor's eldest hope, was nigh :
 Tears, at the sight, came starting from his eye,
 While pierc'd with grief the much-lov'd youth he
 view'd,

And the pale features now deform'd with blood.
 Then with his spear, unseen, his time he took, 325
 Aim'd at the king, and near his elbow strook.

The thrilling steel transpierc'd the brawny part,
 And thro' his arm stood forth the barbed dart.

Surpriz'd the monarch feels, yet void of fear
 On Coön rushes with his lifted spear : 330

His brother's corpse the pious Trojan draws,
 And calls his country to assert his cause,
 Defends him breathless on the sanguine field,
 And o'er the body spreads his ample shield,

Atrides, marking an unguarded part, 335
 Transfix'd the warrior with the brazen dart ;
 Prone on his brother's bleeding breast he lay,
 The monarch's falchion lopp'd his head away :
 The social shades the same dark journey go,
 And join each other in the realms below. 340

The vengeful victor rages round the fields,
 With ev'ry weapon, art or fury yields :
 By the long lance, the sword, or pond'rous stone,
 Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops o'er-
 thrown. 344

This, while yet warm, distill'd the purple flood ;
 But when the wound grew stiff with clotted blood,
 Then grinding tortures his strong bosom rend,
 Less keen those darts the fierce Ilythiæ send,
 (The pow'rs that cause the teeming matron's throes,
 Sad mothers of unutterable woes !) 350

v. 348. *The fierce Ilythiæ.*] These Ilythiæ are the Goddesses that Homer supposes to preside over childbirth: he arms their hands with a kind of instrument, from which a pointed dart is shot into the distressed mother, as an arrow from a bow: so that as Eris has her torch, and Jupiter his thunder, these Goddesses have their darts which they shoot into women in travail. He calls them the daughters of Juno, because she presides over the marriage-bed. *Eustathius.* Here (says Dacier) we find the style of the holy scripture, which to express a severe pain, usually compares it to that of women in labour. Thus David, *Pain came upon them as upon a woman in travail*; and Isaiah, *They shall grieve as a woman in travail.* And all the Prophets are full of the like expressions.

Strung with the smart, all-panting with the pain,
 He mounts the car, and gives his squire the rein :
 Then with a voice which fury made more strong,
 And pain augmented, thus exhorts the throng.

O friends ! O Greeks ! assert your honours won ;
 Proceed, and finish what this arm begun : 356
 Lo ! angry Jove forbids your chief to stay,
 And envies half the glories of the day.

He said ; the driver whirls his lengthful thong ;
 The horses fly ! the chariot smokes along. 360
 Clouds from their nostrils the fierce courfers blow,
 And from their sides the foam descends in snow ;
 Shot thro' the battle in a moment's space,
 The wounded monarch at his tent they place.

No sooner Hector saw the king retir'd, 365
 But thus his Trojans and his aids he fir'd ;
 Hear all ye Dardan, all ye Lycian race !
 Fam'd in close fight, and dreadful face to face.
 Now call to mind your ancient trophies won,
 Your great forefathers virtues, and your own. 370

v. 357. *Lo ! angry Jove forbids your chief to stay.*] Eustathius remarks upon the behaviour of Agamemnon in his present distress : Homer describes him as racked with almost intolerable pains, yet he does not complain of the anguish he suffers, but that he is obliged to retire from the fight.

This indeed, as it proved his undaunted spirit, so did it likewise his wisdom : had he shewed any unmanly dejection, it would have dispirited the army ; but his intrepidity makes them believe his wound less dangerous, and renders them not so highly concerned for the absence of their general.

Behold, the gen'ral flies ! deserts his pow'rs !
 Lo Jove himself declares the conquest ours !
 Now on yon' ranks impel your foaming steeds ;
 And, fure of glory, dare immortal deeds.

With words like these the fiery chief alarms 375
 His fainting host, and ev'ry bosom warms.

As the bold hunter chears his hounds to tear
 The brindled lion, or the tusky bear ;

With voice and hand provokes their doubting heart,
 And springs the foremost with his lifted dart : 380

So god-like Hector prompts his troops to dare ;
 Nor prompts alone, but leads himself the war.

On the black body of the foes he pours ;

As from the cloud's deep bosom, swell'd with show'rs,
 A sudden storm the purple ocean sweeps, 385

Drives the wild waves, and tosses all the deeps.

Say Muse ! when Jove the Trojans glory crown'd,
 Beneath his arm what heroes bit the ground ?

v. 387. *Say, Muse ! when Jove the Trojan's glory crown'd.]*
 The poet just before has given us an invocation of the
 Muses, to make us attentive to the great exploits of Aga-
 memnon. Here we have one with regard to Hector, but
 this last may perhaps be more easily accounted for than
 the other. For in that, after so solemn an invocation,
 we might reasonably have expected wonders from the
 hero : whereas in reality he kills but one man before he
 himself is wounded ; and what he does afterwards seems
 to proceed from a frantick valour, arising from the smart
 of the wound : we do not find by the text that he kills
 one man, but overthrows several in his fury, and then
 retreats : so that one would imagine he invoked the Muses
 only to describe his retreat.

Affæus, Dolops, and Autonous dy'd,
 Opites next was added to their side, 390
 Then brave Hipponous fam'd in many a fight,
 Opheltius, Orus, sunk to endless night;
 Æsymnus, Agelaus; all chiefs of name;
 The rest were vulgar deaths, unknown to fame. 394
 As when a western whirlwind, charg'd with storms,
 Dispels the gather'd clouds that Notus forms;
 The gust continu'd, violent, and strong,
 Rolls sable clouds in heaps on heaps along;
 Now to the skies the foaming billows rears,
 Now breaks the surge, and wide the bottom bares:

But upon a nearer view, we shall find that Homer shews
 a commendable partiality to his own countryman and
 hero Agamemnon: he seems to detract from the great-
 ness of Hector's actions, by ascribing them to Jupiter;
 whereas Agamemnon conquers by the dint of bravery:
 and that this is a just observation, will appear by what
 follows. Those Greeks that fall by the sword of Hector,
 he passes over as if they were all vulgar men: he says
 nothing of them but that they died; and only briefly
 mentions their names, as if he endeavoured to conceal
 the overthrow of the Greeks. But when he speaks of
 his favourite Agamemnon, he expatiates and dwells upon
 his actions; and shews us, that those that fell by his
 hand were all men of distinction, such as were the sons
 of Priam, of Antenor, and Antimachus. It is true,
 Hector killed as many leaders of the Greeks as Agamem-
 non of the Trojans, and more of the common soldiers;
 but by particularizing the deaths of the chiefs of Troy,
 he sets the deeds of Agamemnon in the strongest point
 of light, and by his silence in respect to the leaders whom
 Hector slew, he casts a shade over the greatness of the
 action, and consequently it appears less conspicuous.

Thus raging Hector, with resistless hands, 401
O'eturns, confounds, and scatters all their bands.
Now the last ruin the whole host appalls ;

Now Greece had trembled in her wooden walls ;
But wise Ulysses call'd Tydides forth, 405
His soul rekindled, and awak'd his worth.

And stand we deedless, O eternal shame !
'Till Hector's arm involve the ships in flame ?
Haste, let us join, and combat side by side.
The warrior thus, and thus the friend reply'd. 410

No martial toil I shun, no danger fear ;
Let Hector come ; I wait his fury here.
But Jove with conquest crowns the Trojan train ;
And, Jove our foe, all human force is vain. 414

He sigh'd ; but sighing, rais'd his vengeful steel,
And from his car the proud Thymbræus fell :
Molion, the charioteer, pursu'd his lord,
His death ennobled by Ulysses' sword.

v. 405. *But wise Ulysses call'd Tydides forth.*] There is something instructive in those which seem the most common passages of Homer, who by making the wise Ulysses direct the brave Diomed in all the enterprises of the last book, and by maintaining the same conduct in this, intended to shew this moral, That valour should always be under the guidance of wisdom. Thus in the eighth book, when Diomed could scarce be restrained by the thunder of Jupiter, Nestor is at hand to moderate his courage ; and this hero seems to have made a very good use of those instructions ; his valour no longer runs out into rashness : though he is too brave to decline the fight, yet he is too wise to fight against Jupiter.

There slain, they left them in eternal night, 419

Then plung'd amidst the thickest ranks of fight.

So two wild boars outstrip the following hounds,

Then swift revert, and wounds return for wounds.

Stern Hector's conquests in the middle plain

Stood check'd a while, and Greece respir'd again.

The sons of Merops shone amidst the war; 425

Tow'ring they rode in one refulgent car:

In deep prophetick arts their father skill'd,

Had warn'd his children from the Trojan field;

Fate urg'd them on; the father warn'd in vain,

They rush'd to fight, and perish'd on the plain! 430

Their breasts no more the vital spirit warms;

The stern Tydides strips their shining arms.

Hypirochus by great Ulysses dies,

And rich Hippodamus becomes his prize. 434

Great Jove from Ide with slaughter fills his fight,

And level hangs the doubtful scale of fight.

By Tydeus' lance Agastrophus was slain,

The far-fam'd hero of Pæonian strain;

Wing'd with his fears, on foot he strove to fly,

His steeds too distant, and the foe too nigh; 440

Thro' broken orders, swifter than the wind,

He fled, but flying left his life behind.

This Hector sees, as his experienc'd eyes

Traverse the files, and to the rescue flies;

Shouts, as he past, the crystal regions rend, 445

And moving armies on his march attend.

Great Diomed himself was seiz'd with fear,
And thus bespoke his brother of the war.

Mark how this way yon' bending squadrons
yield!

The storm rolls on, and Hector rules the field : 450
Here stand his utmost force — The warrior said ;
Swift at the word, his pond'rous jav'lin fled ;
Nor miss'd its aim, but where the plumage danc'd,
Raz'd the smooth cone, and thence obliquely
glanc'd.

Safe in his helm (the gift of Phœbus' hands) 455
Without a wound the Trojan hero stands ;
But yet so stunn'd, that stagg'ring on the plain,
His arm and knee his sinking bulk sustain ;
O'er his dim fight the misty vapours rise,
And a short darkness shades his swimming eyes.
Tydides follow'd to regain his lance ; 461
While Hector rose, recover'd from his trance ;

v. 447. *Great Diomed himself was seiz'd with fear.*]
There seems to be some difficulty in these words : this
brave warrior, who has frequently met Hector in the
battle, and offered himself for the single combat, is here
said to be seized with fear at the very sight of him : this
may be thought not to agree with his usual behaviour,
and to derogate from the general character of his intre-
pidity ; but we must remember that Diomed himself has
just told us, that Jupiter fought against the Grecians ;
and that all the endeavours of himself and Ulysses would
be vain : this fear therefore of Diomed is far from being
dishonourable ; it is not Hector, but Jupiter of whom he
is afraid. *Eustathius.*

Remounts his car, and herds amidst the croud :

The Greek pursues him, and exults aloud.

Once more thank Phœbus for thy forfeit
breath, 465

Or thank that swiftness which outstrips the death.

Well by Apollo are thy pray'rs repaid,

And oft' that partial pow'r has lent his aid.

Thou shalt not long the death deserv'd withstand,

If any God assist Tydides' hand. 470

Fly then, inglorious ! but thy flight, this day,

Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay.

Him, while he triumph'd, Paris ey'd from far,

(The spouse of Helen, the fair cause of war)

Around the fields his feather'd shafts he sent, 475

From ancient Ilus' ruin'd monument ;

Behind the column plac'd, he bent his bow,

And wing'd an arrow at th' unwary foe ;

Just as he stoop'd, Agastrophus's crest 479

To seize, and drew the corselet from his breast,

v. 476. *Ilus' monument.*] I thought it necessary just to put the reader in mind, that the battle still continues near the tomb of Ilus : by a just observation of that, we may with pleasure see the various turns of the fight, and how every step of ground is won or lost, as the armies are repulsed or victorious.

v. 479. *Just as he stoop'd, Agastrophus's crest
To seize, and drew the corselet from his breast.*]

One would think that the poet at all times endeavoured to condemn the practice of stripping the dead, during the heat of action ; he frequently describes the victor wound-

The bow-string twang'd ; nor flew the shaft in vain,
 But pierc'd his foot, and nail'd it to the plain.
 The laughing Trojan, with a joyful spring
 Leaps from his ambush, and insults the king.

ed, while he is so employed about the bodies of the slain ; thus in the present book we see Agamemnon, Diomed, Ulysses, Elphenor, and Eurypylus, all suffer as they strip the men they slew ; and in the sixth book he brings in the wise Nestor directly forbidding it. *Eustathius.*

v. 482. *But pierc'd his foot.*] It cannot but be a satisfaction to the reader to see the poet smitten with the love of his country, and at all times consulting its glory ; this day was to be glorious to Troy, but Homer takes care to remove with honour most of the bravest Greeks from the field of battle, before the Trojans can conquer. Thus Agamemnon, Diomed, and Ulysses must bleed, before the poet can allow his countrymen to retreat. *Eustathius.*

v. 483. *The laughing Trojan.*] Eustathius is of opinion that Homer intended to satyrize in this place the unwarlike behaviour of Paris : such an effeminate laugh and gesture is unbecoming a brave warrior, but agrees very well in the character of Paris : nor do I remember that in the whole Iliad any one person is described in such an indecent transport, though upon a much more glorious or successful action. He concludes his ludicrous insult with a circumstance very much to the honour of Diomed, and very much to the disadvantage of his own character ; for he reveals to an enemy the fears of Troy, and compares the Greeks to lions, and the Trojans to sheep. Diomed is the very reverse of him ; he despises and lessens the wound he received, and in the midst of his pain, would not gratify his enemy with the little joy he might give him by letting him know it.

He bleeds! (he cries) some God has sped my
dart; 485

Would the same God had fixt it in his heart!
So Troy reliev'd from that wide-wasting hand,
Should breathe from slaughter and in combat
stand;

Whose sons now tremble at his darted spear,
As scatter'd lambs the rushing lion fear. 490

He dauntless thus: Thou conqu'ror of the fair,
Thou woman-warriour with the curling hair;
Vain archer! trusting to the distant dart,
Unskill'd in arms to act a manly part!

Thou hast but done what boys or women can; 495
Such hands may wound, but not incense a man.

Nor boast the scratch thy feeble arrow gave,
A coward's weapon never hurts the brave.

Not so this dart, which thou may'st one day feel:
Fate wings its flight, and death is on the steel. 500
Where this but lights, some noble life expires;

Its touch makes orphans, bathes the cheeks of fires,
Steeps earth in purple, gluts the birds of air,
And leaves such objects, as distract the fair.

Ulysses hastens with a trembling heart, 505
Before him steps, and bending draws the dart:
Forth flows the blood; an eager pang succeeds;
Tydides mounts, and to the navy speeds.

Now on the field Ulysses stands alone,
The Greeks all fled, the Trojans pouring on: 510

But stands collected in himself and whole,
And questions thus his own unconquer'd soul.

What farther subterfuge, what hopes remain?
What shame, inglorious, if I quit the plain?
What danger, singly if I stand the ground, 515
My friends all scatter'd, all the foes around?
Yet wherefore doubtful? let this truth suffice;
The brave meets danger, and the coward flies:
To die or conquer, proves a hero's heart;
And knowing this, I know a soldier's part. 520

Such thoughts revolving in his careful breast,
Near, and more near, the shady cohorts prest;
These, in the warriour, their own fate inclose:
And round him deep the steely circle grows.
So fares a boar whom all the troop furrounds 525
Of shouting huntsmen, and of clam'rous hounds;
He grinds his iv'ry tusks; he foams with ire;
His sanguine eye-balls glare with living fire;
By these, by those, on ev'ry part is ply'd;
And the red slaughter spreads on ev'ry side. 530

v. 512. *And questions thus his own unconquer'd soul.*] This is a passage which very much strikes me: we have a brave hero making a noble soliloquy, or rather calling a council within himself, when he was singly to encounter an army: it is impossible for the reader not to be in pain for so gallant a man in such an imminent danger; he must be impatient for the event, and his whole curiosity must be awakened till he knows the fate of Ulysses, who scorned to fly though encompassed by an army.

Pierc'd thro' the shoulder, first Deiopis fell ;
 Next Ennomus and Thoön sunk to hell ;
 Cherfidamas, beneath the navel thrust,
 Falls prone to earth, and grasps the bloody dust.
 Charops, the son of Hippafus, was near ; 535
 Ulysses reach'd him with the fatal spear ;
 But to his aid his brother Socus flies,
 Socus, the brave, the gen'rous, and the wife :
 Near as he drew, the warrior thus began.
 O great Ulysses, much-enduring man ! 540
 Not deeper skill'd in ev'ry martial flight,
 Than worn to toils, and active in the fight !
 This day two brothers shall thy conquest grace,
 And end at once the great Hippasian race, 544
 Or thou beneath this lance must press the field—
 He said, and forceful pierc'd his spacious shield :
 Thro' the strong brass the ringing jav'lin thrown,
 Plough'd half his side, and bar'd it to the bone.
 By Pallas' care, the spear, tho' deep infix'd, 549
 Stopp'd short of life, nor with his entrails mix'd.

v. 549. *By Pallas' care.*] It is a just observation, that there is no moral so evident, or so constantly carried on through the Iliad, as the necessity mankind at all times has of divine assistance. Nothing is performed with success, without particular mention of this ; Hector is not saved from a dart without Apollo, nor Ulysses without Minerva. Homer is perpetually acknowledging the hand of God in all events, and ascribing it to that only, all the victories, triumphs, rewards, or punishments of men. Thus the grand moral he laid down at the entrance of his poem, *Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή*, *The will of God was fulfilled*

The wound not mortal wife Ulysses knew,
Then furious thus, (but first some steps withdrew.)
Unhappy man ! whose death our hands shall grace !
Fate calls thee hence, and finish'd is thy race.

No longer check my conquests on the foe ; 555 }
But pierc'd by this, to endless darkness go, }
And add one spectre to the realms below ! }

He spoke, while Socus seiz'd with sudden fright,
Trembling gave way, and turn'd his back to flight,
Between his shoulders pierc'd the following dart,
And held its passage thro' the panting heart. 561
Wide in his breast appear'd the grisly wound ;
He falls ; his armour rings against the ground.
Then thus Ulysses, gazing on the slain :
Fam'd son of Hippasus ! there press the plain ; 565

runs through his whole work, and is with a most remarkable care and conduct put into the mouths of his greatest and wisest persons on every occasion.

Homer generally makes some peculiar God attend on each hero : for the ancients believed that every man had his particular tutelary deity ; these in succeeding times were called Dæmons or Genii, who (as they thought) were given to men at the hour of their birth, and directed the whole course of their lives. See Cebes's Tablet. Menander, as he is cited by Ammianus Marcellinus, styles them *μυσταγωγοὶ βίης*, *the invisible guides of life*.

v. 565. *Fam'd son of Hippasus !*] Homer has been blamed by some late censurers for making his heroes address discourses to the dead. Dacier replies, that passion dictates these speeches, and it is generally to the dying, not to the dead, that they are addressed. However, one may

There ends thy narrow span assign'd by Fate,
 Heav'n owes Ulysses yet a longer date.
 Ah wretch! no father shall thy corpse compose,
 Thy dying eyes no tender mother close;
 But hungry birds shall tear those balls away, 570
 And hov'ring vultures scream around their prey.
 Me Greece shall honour, when I meet my doom,
 With solemn fun'rals and a lasting tomb.

say, that they are often rather reflections, than insults. Were it otherwise, Homer deserves not to be censured for feigning what histories have reported as truth. We find in Plutarch that Mark Antony upon sight of the dead body of Brutus, stopped and reproached him with the death of his brother Caius, whom Brutus had killed in Macedônia in revenge for the murder of Cicero. I must confess I am not altogether pleased with the raileries he sometimes uses to a vanquished warrior: which inhumanities, if spoken to the dying, would I think be yet worse than after they were dead.

v. 571. *And hov'ring vultures scream around their prey.*] This is not literally translated; what the poet says gives us the most lively picture imaginable of the vultures in the act of tearing their prey with their bills: they beat the body with their wings as they rend it, which is a very natural circumstance, but scarce possible to be copied by a translator without losing the beauty of it.

v. 572. *Me Greece shall honour, when I meet my doom, With solemn fun'rals.—*] We may see from such passages as these that honours paid to the ashes of the dead have been greatly valued in all ages: this posthumous honour was paid as a publick acknowledgment that the person deceased had deserved well of his country, and consequently was an incitement to the living to imitate

Then raging with intolerable smart,
 He writhes his body, and extracts the dart. 575
 The dart a tide of spouting gore pursu'd,
 And gladden'd Troy with sight of hostile blood.
 Now troops on troops the fainting chief invade,
 Forc'd he recedes, and loudly calls for aid.
 Thrice to its pitch his lofty voice he rears; 580
 The well-known voice thrice Menelaüs hears:
 Alarm'd, to Ajax Telamon he cry'd,
 Who shares his labours, and defends his side.
 O friend! Ulysses' shouts invade my ear;
 Distress'd he seems, and no assistance near: 585
 Strong as he is; yet, one oppos'd to all,
 Oppress'd by multitudes, the best may fall.
 Greece, robb'd of him, must bid her host despair,
 And feel a loss, not ages can repair.

Then, where the cry directs, his course he bends;
 Great Ajax, like the God of war, attends. 591

his actions: in this view there is no man but would be ambitious of them, not as they are testimonies of titles or riches, but of distinguished merit.

v. 591. *Great Ajax, like the God of war, attends.*] The silence of other heroes on many occasions is very beautiful in Homer, but particularly so in Ajax, who is a gallant rough soldier, and readier to act than to speak: the present necessity of Ulysses required such a behaviour, for the least delay might have been fatal to him: Ajax therefore complying both with his own inclinations, and the urgent condition of Ulysses, makes no reply to Menelaus, but immediately hastens to his relief. The reader

The prudent chief in sore distress they found,
 With bands of furious Trojans compass'd round.
 As when some huntsman, with a flying spear,
 From the blind thicket wounds a stately deer; 595
 Down his cleft side while fresh the blood distills,
 He bounds aloft, and scuds from hills to hills :
 'Till life's warm vapour issuing thro' the wound,
 Wild mountain-wolves the fainting beast surround ;
 Just as their jaws his prostrate limbs invade, 600
 The lion rushes thro' the woodland shade,
 The wolves, tho' hungry, scour dispers'd away ;
 The lordly savage vindicates his prey.
 Ulysses thus, unconquer'd by his pains,
 A single warrior, half an host sustains : 605
 But soon as Ajax heaves his tow'r-like shield,
 The scatter'd crouds fly frighted o'er the field ;
 Atrides' arm the sinking hero stays,
 And sav'd from numbers, to his car conveys.

Victorious Ajax plies the routed crew ; 610
 And first Doryclus, Priam's son, he slew,
 On strong Pandocus next inflicts a wound,
 And lays Lyfander bleeding on the ground.
 As when a torrent, swell'd with wint'ry rains, 614
 Pours from the mountains o'er the delug'd plains,

will observe how justly the poet maintains his character of Ajax throughout the whole Iliad, who is often silent when he has an opportunity to speak, and when he speaks, it is like a soldier, with a martial air, and always with brevity. *Eustathius.*

And pines and oaks, from their foundations torn,
 A country's ruins ! to the seas are borne :
 Fierce Ajax thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng ;
 Men, steeds, and chariots, roll in heaps along.

But Hector, from this scene of slaughter far, 620
 Rag'd on the left, and rul'd the tide of war :
 Loud groans proclaim his progress thro' the plain,
 And deep Scamander swells with heaps of slain.
 There Nestor and Idomeneus oppose
 The warrior's fury, there the battle glows ; 625
 There fierce on foot, or from the chariot's height,
 His sword deforms the beauteous ranks of fight.
 The spouse of Helen dealing darts around,
 Had pierc'd Machaon with a distant wound :
 In his right shoulder the broad shaft appear'd, 630
 And trembling Greece for her physician fear'd.
 To Nestor then Idomeneus begun ;
 Glory of Greece, old Neleus' valiant son !
 Ascend thy chariot, haste with speed away,
 And great Machaon to the ships convey. 635
 A wise physician, skill'd our wounds to heal,
 Is more than armies to the publick weal.

v. 636. *A wise physician*]. The poet passes a very signal commendation upon physicians: the army had seen several of their bravest heroes wounded, yet were not so much dispirited for them all, as they were at the single danger of Machaon: but the person whom he calls a physician seems rather to be a surgeon; the cutting out of arrows, and the applying of anodynes being the province of the latter: however (as Eustathius says) we must conclude that Machaon was both a physician and sur-

Old Nestor mounts the seat: beside him rode
 The wounded offspring of the healing God. 639
 He lends the lash; the steeds with sounding feet
 Shake the dry field, and thunder tow'rd the fleet.

But now Cebriones, from Hector's car,
 Survey'd the various fortune of the war.
 While here (he cry'd) the flying Greeks are slain;
 Trojans on Trojans yonder load the plain. 645

geon, and that those two professions were practised by one person.

It is reasonable to think, from the frequency of their wars, that the profession in those days was chiefly surgical: Celsus says expressly that the Diætic was long after invented; but that Botany was in great esteem and practice, appears from the stories of Medea, Circe, &c. We often find mention among the most ancient writers, of women eminent in that art; as of Agamede in this very book, v. 875. who is said (like Solomon) to have known the virtues of every plant that grew on the earth; and of Polydamne in the fourth book of the *Odyssey*, v. 227, &c.

Homer, I believe, knew all that was known in his time of the practice of these arts. His methods of extracting of arrows, stanching of blood by the bitter root, fomenting of wounds with warm water, applying proper bandages and remedies, are all according to the true precepts of art. There are likewise several passages in his works that shew his knowledge of the virtues of plants, even of those qualities which are commonly (though perhaps erroneously) ascribed to them, as of the moly against enchantments, the willow which causes barrenness, the *pepenthe*, &c.

Before great Ajax see the mingled throng
 Of men and chariots driv'n in heaps along !
 I know him well, distinguish'd o'er the field
 By the broad glitt'ring of the sev'n-fold shield.
 Thither, O Hector, thither urge thy steeds, 650
 There danger calls, and there the combat bleeds,
 There horse and foot in mingled deaths unite,
 And groans of slaughter mix with shouts of fight.

Thus having spoke, the driver's lash resounds ;
 Swift thro' the ranks the rapid chariot bounds ; 655
 Stung by the stroke, the coursers scour the fields,
 O'er heaps of carcasses, and hills of shields.
 The horses hoofs are bath'd in heroes gore,
 And dashing, purple all the car before ;
 The groaning axle sable drops distills, 660
 And mangled carnage clogs the rapid wheels.
 Here Hector plunging thro' the thickest fight,
 Broke the dark phalanx, and let in the light :
 (By the long lance, the sword, or pond'rous stone,
 The ranks lie scatter'd, and the troops o'erthrown)
 Ajax he shuns, thro' all the dire debate, 666
 And fears that arm, whose force he felt so late.
 But partial Jove, espousing Hector's part,
 Shot heav'n-bred horror thro' the Grecian's heart ;

v. 668. *But partial Jove, &c.*] The address of Homer in bringing off Ajax with decency, is admirable : he makes Hector afraid to approach him : he brings down Jupiter himself to terrify him : so that he retreats not from a mortal, but from a God.

Confus'd, unnerv'd in Hector's presence grown, 670
Amaz'd he stood, with terrours not his own.

This whole passage is inimitably just and beautiful: we see Ajax drawn in the most bold and strong colours; and, in a manner, alive in the description. We see him slowly and sullenly retreat between two armies, and even with a look repulse the one, and protect the other: there is not one line but what resembles Ajax; the character of a stubborn but undaunted warrior is perfectly maintained, and must strike the reader at the first view. He compares him first to the lion for his undauntedness in fighting, and then to the ass for his stubborn slowness in retreating; though in the latter comparison there are many other points of likeness that enliven the image: the havoc he makes in the field is represented by the tearing and trampling down the harvests; and we see the bulk, strength, and obstinacy of the hero, when the Trojans in respect to him are compared but to troops of boys that impotently endeavour to drive him away.

Eustathius is silent as to those objections which have been raised against this last simile, for a pretended want of delicacy: this alone is conviction to me that they are all of a later date: for else he would not have failed to have vindicated his favourite poet in a passage that had been applauded many hundreds of years, and stood the test of ages.

But monsieur Dacier has done it very well in his remarks upon Aristotle. "In the time of Homer (says that author) an ass was not in such circumstances of contempt as in ours: the name of that animal was not then converted into a term of reproach, but it was a beast upon which kings and princes might be seen with dignity. And it will not be very discreet to ridicule this comparison, which the holy scripture has put into the mouth of Jacob, who says in the benediction of his children, *Issachar shall be as a strong ass.*" Mon-

O'er his broad back his moony shield he threw,
 And glaring round, with tardy steps withdrew.
 Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains,
 Beset with watchful dogs, and shouting swains; 675.

ſieur de la Motte allows this point, and excuſes Homer for his choice of this animal, but is unhappily diſguſted at the circumſtance of the *boys*, and the obſtinate *gluttony* of the aſs, which he ſays are images too mean to repreſent the determined valour of Ajax, and the fury of his enemies. It is answered by madam Dacier, that what Homer here images is not the gluttony, but the patience, the obſtinacy, and the ſtrength of the aſs (as Euſtathius had before obſerved). To judge rightly of compariſons, we are not to examine if the ſubject from whence they are derived be great or little, noble or familiar; but we are principally to conſider if the image produced be clear and lively, if the poet has ſkill to dignify it by poetical words, and if it perfectly paints the thing it is intended to repreſent. A company of boys whipping a top is very far from a great and noble ſubject, yet Virgil has not ſcrupled to draw from it a ſimilitude which admirably expreſſes a princeſs in the violence of her paſſion :

“ Ceu quondam torto volitans ſub verbere turbo,
 “ Quem pueri magno in gyro vacua atria circum
 “ Intenti ludo exercent ; ille actus habena
 “ Curvatis fertur ſpatiis : ſtupet inſcia ſupra
 “ Impubesque manus, mirata volubile buxum :
 “ Dant animos plagæ——&c.” Æn. lib. vii.

However, upon the whole, a tranſlator owes ſo much to the taſte of the age in which he lives, as not to make too great a compliment to the former ; and this induced me to omit the mention of the word *aſs* in the tranſlation. I believe the reader will pardon me, if on this occaſion I tranſcribe a paſſage from Mr. Boileau's notes on Longinus.

Repuls'd by numbers from the nightly stalls,
 Tho' rage impels him, and tho' hunger calls,

“ There is nothing (says he) that more disgraces a
 “ composition than the use of mean and vulgar words;
 “ inasmuch that (generally speaking) a mean thought
 “ expressed in noble terms, is more tolerable, than a no-
 “ ble thought expressed in mean ones. The reason
 “ whereof is, that all the world are not capable to judge
 “ of the justness and force of a thought; but there is
 “ scarce any man who cannot, especially in a living lan-
 “ guage, perceive the least meanness of words. Never-
 “ theless very few writers are free from this vice: Lon-
 “ ginus accuses Herodotus, the most polite of all the
 “ Greek historians, of this defect; and Livy, Sallust,
 “ Virgil have not escaped the same censure. Is it not
 “ then very surprising, that no reproach on this account
 “ has been ever cast upon Homer? though he has com-
 “ posed two poems each more voluminous than the
 “ *Æneid*; and though no author whatever has descended
 “ more frequently than he into a detail of little parti-
 “ cularities; yet he never uses terms which are not no-
 “ ble, or if he uses humble words or phrases, it is with
 “ so much art, that, as Dionysius observes, they become
 “ noble and harmonious. Undoubtedly, if there had
 “ been any cause to charge him with this fault, Lon-
 “ ginus had spared him no more than Herodotus. We
 “ may learn from hence the ignorance of those modern
 “ criticks, who resolving to judge of the Greek with-
 “ out the knowledge of it, and never reading Homer
 “ but in low and inelegant translations, impute the
 “ meannesses of his translators to the poet himself; and
 “ ridiculously blame a man who spoke in one language,
 “ for speaking what is not elegant in another. They
 “ ought to know that the words of different languages
 “ are not always exactly correspondent; that it may
 “ often happen that a word which is very noble in Greek

Long stands the show'ring darts, and missile fires ;
Then sow'rly flow th' indignant beast retires.

So turn'd stern Ajax, by whole hosts repell'd, 680
While his swoln heart at ev'ry step rebell'd.

As the slow beast with heavy strength indu'd
In some wide field by troops of boys pursu'd,
Tho' round his sides a wooden tempest rain,
Crops the tall harvest, and lays waste the plain ; 685
Thick on his hide the hollow blows resound,
The patient animal maintains his ground,
Scarce from the field with all their efforts chas'd,
And stirs but slowly when he stirs at last.

On Ajax thus a weight of Trojans hung, 690
The strokes redoubled on his buckler rung ;
Confiding now in bulky strength he stands,
Now turns, and backward bears the yielding bands ;
Now stiff recedes, yet hardly seems to fly,
And threats his followers with retorted eye. 695

" cannot be rendered in another tongue, but by one
" which is very mean. Thus the word *asinus* in Latin,
" and *ass* in English, are the vilest imaginable ; but that
" which signifies the same animal in Greek and Hebrew,
" is of dignity enough to be employed on the most mag-
" nificent occasions. In like manner the terms of *hog-*
" *herd* and *cow-keeper* in our language are insufferable,
" but those which answer to them in Greek, *κυώτης* and
" *βουκόλος*, are graceful and harmonious : and Virgil,
" who in his own tongue entitled his Eclogues *Bucolica*,
" would have been ashamed to have called them in ours,
" the Dialogues of Cow-keepers."

Fix'd as the bar between two warring pow'rs,
 While hissing darts descend in iron show'rs :
 In his broad buckler many a weapon stood,
 Its surface bristled with a quiv'ring wood ;
 And many a jav'lin, guiltless on the plain, 700
 Marks the dry dust, and thirsts for blood in vain.
 But bold Eurypylus his aid imparts,
 And dauntless springs beneath a cloud of darts ;
 Whose eager jav'lin lanch'd against the foe,
 Great Apisaon felt the fatal blow ; 705
 From his torn liver the red current flow'd,
 And his slack knees desert their dying load.
 The victor rushing to despoil the dead,
 From Paris' bow a vengeful arrow fled :
 Fix'd in his nervous thigh the weapon stood, 710
 Fix'd was the point, but broken was the wood.
 Back to the lines the wounded Greek retir'd,
 Yet thus, retreating, his associates fir'd.

v. 712. *Back to the lines the wounded Greek retir'd.*] We see here almost all the chiefs of the Grecian army withdrawn : Nestor and Ulysses, the two great counsellors ; Agamemnon, Diomed, and Eurypylus, the bravest warriors, all retreated : so that now in this necessity of the Greeks, there was occasion for the poet to open a new scene of action, or else the Trojans had been victorious, and the Grecians driven from the shores of Troy. To shew the distress of the Greeks at this period, from which the poem takes a new turn, it will be convenient to cast a view on the posture of their affairs : all human aid is cut off by the wounds of their heroes, and all assistance from the Gods forbid by Jupiter : whereas the Trojans

What God, O Grecians! has your hearts dis-
may'd?

Oh, turn to arms; 'tis Ajax claims your aid. 715

This hour he stands the mark of hostile rage,

And this the last brave battle he shall wage;

Haste, join your forces; from the gloomy grave

The warrior rescue, and your country save. 719

Thus urg'd the chief; a gen'rous troop appears,

Who spread their bucklers, and advance their spears,

To guard their wounded friend: while thus they stand

With pious care, great Ajax joins the band:

Each takes new courage at the hero's fight;

The hero rallies and renews the fight. 725

Thus rag'd both armies like conflicting fires,

While Nestor's chariot far from fight retires:

His courfers steep'd in sweat, and stain'd with gore,

The Greeks preserver, great Machaon bore.

That hour, Achilles from the topmost height 730

Of his proud fleet, o'erlook'd the fields of fight;

see their general at their head, and Jupiter himself fights on their side. Upon this hinge turns the whole poem; the distress of the Greeks occasions first the assistance of Patroclus, and then the death of that hero draws on the return of Achilles. It is with great art that the poet conducts all these incidents: he lets Achilles have the pleasure of seeing that the Greeks were no longer able to carry on the war without his assistance: and upon this depends the great catastrophe of the poem. *Eustathius.*

v. 730. *That hour, Achilles, &c.]* Though the resentment of Achilles would not permit him to be an actor in
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His feasted eyes beheld around the plain
 The Grecian rout, the slaying, and the slain.
 His friend Machaon singled from the rest,
 A transient pity touch'd his vengeful breast. 735
 Straight to Menœtius' much-lov'd son he sent ;
 Graceful as Mars, Patroclus quits his tent :
 In evil hour ! Then fate decreed his doom ;
 And fix'd the date of all his woes to come.

Why calls my friend ? thy lov'd injunctions lay,
 Whate'er thy will, Patroclus shall obey. 741

O first of friends ! (Pelides thus reply'd)
 Still at my heart, and ever at my side !

the battle, yet his love of war inclines him to be a spectator : and as the poet did not intend to draw the character of a perfect man in Achilles, he makes him delighted with the destruction of the Greeks, because it conspired with his revenge : that resentment which is the subject of the poem, still prevails over all his other passions, even the love of his country ; for though he begins now to pity his countrymen, yet his anger stifles those tender emotions, and he seems pleased with their distress, because he judges it will contribute to his glory.
Eustathius.

v. 734. *His friend Machaon, &c.*] It may be asked why Machaon is the only person whom Achilles pities ? Eustathius answers, that it was either because he was his countryman, a Thessalian ; or because Æsculapius, the father of Machaon, presided over physick, the profession of his preceptor Chiron. But perhaps it may be a better reason to say that a physician is a publick good, and was valued by the whole army ; and it is not improbable but he might have cured Achilles of a wound during the course of the Trojan wars.

Book XI. HOMER'S I L I A D. 163

The time is come, when yon' despairing host
Shall learn the value of the man they lost: 745

Now at my knees the Greeks shall pour their moan,
And proud Atrides tremble on his throne.

Go now to Nestor, and from him be taught
What wounded warrior late his chariot brought?
For seen at distance, and but seen behind, 750

His form recall'd Machaon to my mind;
Nor could I, thro' yon' cloud, discern his face,
The coursers past me with so swift a pace.

The hero said. His friend obey'd with haste,
Thro' intermingled ships and tents he past; 755

The chiefs descending from their car he found;
The panting steeds Eurymedon unbound.

The warriors standing on the breezy shore,
To dry their sweat, and wash away the gore,

v. 746. *Now at my knees the Greeks shall pour their moan.*]
The poet by putting these words into the mouth of Achilles, leaves room for a second embassy, and (since Achilles himself mentions it) one may think it would not have been unsuccessful: but the poet, by a more happy management, makes his friend Patroclus the advocate of the Greeks, and by that means his return becomes his own choice. This conduct admirably maintains the character of Achilles, who does not assist the Greeks through his kindness to them, but from a desire of revenge upon the Trojans; his present anger for the death of his friend, blots out the former one for the injury of Agamemnon; and as he separated from the army in a rage, so he joins it again in the like disposition.
Eustathius.

Here paus'd a moment, while the gentle gale 760
 Convey'd that freshness the cool seas exhale ;
 Then to consult on farther methods went,
 And took their seats beneath the shady tent.
 The draught prescrib'd, fair Hecamede prepares,
 Arfinous' daughter, grac'd with golden hairs : 765
 (Whom to his aged arms, a royal slave,
 Greece, as the prize of Nestor's wisdom, gave)
 A table first with azure feet she plac'd ;
 Whose ample orb a brazen charger grac'd :
 Honey new-press'd, the sacred flow'r of wheat, 770
 And wholesome garlick crown'd the fav'ry treat.
 Next her white hand an antique goblet brings,
 A goblet sacred to the Pylian kings

v. 763. *And took their seats beneath the shady tent.*] The poet here steals away the reader from the battle, and relieves him by the description of Nestor's entertainment. I hope to be pardoned for having more than once repeated this observation, which extends to several passages of Homer. Without this piece of conduct, the frequency and length of his battles might fatigue the reader, who could not be so long delighted with continued scenes of blood.

v. 773. *A goblet sacred to the Pylian kings.*] There are some who can find out a mystery in the plainest things ; they can see what the author never meant, and explain him into the greatest obscurities. Eustathius here gives us a very extraordinary instance of this nature : the bowl by an allegory figures the world ; the spherical form of it represents its roundness ; the Greek word which signifies the Doves, being spelled almost like the Pleiades, is said to mean that constellation ; and because

From eldest times : emboss'd with studs of gold,
 Two feet support it, and four handles hold ; 775
 On each bright handle, bending o'er the brink,
 In sculptur'd gold, two turtles seem to drink :
 A massy weight, yet heav'd with ease by him,
 When the brisk nectar overlook'd the brim.
 Temper'd in this, the nymph of form divine 780
 Pours a large potion of the Pramnian wine ;

the poet tells us the bowl was studded with gold, those studs must needs imply the stars.

v. 778. *Yet heav'd with ease by him.*] There has ever been a great dispute about this passage ; nor is it apparent for what reason the poet should tell us that Nestor, even in his old age, could more easily lift this bowl than any other man. This has drawn a great deal of raillery upon the old man, as if he had learned to lift it by frequent use ; an insinuation that Nestor was no enemy to wine. Others, with more justice to his character, have put another construction upon the words, which solves the improbability very naturally. According to this opinion, the word which is usually supposed to signify *another man*, is rendered *another old man*, meaning Machaon, whose wound made him incapable to lift it. This would have taken away the difficulty without any violence to the construction. But Eustathius tells us, the propriety of speech would require the word to be, not *ἄλλος* but *ἑτερος*, when spoken but of two. But why then may it not signify any other *old man*.

v. 781. *Pours a large potion.*] The potion which Hecamede here prepares for Machaon, has been thought a very extraordinary one in the case of a wounded person, and by some criticks held in the same degree of repute with the balsam of Fierabras in Don Quixote. But it is

With goat's-milk cheefe a flav'rous taste bestows,
And last with flour the smiling surface strows.
This for the wounded prince the dame prepares ;
The cordial bev'rage rev'rend Nestor shares : 785
Salubrious draughts the warriors thirst allay,
And pleasing conference beguiles the day.

Meantime Patroclus, by Achilles sent,
Unheard approach'd, and stood before the tent.

rightly observed by the commentators, that Machaon was not so dangerously hurt, as to be obliged to a different regimen from what he might use at another time. Homer had just told us that he staid on the sea-side to refresh himself, and he now enters into a long conversation with Nestor ; neither of which would have been done by a man in any great pain or danger : his loss of blood and spirits might make him not so much in fear of a fever, as in want of a cordial ; and accordingly this potion is rather alimentary than medicinal. If it had been directly improper in this case, I cannot help fancying that Homer would not have failed to tell us of Machaon's rejecting it. Yet after all, some answer may be made even to the grand objection, that wine was too inflammatory for a wounded man. Hippocrates allows wine in acute cases, and even without water in cases of indigestion. He says indeed in his book of ancient medicine, that the ancients were ignorant both of the good and bad qualities of wine : and yet the potion here prescribed will not be allowed by physicians to be an instance that they were so ; for wine might be proper for Machaon, not only as a cordial, but as an *opiate*. Asclepiades, a physician, who flourished at Rome in the time of Pompey, prescribed wine in fevers, and even in phrensies to cause sleep. *Cælius Aurelianus, lib. iv. c. 14.*

Old Nestor rising then, the hero led 790

To his high seat ; the chief refus'd, and said,

'Tis now no season for these kind delays ;

The great Achilles with impatience stays.

To great Achilles this respect I owe ;

Who asks what hero, wounded by the foe, 795

Was borne from combat by thy foaming steeds.

With grief I see the great Machaon bleeds.

This to report, my hasty course I bend ;

Thou know'st the fiery temper of my friend.

Can then the sons of Greece (the sages rejoin'd) 800
Excite compassion in Achilles' mind ?

v. 800. *Can then the sons of Greece, &c.*] It is customary with those who translate or comment on an author, to use him as they do their mistress ; they can see no faults, or convert his very faults into beauties ; but I cannot be so partial to Homer, as to imagine that this speech of Nestor's is not greatly blameable for being too long : he crowds incident upon incident, and when he speaks of himself, he expatiates upon his own great actions, very naturally indeed to old age, but unreasonably in the present juncture. When he comes to speak of his killing the son of Augias, he is so pleased with himself, that he forgets the distress of the army, and cannot leave his favourite subject, till he has given us the pedigree of his relations, his wife's name, her excellence, the command he bore, and the fury with which he assaulted him. These and many other circumstances, as they have no visible allusion to the design of the speech, seem to be unfortunately introduced. In short, I think they are not so valuable upon any other account, as because they preserve a piece of ancient history, which had otherwise been lost.

Seeks he the sorrows of our host to know?
This is not half the story of our woe.

What tends yet farther to make this story seem absurd, is what Patroclus said at the beginning of the speech, that he *had not leisure even to sit down*: so that Nestor detains him in the tent standing, during the whole narration.

They that are of the contrary opinion observe, that there is a great deal of art in some branches of the discourse; that when Nestor tells Patroclus how he had himself disobeyed his father's commands for the sake of his country, he says it to make Achilles reflect that he disobeys his father by the contrary behaviour: that what he did himself was to retaliate a small injury, but Achilles by fighting may save the Grecian army. He mentions the wound of Agamemnon at the very beginning, with an intent to give Achilles a little revenge, and that he may know how much his greatest enemy has suffered by his absence. There are many other arguments brought in the defence of particular parts; and it may not be from the purpose to observe, that Nestor might designedly protract the speech, that Patroclus might himself behold the distress of the army: thus every moment he detained him, enforced his arguments by the growing misfortunes of the Greeks. Whether this was the intention or not, it must be allowed that the stay of Patroclus was very happy for the Greeks; for by this means he met Eury-pylus wounded, who confirmed him into a certainty that their affairs were desperate without Achilles's aid.

As for Nestor's second story, it is much easier to be defended; it tends directly to the matter in hand, and is told in such a manner as to affect both Patroclus and Achilles: the circumstances are well adapted to the person to whom they are spoken, and by repeating their father's instructions, he as it were brings them in, seconding his admonitions,

Book XI. HOMER'S ILIAD. 169

Tell him, not great Machaon bleeds alone,
 Our bravest heroes in the navy groan, 805
 Ulysses, Agamemnon, Diomed,
 And stern Eurypylus, already bleed.
 But ah ! what flatt'ring hopes I entertain ?
 Achilles heeds not, but derides our pain : 809
 Ev'n till the flames consume our fleet he slays,
 And waits the rising of the fatal blaze.
 Chief after chief the raging foe destroys ;
 Calm he looks on, and ev'ry death enjoys.
 Now the slow course of all-impairing time 814
 Unstrings my nerves, and ends my manly prime ;
 Oh ! had I still that strength my youth possess'd,
 When this bold arm th' Epeian pow'rs oppress'd,
 The bulls of Elis in glad triumph led,
 And stretch'd the great Itymonæus dead ! 819
 Then, from my fury fled the trembling swains,
 And ours was all the plunder of the plains :
 Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of swine,
 As many goats, as many lowing kine :
 And thrice the number of unrivall'd steeds,
 All teeming females, and of gen'rous breeds. 825

v. 818. *The bulls of Elis in glad triumph led.*] Elis is the whole southern part of Peloponnesus, between Achaia and Messenia ; it was originally divid'd into several districts or principalities, afterwards it was reduced to two ; the one of the Elians, who were the same with the Epeians ; the other of Nestor. This remark is necessary for the understanding what follows. In Homer's time the city Elis was not built. *Dacier.*

These, as my first essay of arms, I won ;
 Old Neleus glory'd in his conqu'ring son.
 Thus Elis forc'd, her long arrears restor'd,
 And shares were parted to each Pylian lord.
 The state of Pyle was sunk to last despair, 830
 When the proud Elians first commenc'd the war.
 For Neleus' sons Alcides' rage had slain ;
 Of twelve bold brothers, I alone remain !
 Oppress'd, we arm'd ; and now this conquest gain'd,
 My fire three hundred chosen sheep obtain'd. 835
 (That large reprisal he might justly claim,
 For prize defrauded, and insulted fame,
 When Elis' monarch at the publick course
 Detain'd his chariot, and victorious horse.)
 The rest the people shar'd ; myself survey'd 840
 The just partition, and due victims pay'd.
 Three days were past, when Elis rose to war,
 With many a courser, and with many a car ;

v. 838. *At the publick course Detain'd his chariot.*] It is said that these were particular games, which Augias had established in his own state, and that the Olympick games cannot be here understood, because Hercules did not institute them till he had killed this king, and delivered his kingdom to Phyleus, whom his father Augias had banished. The prizes of these games of Augias were prizes of wealth, as golden tripods, &c. whereas the prizes of the Olympick games were only plain chaplets of leaves or branches: besides, it is probable Homer knew nothing of these chaplets given at the games, nor of the triumphal crowns, nor of the garlands wore at feasts; if he had, he would somewhere or other have mentioned them. *Eustathius.*

The sons of Actor at their army's head 844
 (Young as they were) the vengeful squadrons led.
 High on a rock fair Thryoëssa stands,
 Our utmost frontier on the Pylian lands ;
 Not far the streams of fam'd Alphæus flow ;
 The stream they pass'd, and pitch'd their tents below.
 Pallas, descending in the shades of night, 850
 Alarms the Pylians, and commands the fight.
 Each burns for fame, and swells with martial pride ;
 Myself the foremost ; but my fire deny'd ;
 Fear'd for my youth, expos'd to stern alarms ;
 And stopp'd my chariot, and detain'd my arms. 855
 My fire deny'd in vain : on foot I fled
 Amidst our chariots : for the Goddess led.

Along fair Arene's delightful plain,
 Soft Minyas rolls his waters to the main.
 There, horse and foot, the Pylian troops unite, 860
 And sheath'd in arms, expect the dawning light.
 Thence, ere the sun advanc'd his noon-day flame,
 To great Alphæus' sacred source we came.

v. 844. *The sons of Actor.*] These are the same whom Homer calls the two Molions, namely, Eurytus and Creatus. Thryoëssa, in the lines following, is the same town which he calls Thryon in the catalogue.

The river Minyas is the same with Anygrus, about half way between Pylos and Thryoëssa, called Minyas, from the Minyans who lived on the banks of it. It appears from what the poet says of the time of their march, that it is half a day's march between Pylos and Thryoëssa. *Eustathius. Strabo, lib. viii.*

There first to Jove our solemn rites were paid ;
 An untam'd heifer pleas'd the blue-ey'd Maid ; 865
 A bull Alphæus ; and a bull was slain
 To the blue monarch of the wat'ry main.
 In arms we slept, beside the winding flood,
 While round the town the fierce Epeians stood.
 Soon as the sun, with all-revealing ray, 870
 Flam'd in the front of heav'n, and gave the day ;
 Bright scenes of arms, and works of war appear ;
 The nations meet ; there Pylos, Elis here.
 The first who fell, beneath my jav'lin bled ;
 King Augias' son, and spouse of Agamede : 875
 (She that all simples' healing virtues knew,
 And ev'ry herb that drinks the morning dew.)
 I seiz'd his car, the van of battle led ;
 Th' Epeians saw, they trembled, and they fled.
 The foe dispers'd, their bravest warrior kill'd, 880
 Fierce as a whirlwind now I swept the field :
 Full fifty captive chariots grac'd my train ;
 Two chiefs from each, fell breathless to the plain.
 Then Actor's sons had dy'd, but Neptune shrouds
 The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds. 885
 O'er heapy shields, and o'er the prostrate throng,
 Collecting spoils, and slaught'ring all along,
 Thro' wide Buprasian fields we forc'd the foes,
 Where o'er the vales th' Olenian rocks arose ;
 'Till Pallas stopp'd us where Alifium flows. 890
 Ev'n there the hindmost of their rear I slay,
 And the same arm that led, concludes the day,
 Then back to Pyle triumphant take my way.

Book XI. HOMER'S ILIAD. 173

There to high Jove were publick thanks assign'd
As first of Gods; to Nestor, of mankind. 895
Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood;
So prov'd my valour for my country's good.

Achilles with unactive fury glows,
And gives to passion what to Greece he owes.
How shall he grieve, when to th' eternal shade 900
Her hosts shall sink, nor his the pow'r to aid?
O friend! my memory recalls the day,
When gath'ring aids along the Grecian sea,
I, and Ulysses, touch'd at Pthia's port,
And enter'd Peleus' hospitable court. 905
A bull to Jove he slew in sacrifice,
And pour'd libations on the flaming thighs.
Thyself, Achilles, and thy rev'rend fire
Menoetius, turn'd the fragments on the fire.
Achilles sees us, to the feast invites; 910
Social we sit, and share the genial rites.
We then explain'd the cause on which we came,
Urg'd you to arms, and found you fierce for fame.
Your ancient father's gen'rous precepts gave;
Peleus said only this—"My son! be brave." 915

v. 894. *There to high Jove were publick thanks assign'd
As first of Gods; to Nestor, of mankind.]*

There is a resemblance between this passage and one in the sacred scripture, where all the congregation *blessed the Lord God of their fathers, and bowed down their heads, and worshipped the Lord, and the king.* 1 Chron. xxix. 20.

v. 915. *Peleus said only this—"My son, be brave."]*
The conciseness of this advice is very beautiful; Achilles

Menœtius thus: "Tho' great Achilles shine
 " In strength superiour, and of race divine,
 " Yet cooler thoughts thy elder years attend;
 " Let thy just counsels aid, and rule thy friend."
 Thus spoke your father at Thessalia's court; 920
 Words now forgot, tho' now of vast import.
 Ah! try the utmost that a friend can say,
 Such gentle force the fiercest minds obey;
 Some fav'ring God Achilles' heart may move;
 Tho' deaf to glory, he may yield to love. 925

being hasty, active, and young, might not have burdened his memory with a long discourse, therefore Peleus comprehends all his instructions in one sentence. But Menœtius speaks more largely to Patroclus, he being more advanced in years, and mature in judgment; and we see by the manner of the expression, that he was sent with Achilles, not only as a companion, but as a monitor, of which Nestor puts him in mind, to shew that it is rather his duty to give good advice to Achilles, than to follow his caprice, and espouse his resentment. *Eustathius.*

v. 922. *Ah! try the utmost, &c.]* It may not be ungrateful to the reader to see at one view the aim and design of Nestor's speech. By putting Patroclus in mind of his father's injunctions, he provokes him to obey him by a like zeal for his country: by the mention of the sacrifice, he reprimands him for a breach of those engagements to which the Gods were witnesses: by saying that the very arms of Achilles would restore the fortunes of Greece, he makes a high compliment to that hero, and offers a powerful insinuation to Patroclus at the same time, by giving him to understand, that he may personate Achilles. *Eustathius.*

If some dire oracle his breast alarm,
 If ought from heav'n with-hold his saving arm ;
 Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine,
 If thou but lead the Myrmidonian line ;
 Clad in Achilles' arms, if thou appear, 930
 Proud Troy may tremble, and desist from war ;
 Press'd by fresh forces her o'er-labour'd train
 Shall seek their walls, and Greece respire again.

This touch'd his gen'rous heart, and from the
 tent

Along the shore with hasty strides he went ; 935
 Soon as he came, where, on the crouded strand,
 The publick mart and courts of justice stand,
 Where the tall fleet of great Ulysses lies,
 And altars to the guardian Gods arise ;
 There sad he met the brave Evæmon's son, 940
 Large painful drops from all his members run ;
 An arrow's head yet rooted in his wound,
 The fable blood in circles mark'd the ground.
 As faintly reeling he confess'd the smart ;
 Weak was his pace, but dauntless was his heart ; 945

v. 927. *If ought from heav'n with-hold his saving arm.*]
 Nestor says this upon account of what Achilles himself
 spoke in the ninth book ; and it is very much to the
 purpose, for nothing could sooner move Achilles, than
 to make him think it was the general report in the army,
 that he shut himself up in his tent, for no other reason
 but to escape death, with which his mother had threaten-
 ed him in discovering to him the decrees of the Destinies.
Dacier,

Divine compassion touch'd Patroclus' breast,
Who fighting, thus his bleeding friend addrest.

Ah hapless leaders of the Grecian host!
Thus must ye perish on a barb'rous coast?
Is this your fate, to glut the dogs with gore,
Far from your friends, and from your native
shore? 951

Say, great Eurypylus! shall Greece yet stand?
Resists she yet the raging Hector's hand?
Or are her heroes doom'd to die with shame,
And this the period of our wars and fame? 955

Eurypylus replies: No more, my friend,
Greece is no more! this day her glories end.
Ev'n to the ships victorious Troy pursues,
Her force encreasing as her toil renews.
Those chiefs, that us'd her utmost rage to meet,
Lie pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in the
fleet. 961

But thou, Patroclus! act a friendly part,
Lead to my ships, and draw this deadly dart;
With lukewarm water wash the gore away,
With healing balms the raging smart allay, 965
Such as sage Chiron, sire of pharmacy,
Once taught Achilles, and Achilles thee.
Of two fam'd surgeons, Podalirius stands
This hour surrounded by the Trojan bands;

v. 968. *Of two fam'd surgeons.*] Though Podalirius is mentioned first for the sake of the verse, both here and in the catalogue, Machaon seems to be the person of the greatest character upon many accounts; besides, it

Book XI. HOMER's I L I A D. 177

And great Machaon, wounded in his tent, 970
Now wants that succour which so oft' he lent.

To him the chief. What then remains to do?
Th' event of things the Gods alone can view.
Charg'd by Achilles' great command I fly, 974
And bear with haste the Pylian king's reply :
But thy distress this instant claims relief.
He said, and in his arms upheld the chief.
The slaves their master's slow approach survey'd,
And hides of oxen on the floor display'd : 979
There stretch'd at length the wounded hero lay,
Patroclus cut the forky steel away.
Then in his hands a bitter root he bruise'd ;
The wound he wash'd, the styptick juice infus'd.
The closing flesh that instant ceas'd to glow, 984
The wound to torture, and the blood to flow.

is to him that Homer attributes the cure of Philoctetes, who was lame by having let an arrow, dipt in the gall of the Hydra of Lerna, fall upon his foot; a plain mark that Machaon was an abler physician than Chiron the centaur, who could not cure himself of such a wound. Podalirius had a son named Hypolochus, from whom the famous Hippocrates was descended.

v. 976. *But thy distress this instant claims relief.*] Eustathius remarks, that Homer draws a great advantage for the conduct of his poem from this incident of the stay of Patroclus; for while he is employed in the friendly task of taking care of Eurypylus, he becomes an eye-witness of the attack upon the entrenchments, and finds the necessity of using his utmost efforts to move Achilles.

THE
TWELFTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

THE
A R G U M E N T.

The battle at the Grecian wall.

THE Greeks being retired into their entrenchments, Hector attempts to force them ; but it proving impossible to pass the ditch, Polydamas advises to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counsel, and having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the assault. But upon the signal of an eagle with a serpent in his talons, which appeared on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamas endeavours to withdraw them again. This Hector opposes and continues the attack ; in which, after many actions, Sarpedon makes the first breach in the wall : Hector also casting a stone of a vast size, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriously pursue the Grecians even to their ships.

THE

* TWELFTH BOOK

OF THE

I L I A D.

WHILE thus the hero's pious cares attend
The cure and safety of his wounded friend,
Trojans and Greeks with clashing shields engage,
And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.

* It may be proper here to take a general view of the conduct of the Iliad: the whole design turns upon the wrath of Achilles: that wrath is not to be appeased but by the calamities of the Greeks, who are taught by their frequent defeats the importance of this hero: for in Epick, as in Tragick poetry, there ought to be some evident and necessary incident at the winding up of the catastrophe, and that should be founded upon some visible distress. This conduct has an admirable effect, not only as it gives an air of probability to the relation, by allowing leisure to the wrath of Achilles to cool and die away by degrees, (who is every where described as a person of a stubborn resentment, and consequently ought not to be easily reconciled) but also as it highly contributes to the honour of Achilles, which was to be fully satisfied before he could relent.

Nor long the trench or lofty walls oppose ; 5
 With Gods averse th' ill-fated works arose ;
 Their pow'rs neglected, and no victim slain,
 The walls were rais'd, the trenches sunk in vain.

Without the Gods, how short a period stands
 The proudest monument of mortal hands ! 10
 This stood, while Hector and Achilles rag'd,
 While sacred Troy the warring hosts engag'd ;
 But when her sons were slain, her city burn'd,
 And what surviv'd of Greece to Greece return'd ;
 Then Neptune and Apollo shook the shore, 15
 Then Ida's summits pour'd their wat'ry store ;

v. 9. *Without the Gods, how short a period, &c.*] Homer here teaches a truth conformable to sacred scripture, and almost in the very words of the Psalmist ; *Unless the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.*

v. 15. *Then Neptune and Apollo, &c.*] This whole episode of the destruction of the wall is spoken as a kind of prophecy, where Homer in a poetical enthusiasm relates what was to happen in future ages. It has been conjectured from hence that our author flourished not long after the Trojan war ; for had he lived at a greater distance, there had been no occasion to have recourse to such extraordinary means to destroy a wall, which would have been lost and worn away by time alone. Homer (says Aristotle) foresaw the question might be asked, how it came to pass that no ruins remained of so great a work ? and therefore contrived to give his fiction the nearest resemblance to truth. Inundations and earthquakes are sufficient to abolish the strongest works of man, so as not to leave the least remains where they stood. But we are told this in a manner wonderfully noble and poetical : we see Apollo turning the course of the rivers a-

Rhesus and Rhodius then unite their rills,
Carefus roaring down the stony hills,

gainst the wall, Jupiter opening the cataracts of heaven,
and Neptune rending the foundations with his trident :
that is, the sun exhales the vapours, which descend in
rain from the air or æther; this rain causes an inunda-
tion, and that inundation overturns the walls. Thus the
poetry of Homer, like magick, first raises a stupendous
object, and then immediately causes it to vanish.

What farther strengthens the opinion that Homer was
particularly careful to avoid the objection which those of
his own age might raise against the probability of this
fiction, is, that the verses which contain this account of
the destruction of the wall seem to be added after the first
writing of the Iliad, by Homer himself. I believe the
reader will incline to my opinion, if he considers the
manner in which they are introduced, both here and in
the seventh book, where first this wall is mentioned.
There describing how it was made, he ends with this
line,

Ὡς οἱ μὲν πονέοντο καρηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοί.

After which is inserted the debate of the Gods concern-
ing the method of its destruction, at the conclusion
whereof immediately follows a verse that seems exactly to
connect with the former.

Δύσσετο δ' ἥλιος, τετέλεστο δὲ ἔργον Ἀχαιῶν.

In like manner in the present book, after the fourth verse,

τάφρ' ἔτι σχίσσειν Δαναῶν ἢ τεῖχος ὑπερθεῖν.

That which is now the thirty-sixth, seems originally to
have followed.

Τεῖχος εὐδμητον, κανάχιζ' δὲ δόρατα πύργων, &c.

And all the lines between (which break the course of
narration, and are introduced in a manner not usual in

In their old bounds the rivers roll again, 35
Shine 'twixt the hills, or wander o'er the plain.

But this the Gods in later times perform ;
As yet the bulwark stood, and brav'd the storm ;
The strokes yet echo'd of contending pow'rs ;
War thunder'd at the gates, and blood distain'd the
tow'rs. 40

Smote by the arm of Jove, and dire dismay,
Close by their hollow ships the Grecians lay :
Hector's approach in ev'ry wind they hear,
And Hector's fury ev'ry moment fear.

He like a whirlwind, toss'd the scatt'ring throng, 45
Mingled the troops, and drove the field along.

So 'midst the dogs and hunter's daring bands,
Fierce of his might, a boar or lion stands ;
Arm'd foes around a dreadful circle form,
And hissing jav'lins rain an iron storm : 50

His pow'rs untam'd their bold assault defy,
And where he turns, the rout disperse, or die :
He foams, he glares, he bounds against them all,
And if he falls, his courage makes him fall.

With equal rage encompass'd Hector glows ; 55
Exhorts his armies, and the trenches shows.

The panting steeds impatient fury breathe,
But snort and tremble at the gulf beneath ;
Just on the brink they neigh, and paw the ground,
And the turf trembles, and the skies resound. 60

Eager they view'd the prospect dark and deep,
Vast was the leap, and headlong hung the steep ;

The bottom bare, (a formidable show!)
 And bristled thick with sharpen'd stakes below.
 The foot alone this strong defence could force, 65
 And try the pass impervious to the horse.
 This saw Polydamas; who, wisely brave,
 Restrain'd great Hector, and this counsel gave.

Oh thou! bold leader of the Trojan bands,
 And you, confed'rate chiefs from foreign lands! 70
 What ent'rance here can cumb'rous chariots find,
 The stakes beneath, the Grecian walls behind?
 No pass thro' those, without a thousand wounds,
 No space for combat in yon' narrow bounds.
 Proud of the favours mighty Jove has shown, 75
 On certain dangers we too rashly run:
 If 'tis his will our haughty foes to tame,
 Oh may this *instant* end the Grecian name!
 Here, far from Argos, let their heroes fall,
 And one great day destroy, and bury all! 80
 But should they turn, and here oppress our train,
 What hopes, what methods of retreat remain?
 Wedg'd in the trench, by our own troops confus'd,
 In one promiscuous carnage crush'd and bruise'd;
 All Troy must perish, if their arms prevail, 85
 Nor shall a Trojan live to tell the tale.
 Hear then ye warriors! and obey with speed;
 Back from the trenches let your steeds be led;
 Then all alighting, wedg'd in firm array,
 Proceed on foot, and Hector lead the way. 90
 So Greece shall stoop before our conqu'ring pow'r,
 And this (if Jove consent) her fatal hour.

Book XII. HOMER'S ILLIAD. 187

This counsel pleas'd: the god-like Hector sprung
Swift from his seat; his clanging armour rung.

The chief's example follow'd by his train, 95

Each quits his car, and issues on the plain.

By orders strict the charioteers enjoin'd,

Compel the courfers to their ranks behind.

The forces part in five distinguish'd bands,

And all obey their sev'ral chiefs commands. 100

The best and bravest in the first conspire,

Pant for the fight, and threat the fleet with fire:

Great Hector glorious in the van of these,

Polydamas, and brave Cebriones.

Before the next the graceful Paris shines, 105

And bold Alcathous, and Agenor joins.

The sons of Priam with the third appear,

Deïphobus, and Helenus the feer;

In arms with these the mighty Asius stood,

Who drew from Hyrtacus his noble blood, 110

And whom Arisba's yellow courfers bore,

The courfers fed on Selle's winding shore.

v. 99. *The forces part in five distinguish'd bands.*] The Trojan army is divided into five parts, perhaps because there were five gates in the wall, so that an attack might be made upon every gate at the same instant: by this means the Greeks would be obliged to disunite, and form themselves into as many bodies, to guard five places at the same time.

The poet here breaks the thread of his narration, and stops to give us the names of the leaders of every battalion: by this conduct he prepares us for an action entirely new, and different from any other in the poem. *Eustathius.*

Antenor's sons the fourth battalion guide,
 And great Æneas, born on fountful Ide.
 Divine Sarpedon the last band obey'd, 115
 Whom Glaucus and Asteropæus aid,
 Next him, the bravest at their army's head,
 But he more brave than all the hosts he led.

Now with compacted shields in close array,
 The moving legions speed their headlong way : 120
 Already in their hopes they fire the fleet,
 And see the Grecians gasping at their feet.

While ev'ry Trojan thus, and ev'ry aid,
 Th' advice of wise Polydamas obey'd ;
 Asius alone, confiding in his car, 125
 His vaunted coursers urg'd to meet the war.
 Unhappy hero ! and advis'd in vain !
 Those wheels returning ne'er shall mark the plain ;

v. 125. *Asius alone, confiding in his car.*] It appears from hence that the three captains who commanded each battalion, were not subordinate one to the other, but commanded separately, each being empowered to order his own troops as he thought fit : for otherwise Asius had not been permitted to keep his chariot when the rest were on foot. One may observe from hence, that Homer does not attribute the same regular discipline in war to the barbarous nations, which he had given to his Grecians ; and he makes some use too of this defect to cast the more variety over this part of the description. *Dacier.*

v. 127. *Unhappy hero ! &c.*] Homer observes a poetical justice in relation to Asius ; he punishes his folly and impiety with death, and shews the danger of despising wise counsel, and blaspheming the Gods. In pursuance of this prophecy, Asius is killed in the thirteenth book by Idomeneus.

No more those courfers with triumphant joy
 Restore their master to the gates of Troy ! 130
 Black death attends behind the Grecian wall,
 And great Idomeneus shall boast thy fall.
 Fierce to the left he drives, where from the plain,
 The flying Grecians strove their ships to gain ;
 Swift thro' the wall their horse and chariots past,
 The gates half-open'd to receive the last. 136
 Thither, exulting in his force, he flies ;
 His following host with clamours rend the skies ;
 To plunge the Grecians headlong in the main,
 Such their proud hopes, but all their hopes were
 vain ! 140

To guard the gates, two mighty chiefs attend,
 Who from the Lapiths warlike race descend ;
 This Polypœtes, great Perithous' heir,
 And that Leonteus, like the God of war.
 As two tall oaks, before the wall they rise ; 145
 Their roots in earth, their heads amidst the skies :
 Whose spreading arms with leafy honours crown'd,
 Forbid the tempest, and protect the ground ;

v. 143. *This Polypœtes—And that Leonteus, &c.]* These heroes are the originals of Pandarus and Bitias in Virgil. We see two gallant officers exhorting their soldiers to act bravely ; but being deserted by them, they execute their own commands, and maintain the pass against the united force of the battalions of Æneïd : nor does the poet transgress the bounds of probability in the story : the Greeks from above beat off some of the Trojans with stones, and the gate-way being narrow, it was easy to be defended. *Eustathius.*

High on the hills appears their stately form,
 And their deep roots for ever brave the storm. 150
 So graceful these, and so the flock they stand
 Of raging Aïus, and his furious band.
 Orestes, Acamas in front appear,
 And Oenomaus and Thoön close the rear ;
 In vain their clamours shake the ambient fields, 155
 In vain around them beat their hollow shields ;
 The fearless brothers on the Grecians call,
 To guard their navies, and defend the wall.
 Ev'n when they saw Troy's fable troops impend,
 And Greece tumultuous from her tow'rs descend, 160
 Forth from the portals rush'd th' intrepid pair,
 Oppos'd their breasts, and stood themselves the war,
 So two wild boars spring furious from their den,
 Rous'd with the cries of dogs and voice of men ;
 On ev'ry side the crackling trees they tear, 165
 And root the shrubs, and lay the forest bare ;
 They gnash their tusks, with fire their eye-balls roll,
 'Till some wide wound lets out their mighty soul.
 Around their heads the whistling jav'lins fung,
 With sounding strokes their brazen targets rung ; 170
 Fierce was the fight, while yet the Grecian pow'rs
 Maintain'd the walls, and mann'd the lofty tow'rs :
 To save their fleet, the last efforts they try,
 And stones and darts in mingled tempests fly.
 As when sharp Boreas blows abroad, and brings
 The dreary winter on his frozen wings ; 176
 Beneath the low-hung clouds the sheets of snow
 Descend, and whiten all the fields below :

So fast the darts on either army pour,
So down the rampires roll the rocky show'r; 180
Heavy, and thick, resound the batter'd shields,
And the deaf echo' rattles round the fields.

With shame repuls'd, with grief and fury driv'n,
The frantick Asius thus accuses heav'n:

In pow'rs immortal who shall now believe? 185
Can those too flatter, and can Jove deceive?

What man could doubt but Troy's victorious pow'r
Should humble Greece, and this her fatal hour?

But like when wasps from hollow crannies drive,
To guard the ent'rance of their common hive, 190

Dark'ning the rock, while with unweary'd wings
They strike th' assailants, and infix their stings;

A race determin'd, that to death contend:

So fierce these Greeks their last retreats defend,

Gods! shall two warriors only guard their gates,
Repel an army, and defraud the Fates? 196

These empty accents, mingled with the wind;

Nor mov'd great Jove's unalterable mind;

To God-like Hector and his matchless might

Was ow'd the glory of the destin'd fight. 200

v. 185. *The speech of Asius.*] This speech of Asius is very extravagant: he exclaims against Jupiter for a breach of promise, not because he had broken his word, but because he had not fulfilled his own vain imaginations. This conduct, though very blameable in Asius, is very natural to persons under a disappointment, who are ever ready to blame heaven, and turn their misfortunes into a crime. *Eusebathius.*

Like deeds of arms thro' all the forts were try'd,
 And all the gates sustain'd an equal tide ;
 Thro' the long walls the stony show'rs were heard,
 The blaze of flames, the flash of arms appear'd.

The spirit of a God my breast inspire, 205
 To raise each act to life, and sing with fire !

While Greece unconquer'd kept alive the war,
 Secure of death, confiding in despair ;
 And all her guardian Gods, in deep dismay,
 With unassisting arms deplor'd the day. 210

Ev'n yet the dauntless Lapithæ maintain
 The dreadful pass, and round them heap the slain.
 First Damafus, by Polypoetes' steel
 Pierc'd thro' his helmet's brazen vizor, fell ; 214
 The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore ;
 The warrior sinks, tremendous now no more !
 Next Ormenus and Pylon yield their breath.
 Nor less Leonteus strows the field with death ;
 First thro' the belt Hippomachus he gor'd,
 Then sudden wav'd his unresisted sword ; 220
 Antiphates, as thro' the ranks he broke,
 The falchion struck, and fate pursu'd the stroke ;
 Iämenus, Orestes, Menon, bled ;
 And round him rose a monument of dead.

Meantime, the bravest of the Trojan crew, 225
 Bold Hector and Polydamas pursue ;
 Fierce with impatience on the works to fall,
 And wrap in rolling flames the fleet and wall.
 These on the farther bank now stood and gaz'd,
 By heav'n alarm'd, by prodigies amaz'd : 230

A signal omen stopp'd the passing host,
 Their martial fury in their wonder lost.
 Jove's bird on sounding pinions beat the skies ;
 A bleeding serpent of enormous size,
 His talons truss'd ; alive, and curling round, 235
 He stung the bird, whose throat receiv'd the wound :
 Mad with the smart he drops the fatal prey,
 In airy circle wings his painful way,
 Floats on the winds, and rends the heav'ns with
 cries :
 Amidst the host the fallen serpent lies. 240

v. 233. *Jove's bird on sounding pinions, &c.*] Virgil has imitated this passage in the eleventh Æneid, v. 751.

“ Utque volans altè raptum cùm fulva draconem
 “ Fert aquila, implicuitque pedes, atque unguibus hæsit;
 “ Saucius at serpens sinuosa volumina versat,
 “ Arrectisque horret squamis, & sibilat ore
 “ Arduus insurgens ; illa haud minùs urget obunco
 “ Luctantem rostro ; simul æthera verberat alis.”

Which Macrobius compares with this of Homer, and gives the preference to the original, on account of Virgil's having neglected to specify the Omen. *His prætermisiss (quòd sinistra veniens vincentium prohibebat accessum, & accepto à serpente morsu prædam dolore dejecit ; factoque Tripudio solistimo, cum clamore dolorem testante, prætervolat) quæ animam parabola dabant, velut exanime in latinis versibus corpus remansit.* Sat. l. v. c. 14. But methinks this criticism might have been spared, had he considered that Virgil had no design, or occasion to make an omen of it ; but took it only as a natural image, to paint the posture of two warriors struggling with each other.

They, pale with terrour, mark its spires unroll'd,
 And Jove's portent with beating hearts behold,
 Then first Polydamas the silence broke,
 Long weigh'd the signal, and to Hector spoke.

How oft, my brother, thy reproach I bear, 245
 For words well-meant, and sentiments sincere?
 True to those counsels which I judge the best,
 I tell the faithful dictates of my breast.
 To speak his thoughts is ev'ry freeman's right,
 In peace and war, in council and in fight; 250
 And all I move, deferring to thy sway,
 But tends to raise that pow'r which I obey.
 Then hear my words, nor may my words be vain;
 Seek not, this day, the Grecian ships to gain;
 For sure to warn us Jove his omen sent, 255
 And thus my mind explains its clear event.

v. 245. *The speech of Polydamas.*] The address of Polydamas to Hector in this speech is admirable: he knew that the daring spirit of that hero would not suffer him to listen to any mention of a retreat: he had already stormed the walls in imagination, and consequently the advice of Polydamas was sure to meet with a bad reception. He therefore softens every expression, and endeavours to flatter Hector into an assent; and though he is assured he gives a true interpretation of the prodigy, he seems to be diffident: but that his personated distrust may not prejudice the interpretation, he concludes with a plain declaration of his opinion, and tells him that what he delivers is not conjecture, but science, and appeals for the truth of it to the augurs of the army. *Eustathius.*

The victor eagle, whose sinister flight
 Retards our host, and fills our hearts with fright,
 Dismiss'd his conquest in the middle skies,
 Allow'd to seize, but not possess the prize; 260
 Thus tho' we gird with fires the Grecian fleet,
 Tho' these proud bulwarks tumble at our feet,
 Toils unforeseen, and fiercer, are decreed;
 More woes shall follow, and more heroes bleed.
 So bodes my soul, and bids me thus advise: 265
 For thus a skilful seer would read the skies.

To him then Hector with disdain return'd;
 (Fierce as he spoke, his eyes with fury burn'd)

v. 267. *The speech of Hector.*] This speech of Hector's is full of spirit: his valour is greater than the skill of Polydamas, and he is not to be argued into a retreat. There is something very heroick in that line,

— — His sword the brave man draws,
 And asks no omen but his country's cause.

And if any thing can add to the beauty of it, it is in being so well adapted to the character of him who speaks it, who is every where described as a great lover of his country.

It may seem at first view that Hector uses Polydamas with too much severity in the conclusion of his speech: but he will be sufficiently justified, if we consider that the interpretation of the omen given by Polydamas might have discouraged the army; and this makes it necessary for him to decry the prediction, and insinuate that the advice proceeded not from his skill but his cowardice.
Eustathius.

Are these the faithful counsels of thy tongue?
 Thy will is partial, not thy reason wrong: 270
 Or if the purpose of thy heart thou vent,
 Sure heaven resumes the little sense it lent.
 What coward counsels would thy madness move,
 Against the word, the will reveal'd of Jove?
 The leading sign, th' irrevocable nod, 275
 And happy thunders of the fav'ring God,
 These shall I slight? and guide my wav'ring mind
 By wand'ring birds, that flit with ev'ry wind?
 Ye vagrants of the sky! your wings extend,
 Or where the suns arise, or where descend; 280
 To right, to left, unheeded take your way,
 While I the dictates of high heav'n obey.
 Without a sign his sword the brave man draws,
 And asks no omen but his country's cause. 284
 But why should'st thou suspect the war's success?
 None fears it more, as none promotes it less:
 Tho' all our chiefs amid yon' ships expire,
 Trust thy own cowardice t' escape their fire.

v. 281. *To right, to left, unheeded take your way.*] Eustathius has found out four meanings in these two lines, and tells us that the words may signify East, West, North, and South. This is writ in the true spirit of a critick, who can find out a mystery in the plainest words, and is ever learnedly obscure: for my part, I cannot imagine how any thing can be more clearly expressed; I care not, says Hector, whether the eagle flew on the right towards the sun-rising, which was propitious, or on the left towards his setting, which was unlucky.

Troy and her sons may find a gen'ral grave,
 But thou can'st live, for thou can'st be a slave. 290
 Yet should the fears that wary minds suggests
 Spread their cold poison thro' our soldiers breasts,
 My jav'lin can revenge so base a part,
 And free the soul that quivers in thy heart.

Furious he spoke, and rushing to the wall, 295
 Calls on his host; his host obey the call;
 With ardour follow where their leader flies:
 Redoubling clamours thunder in the skies.
 Jove breathes a whirlwind from the hills of Ide,
 And drifts of dust the clouded navy hide: 300
 He fills the Greeks with terroure and dismay,
 And gives great Hector the predestin'd day.
 Strong in themselves, but stronger in their aid,
 Close to the works their rigid siege they laid.
 In vain the mounds and massy beams defend, 305
 While these they undermine, and those they rend;
 Upheave the piles that prop the solid wall;
 And heaps on heaps the smoky ruins fall.
 Greece on her rampart stands the fierce alarms;
 The crouded bulwarks blaze with waving arms,

v. 299. *Jove breathes a whirlwind.*] It is worth our notice to observe how the least circumstance grows in the hand of a great poet. In this battle it is to be supposed that the Trojans had got the advantage of the wind of the Grecians, so that a cloud of dust was blown upon their army: this gave room for this fiction of Homer, which supposes that Jove, or the air, raised the dust, and drove it in the face of the Grecians. *Eustathius.*

Shield touching shield, a long refulgent row; 311

Whence hissing darts, incessant, rain below.

The bold Ajaces fly from tow'r to tow'r,

And rouse, with flame divine, the Grecian pow'r.

The gen'rous impulse ev'ry Greek obeys; 315

Threats urge the fearful; and the valiant, praise.

Fellows in arms! whose deeds are known to fame,

And you whose ardour hopes an equal name!

Since not alike endu'd with force or art;

Behold a day when each may act his part! 320

A day to fire the brave, and warm the cold,

To gain new glories, or augment the old.

Urge those who stand; and those who faint, excite;

Drown Hector's vaunts in loud exhortations of fight;

Conquest, not safety, fill the thoughts of all; 325

Seek not your fleet, but sally from the wall;

So Jove once more may drive their routed train,

And Troy lie trembling in her walls again.

Their ardour kindles all the Grecian pow'rs;

And now the stones descend in heavier show'rs. 330

As when high Jove his sharp artillery forms,

And opes his cloudy magazine of storms;

In winter's bleak, uncomfortable reign,

A snowy inundation hides the plain;

He stills the winds, and bids the skies to sleep; 335

Then pours the silent tempest, thick and deep:

And first the mountain-tops are cover'd o'er,

Then the green fields, and then the sandy shore;

Bent with the weight the nodding woods are seen,

And one bright waste hides all the works of men:

The circling seas alone absorbing all, 341

Drink the dissolving fleeces as they fall.

So from each side increas'd the stony rain,

And the white ruin rises o'er the plain.

Thus god-like Hector and his troops contend

To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend ; 346

Nor Troy could conquer, nor the Greeks would yield,

'Till great Sarpedon tow'r'd amid the field ;

For mighty Jove inspir'd with martial flame

His matchless son, and urg'd him on to fame. 350

In arms he shines, conspicuous from afar,

And bears aloft his ample shield in air ;

Within whose orb the thick bull-hides were roll'd,

Pond'rous with brass, and bound with ductile gold :

And while two pointed jav'lins arm his hands, 355

Majestick moves along, and leads his Lycian bands.

So press'd with hunger, from the mountain's
brow

Descends a lion on the flocks below ;

v. 348. *'Till great Sarpedon, &c.]* The poet here ushers in Sarpedon with abundance of pomp : he forces him upon the observation of the reader by the greatness of the description, and raises our expectations of him, intending to make him perform many remarkable actions in the sequel of the poem, and become worthy to fall by the hand of Patroclus. *Eustathius.*

v. 357. *So press'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow Descends a lion.]* This comparison very much resembles that of the prophet Isaiah, ch. xxxi. v. 4. where God himself is compared to a lion : *Like as the lion, and the*

So stalks the lordly savage o'er the plain,
In fullen majesty, and stern disdain: 360

In vain loud mastives bay him from afar,
And shepherds gall him with an iron war;
Regardless, furious, he pursues his way;
He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.

Resolv'd alike, divine Sarpedon glows 365
With gen'rous rage that drives him on the foes.
He views the tow'rs, and meditates their fall,
To sure destruction dooms th' aspiring wall;
Then casting on his friend an ardent look,
Fir'd with the thirst of glory, thus he spoke. 370

Why boast we, Glaucus! our extended reign,
Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain,

young lion roaring on his prey, when a multitude of shepherds is called forth against him, he will not be afraid of their voice, nor abase himself for the noise of them: so shall the Lord of hosts come down that he may fight upon mount Sion. Dacier.

v. 371. *The speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus.*] In former times kings were looked upon as the generals of armies, who to return the honours that were done them, were obliged to expose themselves first in the battle, and be an example to their soldiers. Upon this Sarpedon grounds his discourse, which is full of generosity and nobleness. We are, says he, honoured like Gods; and what can be more unjust, than not to behave ourselves like men? he ought to be superiour in virtue, who is superiour in dignity. What strength is there, and what greatness in that thought? It includes justice, gratitude, and magnanimity; justice, in that he scorns to enjoy what he does not merit; gratitude, because he would endeavour to recompense his obligations to his subjects; and mag-

Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field,
 And hills where vines their purple harvest yield,
 Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd, 375
 Our feasts enhanc'd with musick's sprightly sound?
 Why on those shores are we with joy survey'd,
 Admir'd as heroes, and as Gods obey'd?
 Unless great acts superiour merit prove,
 And vindicate the bounteous pow'rs above. 380
 'Tis ours, the dignity they give, to grace;
 The first in valour, as the first in place:
 That when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands
 Behold our deeds transcending our commands,
 Such, they may cry, deserve the sov'reign state,
 Whom those that envy, dare not imitate! 386
 Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
 Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,

nanimity, in that he despises death, and thinks of nothing
 but glory. *Eustathius. Dacier.*

v. 387. *Could all our care, &c.*] There is not a more
 forcible argument than this, to make men contemn dan-
 gers, and seek glory by brave actions. Immortality
 with eternal youth, is certainly preferable to glory pur-
 chased with the loss of life; but glory is certainly better
 than an ignominious life, which at last, though perhaps
 late, must end. It is ordained that all men shall die,
 nor can our escaping danger secure us immortality; it
 can only give us a longer continuance in disgrace, and
 even that continuance will be but short, though the in-
 famy everlasting. This is incontestible, and whoever
 weighs his actions in these scales, can never hesitate in
 his choice: but what is most worthy of remark is, that

For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
 In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war. 390
 But since, alas ! ignoble age must come,
 Disease, and death's inexorable doom ;
 The life which others pay, let us bestow,
 And give to fame what we to nature owe ;
 Brave tho' we fall, and honour'd if we live, 395
 Or let us glory gain, or glory give !

He said ; his words the list'ning chief inspire
 With equal warmth, and rouse the warrior's fire ;
 The troops pursue their leaders with delight,
 Rush to the foe, and claim the promis'd fight. 400
 Menestheus from on high the storm beheld
 Threat'ning the fort, and black'ning in the field ;
 Around the walls he gaz'd, to view from far
 What aid appear'd t' avért th' approaching war,
 And saw where Teucer with th' Ajaces stood, 405
 Of fight insatiate, prodigal of blood.
 In vain he calls ; the din of helms and shields
 Rings to the skies, and echoes thro' the fields,
 The brazen hinges fly, the walls resound,
 Heav'n trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all
 the ground. 410

Homer does not put this in the mouth of an ordinary person, but ascribes it to the son of Jupiter. *Eustathius, Dacier.*

I ought not to neglect putting the reader in mind, that this speech of Sarpedon is excellently translated by Sir John Denham, and if I have done it with any spirit, it is partly owing to him.

Then thus to Thoös ;—Hence with speed, (he
said)

And urge the bold Ajaces to our aid ;
Their strength, united, best may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war :
Hither the Lycian princes bend their course, 415
The best and bravest of the hostile force.

But if too fiercely there the foes contend,
Let Telamon, at least, our tow'rs defend,
And Teucer haste with his unerring bow,
To share the danger, and repel the foe. 420

Swift at the word, the herald speeds along
The lofty ramparts, thro' the martial throng ;
And finds the heroes bath'd in sweat and gore,
Oppos'd in combat on the dusty shore.
Ye valiant leaders of our warlike bands ! 425

Your aid (said Thoös) Peteus' son demands,
Your strength, united, best may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war :
Thither the Lycian princes bend their course,
The best and bravest of the hostile force. 430

But if too fiercely here the foes contend,
At least, let Telamon those tow'rs defend,
And Teucer haste with his unerring bow,
To share the danger, and repel the foe.

Straight to the fort great Ajax turn'd his care, 435
And thus bespoke his brothers of the war.
Now valiant Lycomedes ! exert your might,
And brave Oïleus, prove your force in fight :

To you I trust the fortune of the field,
 'Till by this arm the foe shall be repell'd ; 440
 That done, expect me to complete the day—
 Then, with his sev'nfold shield, he strode away.
 With equal steps bold Teucer press'd the shore,
 Whose fatal bow the strong Pandion bore. 444

High on the walls appear'd the Lycian pow'rs,
 Like some black tempest gath'ring round the tow'rs ;
 The Greeks, oppress'd, their utmost force unite,
 Prepar'd to labour in th' unequal fight ;
 The war renews, mix'd shouts and groans arise ;
 Tumultuous clamour mounts, and thickens in the
 skies. 450

Fierce Ajax first th' advancing host invades,
 And sends the brave Epicles to the shades,
 Sarpedon's friend ; a-cross the warrior's way,
 Rent from the walls a rocky fragment lay ;

v. 444. *Whose fatal bow the strong Pandion bore.*] It is remarkable that Teucer, who is excellent for his skill in archery, does not carry his own bow, but has it borne after him by Pandion : I thought it not improper to take notice of this, by reason of its unusualness. It may be supposed that Teucer had changed his arms in this fight, and complied with the exigence of the battle, which was about the wall ; he might judge that some other weapon might be more necessary upon this occasion, and therefore committed his bow to the care of Pandion. *Eustathius.*

v. 454. *A rocky fragment, &c.*] In this book both Ajax and Hector are described throwing stones of a prodigious size. But the poet, who loves to give the preference to his countrymen, relates the action much to the advan-

Book XII. HOMER'S ILIAD. 265

In modern ages not the strongest swain 455
 Could heave th' unwieldly burthen from the plain.
 He pois'd, and swung it round ; then tofs'd on high,
 It flew with force, and labour'd up the sky ;
 Full on the Lycian's helmet thund'ring down,
 The pond'rous ruin crush'd his batter'd crown. 460
 As skilful divers from some airy steep,
 Headlong descend, and shoot into the deep,
 So falls Epicles ; then in groans expires,
 And murm'ring to the shades the soul retires.

While to the ramparts daring Glaucus drew, 465
 From Teucer's hand a winged arrow flew ;
 The bearded shaft the destin'd passage found,
 And on his naked arm inflicts a wound.
 The chief, who fear'd some foe's insulting boast
 Might stop the progress of his warlike host, 470
 Conceal'd the wound, and leaping from his height,
 Retir'd reluctant from th' unfinish'd fight.

tage of Ajax: Ajax, by his natural strength, performs what Hector could not do without the assistance of Jupiter. *Eustathius.*

v. 455. *In modern ages.*] The difference which our author makes between the heroes of his poem, and the men of his age, is so great, that some have made use of it as an argument that Homer lived many ages after the war of Troy: but this argument does not seem to be of any weight; for supposing Homer to have writ two hundred and fifty, or two hundred and sixty years after the destruction of Troy, this space is long enough to make such a change as he speaks of; peace, luxury, or effeminacy would do it in a much less time. *Dacier.*

Divine Sarpedon with regret beheld
 Disabled Glaucus slowly quit the field ;
 His beating breast with gen'rous ardour glows, 475
 He springs to fight, and flies upon the foes.
 Alcmaon first was doom'd his force to feel ;
 Deep in his breast he plung'd the pointed steel ;
 Then, from the yawning wound with fury tore
 The spear, pursu'd by gushing streams of gore ; 480
 Down sinks the warrior with a thund'ring sound,
 His brazen armour rings against the ground.

Swift to the battlement the victor flies,
 Tugs with full force, and ev'ry nerve applies ;
 It shakes ; the pond'rous stones disjointed yield ;
 The rolling ruins smoke along the field. 486
 A mighty breach appears ; the walls lie bare ;
 And, like a deluge, rushes in the war.
 At once bold Teucer draws the twanging bow,
 And Ajax sends his jav'lin at the foe : 490
 Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon stood,
 And thro' his buckler drove the trembling wood ;
 But Jove was present in the dire debate,
 To shield his offspring, and avert his fate.

v. 483. *Swift to the battlements the victor flies.*] From what Sarpedon here performs, we may gather that this wall of the Greeks was not higher than a tall man ; from the great depth and breadth of it, as it is described just before, one might have concluded that it had been much higher : but it appears to be otherwise from this passage ; and consequently the thickness of the wall was answerable to the wideness of the ditch. *Euslathius.*

The prince gave back, not meditating flight, 495
 But urging vengeance, and severer fight;
 Then rais'd with hope, and fir'd with glory's charms,
 His fainting squadrons to new fury warms.
 O where, ye Lycians! is the strength you boast?
 Your former fame, and ancient virtue lost! 500
 The breach lies open, but your chief in vain
 Attempts alone the guarded pass to gain:
 Unite, and soon that hostile fleet shall fall;
 The force of pow'rful union conquers all.

This just rebuke inflam'd the Lycian crew; 505
 They join, they thicken, and th' assault renew;
 Unmov'd th' embody'd Greeks their fury dare,
 And fix'd support the weight of all the war;
 Nor could the Greeks repel the Lycian pow'rs,
 Nor the bold Lycians force the Grecian tow'rs. 510
 As on the confines of adjoining grounds,
 Two stubborn swains with blows dispute their
 bounds;
 They tug, they sweat; but neither gain nor yield,
 One foot, one inch, of the contended field:

v. 511. *As on the confines of adjoining grounds.*] This simile, says Eustathius, is wonderfully proper; it has one circumstance that is seldom to be found in Homer's allusions; it corresponds in every point with the subject it was intended to illustrate: the measures of the two neighbours represent the spears of the combatants; the confines of the field shew that they engaged hand to hand; and the wall which divides the armies gives us a lively idea of the large stones that were fixed to determine the bounds of adjoining fields.

Thus obstinate to death, they fight, they fall; 515
 Nor these can keep, nor those can win the wall.
 Their manly breasts are pierc'd with many a wound,
 Loud strokes are heard, and rattling arms resound,
 The copious slaughter covers all the shore,
 And the high ramparts drop with human gore. 520
 As when two scales are charg'd with doubtful
 loads,
 From side to side the trembling balance nods,
 (While some laborious matron, just and poor,
 With nice exactness weighs her woolly store)
 'Till pois'd aloft, the resting beam suspends 525
 Each equal weight; nor this, nor that, descends:

v. 521. *As when two scales, &c.*] This comparison is excellent on account of its justness; for there is nothing better represents an exact equality than a balance: but Homer was particularly exact, in having neither described a woman of wealth and condition, for such a one is never very exact, not valuing a small inequality; nor a slave, for such a one is ever regardless of his master's interest: but he speaks of a poor woman that gains her livelihood by her labour, who is at the same time just and honest; for she will neither defraud others nor be defrauded herself. She therefore takes care that the scales be exactly of the same weight.

It was an ancient tradition, (and is countenanced by the author of Homer's life ascribed to Herodotus) that the poet drew this comparison from his own family; being himself the son of a woman who maintained herself by her own industry; he therefore to extol her honesty (a qualification very rare in poverty) gives her a place in his poem. *Eustathius.*

So stood the war, 'till Hector's matchless might
With Fates prevailing, turn'd the scale of fight.
Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies,
And fires his host with loud repeated cries. 530

Advance, ye Trojans ! lend your valiant hands,
Haste to the fleet, and toss the blazing brands !
They hear, they run ; and gath'ring at his call,
Raise scaling engines, and ascend the wall :
Around the works a wood of glitt'ring spears 535
Shoots up, and all the rising host appears.

A pond'rous stone bold Hector heav'd to throw,
Pointed above, and rough and gross below :
Not two strong men th' enormous weight could
raise,

Such men as live in these degen'rate days. 540

Yet this, as easy as a swain could bear
The snowy fleece, he toss'd, and shook in air :
For Jove upheld, and lighten'd of its load
Th' unwieldy rock, the labour of a God.
Thus arm'd, before the folded gates he came, 545
Of massy substance, and stupendous frame ;
With iron bars and brazen hinges strong,
On lofty beams of solid timber hung :
Then thund'ring thro' the planks with forceful
sway, 549

Drives the sharp rock ; the solid beams give way,
The folds are shatter'd ; from the crackling door
Leap the resounding bars, the flying hinges roar.
Now rushing in, the furious chief appears,
Gloomy as night ! and shakes two shining spears :

A dreadful gleam from his bright armour came, 555
And from his eye-balls flash'd the living flame.
He moves a God, resistless in his course,
And seems a match for more than mortal force.
Then pouring after, thro' the gaping space,
A tide of Trojans flows, and fills the place ; 560
The Greeks behold, they tremble, and they fly ;
The shore is heap'd with death, and tumult rends
the sky.

THE
THIRTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.

THE
A R G U M E N T.

The fourth battle continued, in which Neptune
assists the Greeks : the acts of Idomeneus.

NEPTUNE, concerned for the loss of the Grecians, upon seeing the fortification forced by Hector, (who had entered the gate near the station of the Ajaxes) assumes the shape of Calchas, and inspires those heroes to oppose him: then in the form of one of the generals, encourages the other Greeks who had retired to their vessels. The Ajaxes form their troops in a close Phalanx, and put a stop to Hector and the Trojans. Several deeds of valour are performed; Meriones losing his spear in the encounter, repairs to seek another at the tent of Idomeneus: this occasions a conversation between those two warriors, who return together to the battle. Idomeneus signalizes his courage above the rest; he kills Othryoneus, Asius, and Alcatous: Deiphobus and Æneas march against him, and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaus wounds Helenus and kills Pisander. The Trojans are repulsed in the left wing; Hector still keeps his ground against the Ajaxes, till being galled by the Locrian slingers and archers, Polydamas advises to call a council of war: Hector approves his advice, but goes first to rally the Trojans; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renews the attack.

The eight and twentieth day still continues. The scene is between the Grecian wall and the sea-shore.

THE
THIRTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ILLIAD.

WHEN now the Thund'rer on the sea-beat coast
Had fix'd great Hector and his conqu'ring
host ;

He left them to the Fates, in bloody fray
To toil and struggle thro' the well-fought day.
Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight 5
Those eyes, that shed insufferable light,

v. 5. *Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight.*] One might fancy at the first reading of this passage, that Homer here turned aside from the main view of his poem, in a vain ostentation of learning, to amuse himself with a foreign and unnecessary description of the manners and customs of these nations. But we shall find, upon better consideration, that Jupiter's turning aside his eyes was necessary to the conduct of the work, as it gives opportunity to Neptune to assist the Greeks, and thereby causes all the adventures of this book. Madam Dacier is too refining on this occasion, when she would have it, that Jupiter's *averting his eyes* signifies his abandoning the Trojans ; in the same manner as the scripture represents

To where the Mysians prove their martial force,
 And hardy Thracians tame the savage horse ;
 And where the far-fam'd Hippemolgian strays,
 Renown'd for justice and for length of days ; 10
 Thrice happy race ! that, innocent of blood,
 From milk, innoxious, seek their simple food :
 Jove sees delighted ; and avoids the scene
 Of guilty Troy, of arms, and dying men :
 No aid, he deems, to either host is giv'n, 15
 While his high law suspends the pow'rs of heav'n.

the Almighty *turning his face* from those whom he deserts. But at this rate Jupiter turning his eyes from the battle, must desert both the Trojans and the Greeks ; and it is evident from the context, that Jupiter intended nothing less than to let the Trojans suffer.

v. 9. *And where the far-fam'd Hippemolgian strays.*] There is much dispute among the criticks, which are the proper names, and which the epithets in these verses ? Some making ἀγαυοὶ the epithet to ἵππημόλγοι, others ἵππημόλγοι the epithet to ἀγαυοὶ ; and ἀβίοι, which by the common interpreters is thought only an epithet, is by Strabo and Ammianus Marcellinus made the proper name of a people. In this diversity of opinions, I have chosen that which I thought would make the best figure in poetry. It is a beautiful and moral imagination, to suppose that the long life of the Hippemolgians was an effect of their simple diet, and a reward of their justice : and that the Supreme Being, displeased at the continued scenes of human violence and dissension, as it were recreated his eyes in contemplating the simplicity of these people.

It is observable that the same custom of living on milk is preserved to this day by the Tartars, who inhabit the same country.

Mean-time the * Monarch of the wat'ry main
 Observ'd the Thund'rer, nor observ'd in vain.
 In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow, 19
 Whose waving woods o'erhung the deeps below,
 He sat ; and round him cast his azure eyes,
 Where Ida's misty tops confus'dly rise ;
 Below, fair Ilion's glitt'ring spires were seen ;
 The crouded ships, and fable seas between.
 There, from the crystal chambers of the main 25
 Emerg'd, he sat ; and mourn'd his Argives slain.
 At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury stung,
 Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd along ;

* Neptune.

v. 27. *At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury stung,
 Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd—]*

Monf. de la Motte has played the critick upon this passage a little unadvisedly. " Neptune, says he, is impatient to assist the Greeks. Homer tells us, that this " God goes first to seek his chariot in a certain place ; " next he arrives at another place nearer the camp ; there " he takes off his horses, and then he locks them fast, " to secure them at his return. The detail of so many " particularities no way suits the majesty of a God, or " the impatience in which he is described." Another French writer makes answer, that however impatient Neptune is represented to be, none of the Gods ever go to the war without their arms ; and the arms, chariot and horses of Neptune were at Ægæ. He makes but four steps to get thither ; so that what M. de la Motte calls being slow, is swiftness itself. The God puts on his arms, mounts his chariot and departs ; nothing is more rapid than his course ; he flies over the waters : the ver-

Fierce as he past, the lofty mountains nod,
 The forests shake! earth trembled as he trod,
 And felt the footsteps of th' immortal God. 31 }

ses of Homer in that place run swifter than the God himself. It is sufficient to have ears, to perceive the rapidity of Neptune's chariot in the very sound of those three lines, each of which is entirely composed of dactyles, excepting that one spondee which must necessarily terminate the verse.

Βῆ δ' ἐλάαν ἐπὶ κύματ', ἄταλλε δὲ κῆτε' ὑπ' αὐτῷ.
 Γηθοσύνη δὲ θάλασσα διέτατο, τοὶ δ' ἐπίτονο
 ῥίμφα μάλ', ὅδ' ὑπένεσθε διαίνετο χάλκεο ἄγων.

v. 29. — *The lofty mountains nod,
 The forests shake! earth trembled as he trod,
 And felt the footsteps of th' immortal God.]*

Longinus confesses himself wonderfully struck with the sublimity of this passage. That critick, after having blamed the defects with which Homer draws the manners of his Gods, adds, that he has much better succeeded in describing their figure and persons. He owns that he often paints a God such as he is, in all his majesty and grandeur, and without any mixture of mean and terrestrial images; of which he produces this passage as a remarkable instance, and one that had challenged the admiration of all antiquity.

The book of Psalms affords us a description of the like sublime manner of imagery, which is parallel to this. *O God, when thou wentest forth before thy people, when thou didst march through the wilderness, the earth shook, the heavens dropped at the presence of God, even Sinai itself was moved at the presence of God, the God of Israel.* Psal. lxviii.

From realm to realm three ample strides he took,
And, at the fourth, the distant *Ægæ* shook.

Far in the bay his shining palace stands,
Eternal frame ! not rais'd by mortal hands : 35

v. 32.—*Three ample strides he took.*] This is a very grand imagination, and equals, if not transcends, what he has feigned before of the passage of this God. We are told, that at four steps he reached *Ægæ*, which (supposing it meant of the town of that name in Eubœa, which lay the nighest to Thrace), is hardly less than a degree at each step. One may, from a view of the map, imagine him striding from promontory to promontory, his first step on mount Athos, his second on Pallene, his third upon Pelion, and his fourth in Eubœa. Dacier is not to be forgiven for omitting this miraculous circumstance, which so perfectly agrees with the marvellous air of the whole passage, and without which the sublime image of Homer is not complete.

v. 33.—*The distant Ægæ shook.*] There were three places of this name, which were all sacred to Neptune; an island in the *Ægæan* sea, mentioned by Nicostrotus, a town in Peloponnesus, and another in Eubœa. Homer is supposed in this passage to speak of the last; but the question is put, why Neptune, who stood upon a hill in Samothrace, instead of going on the left to Troy, turns to the right, and takes a way contrary to that which leads to the army? This difficulty is ingeniously solved by the old Scholiast; who says, that Jupiter being now on mount Ida, with his eyes turned towards Thrace, Neptune could not take the direct way from Samothrace to Troy without being discovered by him, and therefore fetches this compass to conceal himself. Eustathius is contented to say, that the poet made Neptune go so far about, for the opportunity of those fine descriptions of the palace, the chariot, and the passage of this God.

This having reach'd, his brass-hoof'd steeds he reins,
 Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.
 Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,
 Immortal arms, of adamant and gold.
 He mounts the car, the golden scourge applies,
 He sits superiour, and the chariot flies : 41
 His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep ;
 Th' enormous monsters rolling o'er the deep,
 Gambol around him on the wat'ry way ;
 And heavy whales in aukward measures play :
 The sea subsiding spreads a level plain, 46
 Exults, and owns the monarch of the main ;
 The parting waves before his coursers fly :
 The wond'ring waters leave his axle dry.

v. 43. *Th' enormous monsters rolling o'er the deep.*] This description of Neptune rises upon us ; his passage by water is yet more pompous than that by land. The God driving through the seas, the whales acknowledging him, and the waves rejoicing and making way for their monarch, are full of that *marvellous* so natural to the imagination of our author. And I cannot but think the verses of Virgil in the fifth *Æneid* are short of his original :

" Cœruleo per summa levis volat æquora curru :
 " Subsidunt undæ, tumidumque sub axe tonanti
 " Sternitur æquor aquis : fugiunt vasto æthere nimbi.
 " Tum variæ comitum facies, immania cete, &c."

I fancy Scaliger himself was sensible of this, by his passing in silence a passage which lay so obvious to comparison.

Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave ; 30 }
 Between where Tenedos the farges lave,
 And rocky Imbrus breaks the rolling wave : }
 There the great ruler of the azure round
 Stopp'd his swift chariot, and his steeds unbound,
 Fed with ambrosial herbage from his hand, 55
 And link'd their fetlocks with a golden band,
 Infrangible, immortal : there they stay,
 The Father of the floods pursues his way ;
 Where, like a tempest dark'ning heav'n around,
 Or fiery deluge that devours the ground, 60
 Th' impatient Trojans, in a gloomy throng,
 Embattled roll'd, as Hector rush'd along :
 To the loud tumult and the barb'rous cry,
 The heav'ns re-echo, and the shores reply ;
 They vow destruction to the Grecian name, 65
 And in their hopes, the fleets already flame.

But Neptune, rising from the seas profound,
 The God whose earthquakes rock the solid ground,
 Now wears a mortal form ; like Calchas seen,
 Such his loud voice, and such his manly mien ;
 His shouts incessant ev'ry Greek inspire, 71
 But most th' Ajaces, adding fire to fire.

'Tis yours, O warriors, all our hopes to raise ;
 Oh recollect your ancient worth and praise :
 'Tis yours to save us, if you cease to fear ; 75
 Flight, more than shameful, is destructive here.
 On other works tho' Troy with fury fall,
 And pour her armies o'er our batter'd wall ;

There, Greece has strength : but this, this part
o'erthrown,

Her strength were vain ; I dread for you alone.

Here Hector rages like the force of fire, 81

Vaunts of his Gods, and calls high Jove his fire.

If yet some heav'nly Pow'r your breast excite,

Breathe in your hearts, and string your arms to fight,

v. 79.

—*This part o'erthrown,*

Her strength were vain ; I dread for you alone.]

What address, and at the same time, what strength is there in these words ? Neptune tells the two Ajaces, that he is only afraid for their post, and that the Greeks will perish by that gate, since it is Hector who assaults it : at every other quarter, the Trojans will be repulsed. It may therefore be properly said, that the Ajaces only are vanquished, and that their defeat draws destruction upon all the Greeks. I don't think that any thing better could be invented to animate courageous men, and make them attempt even impossibilities. *Dacier.*

v. 83. *If yet some heav'nly pow'r, &c.]* Here Neptune, considering how the Greeks were discouraged by the knowledge that Jupiter assisted Hector, insinuates, that notwithstanding Hector's confidence in that assistance, yet the power of some other God might countervail it on their part ; wherein he alludes to his own aiding them, and seems not to doubt his ability of contesting the point with Jove himself. It is with the same confidence he afterwards speaks to Iris, of himself and his power, when he refuses to submit to the order of Jupiter in the fifteenth book. Eustathius remarks, what an incentive it must be to the Ajaces to hear those who could stand against Hector equalled in this oblique manner, to the Gods themselves.

I mark'd his parting, and the steps he trod ;
 His own bright evidence reveals a God.
 Ev'n now some energy divine I share, 105
 And seem to walk on wings, and tread in air !
 With equal ardour (Telamon returns)
 My soul is kindled, and my bosom burns ;
 New rising spirits all my force alarm,
 Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm. 110
 This ready arm, unthinking, shakes the dart ;
 The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart ;
 Singly methinks, yon' tow'ring chief I meet,
 And stretch the dreadful Hector at my feet. 114

Full of the God that urg'd their burning breast,
 The heroes thus their mutual warmth express'd.
 Neptune mean-while the routed Greeks inspir'd ;
 Who breathless, pale, with length of labours tir'd,
 Pant in the ships ; while Troy to conquest calls,
 And swarms victorious o'er their yielding walls : 120
 Trembling before th' impending storm they lie,
 While tears of rage stand burning in their eye.
 Greece sunk they thought, and this their fatal hour ;
 But breathe new courage as they feel the Pow'r.

could not be seen face to face by men, seems to have been generally received in most nations. Spondanus observes, that it might be derived from sacred truth, and founded upon what God says to Moses, in Exodus, ch. xxxiii. v. 20, 23. *Man shall not see me and live : thou shalt see my back parts, but my face thou shalt not behold.* For the farther particulars of this notion among the Heathens, see the notes on lib. i. v. 268. and on the vth, v. 971.

Book XIII. HOMER's ILIAD. 223

Teucer and Leitus first his words excite ; 125

Then stern Peneleus rises to the fight ;

Thoas, Deipyrus, in arms renown'd,

And Merion next, th' impulsive fury found ;

Last Nestor's son the same bold ardour takes,

While thus the God the martial fire awakes. 130

Oh lasting infamy, oh dire disgrace

To chiefs of vig'rous youth, and manly race !

I trusted in the Gods, and you, to see

Brave Greece victorious, and her navy free :

v. 131. *The speech of Neptune to the Greeks.*] After Neptune in his former discourse to the Ajaces, who yet maintained a retreating fight, had encouraged them to withstand the attack of the Trojans ; he now addresses himself to those, who having fled out of the battle, and retired to their ships, had given up all for lost. These he endeavours to bring again to the engagement, by one of the most noble and spirited speeches in the whole Iliad. He represents that their present miserable condition was not to be imputed to their want of power, but to their want of resolution to withstand the enemy, whom by experience they had often found unable to resist them. But what is particularly artful, while he is endeavouring to prevail upon them, is, that he does not attribute their present dejection of mind to a cowardly spirit, but to a resentment and indignation of their general's usage of their favourite hero Achilles. With the same softening art, he tells them, he scorns to speak thus to cowards, but is only concerned for their misbehaviour as they are the bravest of the army. He then exhorts them for their own sake to avoid destruction, which would certainly be inevitable, if for a moment longer they delayed to oppose so imminent a danger.

Ah no—the glorious combat you disclaim, 135
 And one black day clouds all her former fame.
 Heav'ns ! what prodigy these eyes survey,
 Unseen, unthought, 'till this amazing day !
 Fly we at length from Troy's oft-conquer'd bands ?
 And falls our fleet by such inglorious hands ? 140
 A rout undisciplin'd, a straggling train,
 Not born to glories of the dusty plain ;

v. 141. *A rout undisciplin'd, &c.*] I translate this line,

αὕτως ἡλάσκεισθαι, ἀτάκιδες, ὅδ' ἐπὶ χερσὶν,

with allusion to the want of military discipline among the Barbarians, so often hinted at in Homer. He is always opposing to this, the exact and regular disposition of his Greeks, and accordingly a few lines after, we are told that the Grecian phalanxes were such, that Mars or Minerva could not have found a defect in them.

v. 155. *Prevent this evil, &c.*] The verse in the original,

ἄλλ' ἀνεώμεθα θᾶσσον, ἀκεραί τοι φρένες ἰσθλῶν,

may be capable of receiving another sense to this effect. If it be your resentment of Agamemnon's usage of Achilles, that with-holds you from the battle, *that evil* (viz. the dissension of those two chiefs) *may soon be remedied, for the minds of good men are easily calmed and composed.* I had once translated it,

Their future strife with speed we shall redress,
 For noble minds are soon compos'd to peace.

But upon considering the whole context more attentively, the other explanation (which is that of Didymus) appeared to me the more natural and unforced, and I have accordingly followed it.

Book XIII. HOMER'S ILIAD. 225

Like frighted fawns from hill to hill pursu'd,
A prey to every savage of the wood :
Shall these, so late who trembled at your name, 145
Invade your camps, involve your ships in flame ?
A change so shameful, say, what cause has wrought ?
The soldier's baseness, or the general's fault ?
Fools ! will ye perish for your leader's vice ;
The purchase infamy, and life the price ? 150
'Tis not your cause, Achilles' injur'd fame :
Another's is the crime, but your's the shame.
Grant that our chief offend thro' rage or lust,
Must you be cowards, if your king's unjust ?
Prevent this evil, and your country save : 155
Small thought retrieves the spirits of the brave.
Think, and subdue ! on dastards dead to fame
I waste no anger, for they feel no shame :
But you, the pride, the flow'r of all our host,
My heart weeps blood to see your glory lost ! 160
Nor deem this day, this battle, all you lose ;
A day more black, a fate more vile, ensues.
Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,
On endless infamy, on instant death.
For lo ! the fated time, th' appointed shore ; 165
Hark ! the gates burst, the brazen barriers roar !
Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall ;
The hour, the spot, to conquer, or to fall.

These words the Grecians fainting hearts inspire,
And list'ning armies catch the godlike fire. 170

Fix'd at his post was each bold Ajax found,
With well-rang'd squadrons strongly circled round :

v. 171. *Fix'd at his post was each bold Ajax found, &c.]*
We must here take notice of an old story, which however groundless and idle it seems, is related by Plutarch, Philostratus, and others. "Ganiſtor, the son of Amphidamas, king of Eubœa, celebrating with all solemnity the funeral of his father, proclaimed according to custom several publick games, among which was the prize of poetry. Homer and Hesiod came to dispute for it. After they had produced several pieces on either side, in all which the audience declared for Homer, Panides, the brother of the deceased, who sat as one of the judges, ordered each of the contending poets to recite that part of his works which he esteemed the best. Hesiod repeated those lines which make the beginning of his second book,

Πηϊάδαν ἀτλαγενέων ἐπιελλομιεάων,
"Ἀρχισθ' ἑμήτεα ἀρώτοις τὲ δυσσομενάων, &c.

"Homer answered with the verses which follow here :
"but the prince preferring the peaceful subject of Hesiod to the martial one of Homer ; contrary to the expectation of all, adjudged the prize to Hesiod." The commentators upon this occasion are very rhetorical, and universally exclaim against so crying a piece of injustice : all the hardest names which learning can furnish, are very liberally bestowed upon poor Panides. Spondanus is mighty smart, calls him Midas, takes him by the ear, and asks the dead prince as many insulting questions, as any of his author's own heroes could have done. Dacier with all gravity tells us, that posterity proved a more equitable judge than Panides. And if I had not told this tale in my turn, I must have incurred the censure of all the schoolmasters in the nation.

So close their order, so dispos'd their fight,
 As Pallas' self might view with fix'd delight ;
 Or had the God of war inclin'd his eyes, 175
 The God of war had own'd a just surprize.
 A chosen phalanx, firm, resolv'd as Fate,
 Descending Hector and his battle wait.

v. 173. *So close their order, &c.*] When Homer re-touches the same subject, he has always the art to rise in his ideas above what he said before. - We shall find an instance of it in this place ; if we compare this manner of commending the exact discipline of an army, with what he had made use of on the same occasion at the end of the fourth Iliad. There it is said, that the most experienced warrior could not have reprehended any thing, had he been led by Pallas through the battle ; but here he carries it farther, in affirming that Pallas and the God of War themselves must have admired this disposition of the Grecian forces. *Eustathius.*

v. 177. *A chosen phalanx, firm, &c.*] Homer in these lines has given us a description of the ancient phalanx, which consisted of several ranks of men closely ranged in this order. The first line stood with their spears levelled directly forward ; the second rank being armed with spears two cubits longer, levelled them likewise forward through the interstices of the first ; and the third in the same manner held forth their spears yet longer, through the two former ranks ; so that the points of the spears of three ranks terminated in one line. All the other ranks stood with their spears erected, in readiness to advance, and fill the vacant places of such as fell. This is the account Eustathius gives of the phalanx, which he observes was only fit for a body of men acting on the defensive, but improper for the attack : and accordingly Homer here only describes the Greeks ordering the battle in this manner, when they had no other view but to stand their

An iron scene gleams dreadful o'er the fields, 179
 Armour in armour lock'd, and shields in shields,
 Spears lean on spears, on targets targets throng,
 Helms stuck to helms, and man drove man along.
 The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,
 As when an earthquake stirs the nodding grove;
 And levell'd at the skies with pointing rays, 185
 Their brandish'd lances at each motion blaze.

Thus breathing death, in terrible array,
 The close-compacted legions urg'd their way:
 Fierce they drove on, impatient to destroy;
 Troy charg'd the first, and Hector first of Troy. 190
 As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn,
 A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne,

ground against the furious assault of the Trojans. The same commentator observes from Hermolytus, an ancient writer of Tactics, that this manner of ordering the phalanx was afterwards introduced among the Spartans by Lycurgus, among the Argives by Lyfander, among the Thebans by Epaminondas, and among the Macedonians by Charidemus.

v. 191. *As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn, &c.* This is one of the noblest similes in all Homer, and the most justly corresponding in its circumstances to the thing described. The furious descent of Hector from the wall represented by a stone that flies from the top of a rock; the hero pushed on by the superiour force of Jupiter, as the stone driven by a torrent; the ruins of the wall falling after him, all things yielding before him, the clamour and tumult around him, all imagined in the violent bounding and leaping of the stone, the crackling of the woods, the shock, the noise, the rapidity, the irresistibility, and the augmentation of force in its progress:

(Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends)

Precipitate the pond'rous mass descends :

all these points of likeness make but the first part of this admirable simile. Then the sudden stop of the stone when it comes to the plain, as of Hector at the phalanx of the Ajaces (alluding to the natural situation of the ground, Hector rushing down the declivity of the shore, and being stopped on the level of the sea :) and lastly, the immobility of both when so stopped, the enemy being as unable to move him back, as he to get forward : this last branch of the comparison is the happiest in the world, and though not hitherto observed, is what methinks makes the principal beauty and force of it. The simile is copied by Virgil, *Æn.* xii.

“ Ac veluti montis saxum de vertice præceps,
 “ Cum ruit avulsum vento, seu turbidus imber
 “ Proluit, aut annis solvit sublapsa vetustas :
 “ Fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu
 “ Exultatque solo ; sylvas, armenta, virosque
 “ Involvens secum. Disjecta per agmina Turnus
 “ Sic urbis ruit ad muros”——

And Tasso has again copied it from Virgil in his xviiiith Book.

“ Qual gran sasso tal hor, che o la vecchiezza
 “ Solve da un monte, o svelle ira de' venti
 “ Ruionosa dirupa, e porta, e spezza
 “ Le selve, e con le case anco gli armenti
 “ Tal giù trahea de la sublime altezza
 “ L'horribil trave e merli, e arme, e gente,
 “ Diè la torre a quel moto une, o duo crolli ;
 “ Tremar le mura, e rimbombaro i colli.”

It is but justice to Homer to take notice how infinitely inferiour both the similies are to their original. They have taken the image without the likeness, and lost those corresponding circumstances which raise the justness and

From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds ; 195
 At ev'ry shock the crackling wood resounds ;
 Still gath'ring force, it smokes ; and, urg'd amain,
 Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to
 the plain :

There stops—So Hector. Their whole force he
 prov'd,
 Resistless when he rag'd, and when he stopt, un-
 mov'd. 200

On him the war is bent, the darts are shed,
 And all their falchions wave around his head :
 Repuls'd he stands, nor from his stand retires ;
 But with repeated shouts his army fires. 204
 Trojans ! be firm ; this arm shall make your way
 Thro' yon' square body, and that black array ·
 Stand, and my spear shall rout their scatt'ring pow'r,
 Strong as they seem, embattled like a tow'r.

sublimity of Homer's. In Virgil it is only the violence
 of Turnus in which the whole application consists : and
 in Tasso it has no farther allusion than to the fall of a
 tower in general.

There is yet another beauty in the numbers of this
 part. As the verses themselves make us see, the sound
 of them makes us hear, what they represent ; in the no-
 ble roughness, rapidity, and sonorous cadence that dis-
 tinguishes them.

ῥίξας, ἀσπέρῳ ὄμῳ ἀναιδέως ἰχμᾶτα πέτρης, &c.

The translation, however short it falls of these beauties,
 may serve to shew the reader, that there was at least an
 endeavour to imitate them.

Book XIII. HOMER'S ILIAD. 231

For he that Juno's heav'nly bosom warms,
The first of Gods, this day inspires our arms. 210

He said, and rous'd the soul in ev'ry breast;
Urg'd with desire of fame, beyond the rest,
Forth march'd Deiphobus; but marching, held
Before his wary steps, his ample shield.

Bold Merion aim'd a stroke (nor aim'd it wide) 215

The glitt'ring jav'lin pierc'd the tough bull-hide;

But pierc'd not thro': unfaithful to his hand,

The point broke short, and sparkled in the sand.

The Trojan warrior, touch'd with timely fear,

On the rais'd orb to distance bore the spear: 220

The Greek retreating mourn'd his frustrate blow,

And curs'd the treach'rous lance that spar'd a foe;

Then to the ships with surly speed he went,

To seek a furer jav'lin in his tent. 224

Meanwhile with rising rage the battle glows,

The tumult thickens, and the clamour grows.

By Teucer's arm the warlike Imbrius bleeds,

The son of Mentor, rich in gen'rous steeds.

E'er yet to Troy the sons of Greece were led,

In fair Pedæus' verdant pastures bred, 230

The youth had dwelt; remote from wars alarms,

And bless'd in bright Medesicaste's arms:

(This nymph, the fruit of Priam's ravish'd joy,

Ally'd the warrior to the house of Troy.)

To Troy, when glory call'd his arms, he came, 235

And match'd the bravest of her chiefs in fame:

With Priam's sons, a guardian of the throne,

He liv'd, belov'd and honour'd as his own.

Him Teucer pierc'd between the throat and ear :
 He groans beneath the Telamonian spear. 240
 As from some far-seen mountain's airy crown,
 Subdu'd by steel, a tall ash tumbles down,
 And foils its verdant tresses on the ground :
 So falls the youth ; his arms the fall resound.
 Then Teucer rushing to despoil the dead, 245
 From Hector's hand a shining jav'lin fled :
 He saw, and shunn'd the death ; the forceful dart
 Sung on, and pierc'd Amphimachus's heart,
 Cteatus' son, of Neptune's forceful line ;
 Vain was his courage, and his race divine ! 250
 Prostrate he falls ; his clanging arms resound,
 And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.
 To seize his beamy helm the victor flies,
 And just had fasten'd on the dazzling prize,
 When Ajax' manly arm a jav'lin flung ; 255
 Full on the shield's round boss the weapon rung ;
 He felt the shock, nor more was doom'd to feel,
 Secure in mail, and sheath'd in shining steel.
 Repuls'd he yields ; the victor Greeks obtain
 The spoils contested, and bear off the slain. 260
 Between the leaders of th' Athenian line,
 (Stichius the brave, Menestheus the divine,)
 Deplor'd Amphimachus, sad object ! lies ;
 Imbrius remains the fierce Ajaces' prize.
 As two grim lions bear across the lawn, 265
 Snatch'd from devouring hounds, a slaughter'd
 fawn,

In their fell jaws high-lifting thro' the wood,
And sprinkling all the shrubs with drops of blood ;
So these the chief : great Ajax from the dead
Strips his bright arms, Oileus lops his head : 270
Toss'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away,
At Hector's feet the gory visage lay.

The God of Ocean fir'd with stern disdain,
And pierc'd with sorrow for his * grandson slain,
Inspires the Grecian hearts, confirms their hands,
And breathes destruction on the Trojan bands. 276
Swift as a whirlwind rushing to the fleet,
He finds the lance-fam'd Idomen of Crete ;

v. 278. *Idomen of Crete.*] Idomeneus appears at large in this book, whose character (if I take it right) is such as we see pretty often in common life : a person of the first rank, sufficient enough of his high birth, growing into years, conscious of his decline of strength and active qualities ; and therefore endeavouring to make it up to himself in dignity, and to preserve the veneration of others. The true picture of a stiff old soldier, not willing to lose any of the reputation he has acquired ; yet not inconsiderate in danger ; but by the sense of his age, and by his experience in battle, become too cautious to engage with any great odds against him : very careful and tender of his soldiers, whom he had commanded so long, that they were become old acquaintance ; (so that it was with great judgment Homer chose to introduce him here, in performing a kind office to one of them who was wounded.) Talkative upon subjects of war, as afraid that others might lose the memory of what he had done in better days, of which the long conversation with Meriones, and Ajax's reproach to him in Il. xxiii. v. 473 of

* Amphimachus.

His pensive brow the gen'rous care exprest
 With which a wounded soldier touch'd his breast,

the original, are sufficient proofs. One may observe some strokes of lordliness and state in his character : that respect Agamemnon seems careful to treat him with, and the particular distinctions shewn him at table, are mentioned in a manner that insinuates they were points upon which this prince not a little insisted. Il. iv. v. 296, &c. The vaunting of his family in this book, together with his sarcasms and contemptuous raileries on his dead enemies, favour of the same turn of mind. And it seems there was among the ancients a tradition of Idomeneus, which strengthens this conjecture of his pride : for we find in the Heroicks of Philostratus, that before he would come to the Trojan war, he demanded a share in the sovereign command with Agamemnon himself.

I must, upon this occasion, make an observation once for all, which will be applicable to many passages in Homer, and afford a solution of many difficulties. It is, that our author drew several of his characters with an eye to the histories then known of famous persons, or the traditions that past in those times. One cannot believe otherwise of a poet, who appears so nicely exact in observing all the customs of the age he described : nor can we imagine the infinite number of minute circumstances relating to particular persons, which we meet with every where in his poem, could possibly have been invented purely as ornaments to it. This reflection will account for a hundred seeming oddnesses not only in the *characters*, but in the *speeches* of the Iliad : for as no author is more true than Homer to the character of the person he introduces speaking, so no one more often suits his oratory to the character of the person spoken to. Many of these beauties must needs be lost to us, yet this supposition will give a new light to several particulars. For instance, the speech I have been mentioning of Agamemnon to

Book XIII. HOMER'S ILIAD. 235

Whom in the chance of war a jav'lin tore, 281
And his sad comrades from the battle bore;
Him to the surgeons of the camp he sent;
That office paid, he issu'd from his tent,
Fierce for the fight: to whom the God begun, 285
In Thoas' voice, Andraemon's valiant son,
Who rul'd where Calydon's white rocks arise,
And Pleuron's chalky cliffs emblaze the skies.

Where's now th' imperious vaunt, the daring boast
Of Greece victorious, and proud Ilion lost? 290
To whom the king. On Greece no blame be
thrown,

Arms are her trade, and war is all her own.
Her hardy heroes from the well-fought plains
Nor fear with-holds, nor shameful sloth detains.
'Tis heav'n, alas! and Jove's all-pow'rful doom, 295
That far, far distant from our native home

Idomeneus in the fourth book, wherein he puts this hero in mind of the magnificent entertainments he had given him, becomes in this view much less odd and surprising. Or who can tell but it had some allusion to the manners of the Cretans whom he commanded, whose character was so well known, as to become a proverb: *The Cretans, evil beasts, and slow bellies.*

v. 283. *The surgeons of the camp.*] Podalirius and Machaon were not the only physicians in the army; it appears from some passages in this poem, that each body of troops had one peculiar to themselves. It may not be improper to advertise, that the ancient physicians were all surgeons. *Eustathius.*

236 HOMER'S I L I A D. Book XIII.

Wills us to fall, inglorious ! Oh my friend !
Once foremost in the fight, still prone to lend
Or arms, or counsels ; now perform thy best,
And what thou can'st not singly, urge the rest.

Thus he ; and thus the God, whose force can
make 301

The solid globe's eternal basis shake.

Ah ! never may he see his native land,
But feed the vultures on this hateful strand,
Who seeks ignobly in his ships to stay, 305
Nor dares to combat on this signal day !

For this, behold ! in horrid arms I shine,
And urge thy soul to rival acts with mine ;
Together let us battle on the plain ;
Two, not the worst ; nor ev'n this succour vain :
Not vain the weakest, if their force unite ; 311
But ours, the bravest have confess'd in fight.

This said, he rushes where the combat burns ;
Swift to his tent the Cretan king returns.
From thence, two jav'lin's glitt'ring in his hand,
And clad in arms that lighten'd all the strand, 316
Fierce on the foe th' impetuous hero drove ;
Like light'ning bursting from the arm of Jove,
Which to pale man the wrath of heav'n declares,
Or terrifies th' offending world with wars ; 320
In streamy sparkles, kindling all the skies,
From pole to pole the trail of glory flies.

Thus his bright armour o'er the dazzled throng
Gleam'd dreadful, as the monarch flash'd along.

Him, near his tent, Meriones attends ; 325
Whom thus he questions : Ever best of friends !

v. 325. — — *Meriones attends ; Whom thus he questions—*]
This conversation between Idomeneus and Meriones is generally censured as highly improper and out of place, and as such is given up even by M. Dacier, the most zealous of our poet's defenders. However, if we look closely into the occasion and drift of this discourse, the accusation will, I believe, appear not so well grounded. Two persons of distinction, just when the enemy is put to a stop by the Ajaces, meet behind the army : having each on important occasions retired out of the fight, the one to help a wounded soldier, the other to seek a new weapon. Idomeneus, who is superiour in years as well as authority, returning to the battle, is surpris'd to meet Meriones out of it, who was one of his own officers (*Σεβόπρων*, as Homer here calls him) and being jealous of his soldier's honour, demands the cause of his quitting the fight. Meriones having told him it was the want of a spear, he yet seems unsatisfied with the excuse ; adding, that he himself did not approve of that distant manner of fighting with a spear. Meriones being touched to the quick with this reproach, replies, that he of all the Greeks had the least reason to suspect his courage : whereupon Idomeneus perceiving him highly piqued, assures him he entertains no such hard thoughts of him, since he had often known his courage proved on such occasions, where the danger being greater, and the number smaller, it was impossible for a coward to conceal his natural infirmity : but now recollecting that a malicious mind might give a sinister interpretation to their inactivity during this discourse, he immediately breaks it off upon that reflection. As therefore this conversation has its rise from a jealousy in the most tender point of honour, I think the poet cannot justly be blamed for suffering a discourse so full of warm sentiments to run

O say, in ev'ry art of battle skill'd,
 What holds thy courage from so brave a field?
 On some important message art thou bound, 330
 Or bleeds my friend by some unhappy wound?
 Inglorious here, my soul abhors to stay,
 And glows with prospects of th' approaching day.

O prince! (Meriones replies) whose care
 Leads forth th' embattled sons of Crete to war; 335
This speaks my grief; this headless lance I wield;
 The rest lies rooted in a Trojan shield.

To whom the Cretan: Enter, and receive
 The wanted weapons; those my tent can give;
 Spears I have store, (and Trojan lances all) 340
 That shed a lustre round th' illumin'd wall.

on for about forty verses; which after all cannot be supposed to take up more than two or three minutes from action.

v. 335. *This headless lance, &c.*] We have often seen several of Homer's combatants lose and break their spears, yet they do not therefore retire from the battle to seek other weapons; why therefore does Homer here send Meriones on this errand? It may be said, that in the kind of fight which the Greeks now maintained drawn up into the phalanx, Meriones was useless without this weapon.

v. 339. *Spears I have store, &c.*] Idomeneus describes his tent as a magazine, stored with variety of arms won from the enemy, which were not only laid up as useless trophies of his victories, but kept there in order to supply his own and his friend's occasions. And this consideration shews us one reason why these warriors contended with such eagerness to carry off the arms of a vanquished enemy.

Tho' I, disdainful of the distant war,
 Nor trust the dart, or aim th' uncertain spear,
 Yet hand to hand I fight, and spoil the slain;
 And thence these trophies, and these arms I gain.
 Enter, and see on heaps the helmets roll'd, 345
 And high-hung spears, and shields that flame with
 gold.

This gives me an occasion to animadvert upon a false remark of Eustathius, which is inserted in the notes on the eleventh book, "that Homer, to shew us nothing is so unseasonable in a battle as to stay to despoil the slain, feigns that most of the warriors who do it, are killed, wounded, or unsuccessful." I am astonished how so great a mistake should fall from any man who had read Homer, much more from one who had read him so thoroughly, and even superstitiously, as the old archbishop of Thessalonica. There is scarce a book in Homer that does not abound with instances to the contrary, where the conquerors strip their enemies, and bear off their spoils in triumph. It was (as I have already said in the Essay on Homer's Battles) as honourable an exploit in those days to carry off the arms, as it is now to gain a standard. But it is a strange consequence, that because our author sometimes represents a man unsuccessful in a glorious attempt, he therefore discommends the attempt itself; and is as good an argument against encountering an enemy living, as against despoiling him dead. One ought not to confound this with plundering, between which Homer has so well marked the distinction; when he constantly speaks of the spoils as glorious, but makes Nestor in the sixth book, and Hector in the fifteenth, directly forbid the pillage, as a practice that has often proved fatal in the midst of a victory, and sometimes even after it.

Nor vain (said Merion) are our martial toils;
 We too can boast of no ignoble spoils.
 But those my ship contains; whence distant far,
 I fight conspicuous in the van of war. 350
 What need I more? If any Greek there be
 Who knows not Merion, I appeal to thee.

To this, Idomeneus. The fields of fight
 Have prov'd thy valour, and unconquer'd might;
 And were some ambush for the foes design'd, 355
 Ev'n there, thy courage would not lag behind.
 In that sharp service, singled from the rest,
 The fear of each, or valour, stands confest.

v. 353. *To this, Idomeneus.*] There is a great deal more dialogue in Homer than in Virgil. The Roman poet's are generally set speeches, those of the Greek more in conversation. What Virgil does by two words of a narration, Homer brings about by a speech; he hardly raises one of his heroes out of bed without some talk concerning it. There are not only replies, but rejoinders in Homer, a thing scarce ever to be found in Virgil; the consequence whereof is, that there must be in the Iliad many continued conversations (such as this of our two heroes) a little resembling common chit-chat. This renders the poem more natural and animated, but less grave and majestic. However, that such was the way of writing generally practised in those ancient times, appears from the like manner used in most of the books of the Old Testament; and it particularly agreed with our author's warm imagination, which delighted in perpetual imagery, and in painting every circumstance of what he described.

v. 357. *In that sharp service, &c.*] In a general battle cowardice may be the more easily concealed, by reason o

No force, no firmness, the pale coward shows ;
 He shifts his place ; his colour comes and goes ;
 A dropping sweat creeps cold on ev'ry part ; 361
 Against his bosom beats his quiv'ring heart ;
 Terrour and death in his wild eye-balls stare ;
 With chatt'ring teeth he stands, and stiff'ning hair, }
 And looks a bloodless image of despair ! 365 }
 Not so the brave—still dauntless, still the same,
 Unchang'd his colour, and unmov'd his frame ;
 Compos'd his thought, determin'd is his eye,
 And fix'd his soul, to conquer or to die :
 If aught disturb the tenour of his breast, 370
 'Tis but the wish to strike before the rest.

In such assays thy blameless worth is known,
 And ev'ry art of dang'rous war thy own.
 By chance of fight whatever wounds you bore,
 Those wounds were glorious all, and all before ;
 Such as may teach, 'twas still thy brave delight 376
 T' oppose thy bosom where the foremost fight.
 But why, like infants, cold to honour's charms,
 Stand we to talk, when glory calls to arms ?
 Go—from my conquer'd spears the choicest take,
 And to their owners send them nobly back. 381

the number of the combatants ; but in an ambuscade, where the soldiers are few, each must be discovered to be what he is : this is the reason why the ancients entertained so great an idea of this sort of war ; the bravest men were always chosen to serve upon such occasions.
Eustathius.

Swift as the word bold Merion snatch'd a spear,
 And breathing slaughter follow'd to the war.
 So Mars armipotent invades the plain,
 (The wide destroyer of the race of man)

385

v. 384. *So Mars armipotent, &c.*] Homer varies his similitudes with all imaginable art, sometimes deriving them from the properties of animals, sometimes from natural passions, sometimes from the occurrences of life, and sometimes (as in the simile before us) from history. The invention of Mars's passage from Thrace (which was feigned to be the country of that God) to the Phlegyans and Ephyrians, is a very beautiful and poetical manner of celebrating the martial genius of that people, who lived in perpetual wars.

Methinks there is something of a fine enthusiasm in Homer's manner of fetching a compass, as it were, to draw in new images, besides those in which the direct point of likeness consists. Milton perfectly well understood the beauty of these digressive images, as we may see from the following simile, which is in a manner made up of them.

Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
 In Vallombrosa (where th' Etrurian shades
 High over-arch'd embow'r.) Or scatter'd sedge
 Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
 Hath vex'd the Red-sea coast (whose wave o'erthrew
 Busris and his Memphian chivalry,
 While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd
 The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
 From the safe shore their floating carcasses,
 And broken chariot-wheels)—So thick bestrown
 Abject and lost lay these.—

As for the general purport of this comparison of Homer, it gives us a noble and majestick idea, at once, of Idomeneus and Meriones, represented by Mars and his son

Terrour, his best lov'd son, attends his course,
 Arm'd with stern boldness, and enormous force ;
 The pride of haughty warriors to confound,
 And lay the strength of tyrants on the ground :
 From Thrace they fly, call'd to the dire alarms 390
 Of warring Phlegians, and Ephyrian arms ;
 Invok'd by both, relentless they dispose
 To these glad conquest, murd'rous rout to those.
 So march'd the leaders of the Cretan train, 394
 And their bright arms shot horror o'er the plain.

Then first spake Merion : Shall we join the right,
 Or combat in the center of the fight ?

Terrour ; in which each of these heroes is greatly elevated, yet the just distinction between them preserved. The beautiful simile of Virgil in his twelfth *Æneid* is drawn with an eye to this of our author :

“ Qualis apud gelidi cùm flumina concitus Hebri
 “ Sanguineus Mavors clypeo increpat, atque furentes
 “ Bella movens immittit equos ; ille æquore aperto
 “ Ante Notos Zephyrumque volant : gemit ultima pulsu
 “ Thraca pedum : circumque atræ Formidinis ora,
 “ Iræque, Infidiæque, Dei comitatus, aguntur.”

v. 396. — *Shall we join the right,
 Or combat in the center of the fight ?
 Or to the left our wonted succour lend ?*]

The common interpreters have to this question of Meriones given a meaning which is highly impertinent, if not downright nonsense ; explaining it thus : *Shall we fight on the right, or in the middle ; or on the left, for no where else do the Greeks so much want assistance ?* which amounts to this : “ Shall we engage where our assistance “ is most wanted, or where it is not wanted.” The

Or to the left our wonted succour lend ?

Hazard and fame all parts alike attend.

Not in the center, (Idomen reply'd) 400

Our ablest chieftains the main battle guide ;

Each god-like Ajax makes that post his care,

And gallant Teucer deals destruction there :

Skill'd, or with shafts to gall the distant field,

Or bear close battle on the sounding shield. 405

These can the rage of haughty Hector tame :

Safe in their arms, the navy fears no flame ;

'Till Jove himself descends, his bolts to shed,

And hurl the brazen ruin at our head.

context, as well as the words of the original, oblige us to understand it in this obvious meaning ; *Shall we bring our assistance to the right, to the left, or to the center ? Since the Greeks being equally pressed and engaged on all sides, equally need our aid in all parts.*

v. 400. *Not in the center, &c.*] There is in this answer of Idomeneus a small circumstance which is overlooked by the commentators, but in which the whole spirit and reason of what is said by him consists. He says he is in no fear for the center, since it is defended by Teucer and Ajax ; Teucer being not only most famous for the use of the bow, but likewise excellent *ἐν σταδίῳ, ὑσμίνῃ*, in a *close standing fight* : and as for Ajax, though not so swift of foot as Achilles, yet he was equal to him *ἐν αὐτῷ σταδίῳ*, in the same *steadfast* manner of fighting ; hereby intimating that he was secure for the center, because that post was defended by two persons both accomplished in that part of war, which was most necessary for the service they were then engaged in ; the two expressions before mentioned peculiarly signifying a *firm* and *steady* way of fighting, most useful in maintaining a post.

Book XIII. HOMER's ILIAD. 245

Great must he be, of more than human birth, 410

Nor feed like mortals on the fruits of earth,

Him neither rocks can crush, nor steel can wound,

Whom Ajax fells not on th' ensanguin'd ground.

In standing fight he mates Achilles' force,

Excell'd alone in swiftness in the course. 415

Then to the left our ready arms apply,

And live with glory, or with glory die.

He said; and Merion to the appointed place,

Fierce as the God of battles, urg'd his pace.

Soon as the foe the shining chiefs beheld 420

Rush like a fiery torrent o'er the field,

Their force embody'd in a tide they pour;

The rising combat sounds along the shore.

As warring winds, in Sirius' sultry reign, 424

From diff'rent quarters sweep the sandy plain;

On ev'ry side the dusty whirlwinds rise,

And the dry fields are lifted to the skies:

Thus by despair, hope, rage, together driv'n,

Met the black hosts, and meeting, darken'd heav'n.

All dreadful glar'd the iron face of war, 430

Bristled with upright spears, that flash'd afar;

Dire was the gleam, of breast-plates, helms, and
shields,

And polish'd arms emblaz'd the flaming fields:

Tremendous scene! that gen'ral horror gave,

But touch'd with joy the bosoms of the brave. 435

Saturn's great sons in fierce contention vy'd,

And crouds of heroes in their anger dy'd.

The Sire of earth and heav'n, by Thetis won
 To crown with glory Peleus' god-like son,
 Will'd not destruction to the Grecian pow'rs, 440
 But spar'd a while the destin'd Trojan tow'rs :
 While Neptune rising from his azure main,
 Warr'd on the King of Heav'n with stern disdain,
 And breath'd revenge, and fir'd the Grecian train. }
 Gods of one source, of one ethereal race, 445
 Alike divine, and heav'n their native place ;
 But Jove the greater ; first-born of the skies,
 And more than men, or Gods, supremely wise.
 For this, of Jove's superiour might afraid,
 Neptune in human form conceal'd his aid. 450
 These pow'rs infold the Greek and Trojan train
 In War and Discord's adamantine chain,

v. 451.] It will be necessary, for the better understanding the conduct of Homer in every battle he describes, to reflect on the particular kind of fight, and the circumstances that distinguish each. In this view therefore we ought to remember through this whole book, that the battle described in it, is a fixed close fight, wherein the armies engage in a gross compact body, without any skirmishes or feats of activity so often mentioned in the foregoing engagements. We see at the beginning of it the Grecians form a phalanx, v. 177. which continues unbroken at the very end, v. 1006. The chief weapon made use of is a *spear*, being most proper for this manner of combat ; nor do we see any other use of a chariot, but to carry off the dead or wounded (as in the instance of Harpalion and Deiphobus.)

From hence we may observe with what judgment and propriety Homer introduces Idomeneus as the chief in action on this occasion : for this hero being declined

Indissolubly strong ; the fatal tye
Is stretch'd on both, and close-compell'd they die.

Dreadful in arms, and grown in combats grey,
The bold Idomeneus controlls the day. 456

from his prime, and somewhat stiff with years, was only fit for this kind of engagement, as Homer expressly says in the 512th verse of the present book.

Οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἔμπεδα γυῖα ποδῶν ἦν ὁρμηθέντι,
Οὐτ' ἄρ' ἐπαίξαι μεθ' ἰὸν βέλος, ἔτ' ἀλέασθαι.
Τῷ ῥα καὶ ἐν σταδίῃ μὲν ἀμύνετο νηλεὲς ἥμαρ.

See the translation, v. 648, &c.

v. 452. *In War and Discord's adamantine chain.*] This short but comprehensive allegory is very proper to give us an idea of the present condition of the two contending armies, who being powerfully sustained by the assistance of superiour Deities, join and mix together in a close and bloody engagement, without any remarkable advantage on either side. To image to us this state of things, the poet represents Jupiter and Neptune holding the two armies close bound by a mighty chain, which he calls the knot of contention and war, and of which the two Gods draw the extremities, whereby the enclosed armies are compelled together, without any possibility on either side to separate or conquer. There is not perhaps in Homer any image at once so exact and bold. Madam Dacier acknowledges, that despairing to make this passage shine in her language, she purposely omitted it in her translation : but from what she says in her annotations, it seems that she did not rightly apprehend the propriety and beauty of it. Hobbes too was not very sensible of it, when he translated it so oddly :

And thus the saw from brother unto brother
Of cruel war was drawn alternately,
And many slain on one side and the other.

The Sire of earth and heav'n, by Thetis won
 To crown with glory Peleus' god-like son,
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And thus the saw from brother unto brother
Of cruel war was drawn alternately,
And many slain on one side and the other.

First by his hand Othryoneus was slain,
 Swell'd with false hopes, with mad ambition vain !
 Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,
 From high Cabesus' distant walls he came ; 460
 Cassandra's love he fought, with boasts of pow'r,
 And promis'd conquest was the proffer'd dow'r.
 The king consented, by his vaunts abus'd ;
 The king consented, but the Fates refus'd.
 Proud of himself, and of th' imagin'd bride, 465
 The field he measur'd with a larger stride.
 Him, as he stalk'd, the Cretan jav'lin found ;
 Vain was his breast-plate to repel the wound :
 His dream of glory lost, he plung'd to hell :
 His arms resounded as the boaster fell. 470
 The great Idomeneus bestrides the dead ;
 And thus (he cries) behold thy promise sped !

v. 471. *The great Idomeneus bestrides the dead :
 And thus (he cries.—]*

It seems (says Eustathius on this place) that the Iliad being an heroick poem, is of too serious a nature to admit of raillery : yet Homer has found the secret of joining two things that are in a manner incompatible. For this piece of raillery is so far from raising laughter, that it becomes a hero, and is capable to enflame the courage of all who hear it. It also elevates the character of Idomeneus, who notwithstanding he is in the midst of imminent dangers, preserves his usual gaiety of temper, which is the greatest evidence of an uncommon courage.

I confess I am of an opinion very different from this of Eustathius, which is also adopted by M. Dacier. So severe and bloody an irony to a dying person is a fault in morals, if not in poetry itself. It should not have place

Such is the help thy arms to Ilion bring,
And such the contract of the Phrygian king!

at all, or if it should, is ill placed here. Idomeneus is represented a brave man, nay a man of a compassionate nature, in the circumstance he was introduced in, of assisting a wounded soldier. What provocation could such an one have, to insult so barbarously an unfortunate prince, being neither his rival nor particular enemy. True courage is inseparable from humanity, and all generous warriors regret the very victories they gain, when they reflect what a price of blood they cost. I know it may be answered, that these were not the manners of Homer's time; a spirit of violence and devastation then reigned, even among the chosen people of God, as may be seen from the actions of Joshua, &c. However, if one would forgive the *cruelty*, one cannot forgive the *gaiety* on such an occasion. These inhuman jests the poet was so far from being obliged to make, that he was on the contrary forced to break the general serious air of his poem to introduce them. Would it not raise a suspicion, that (whatever we see of his superiour genius in other respects) his own views of morality were not elevated above the barbarity of his age? I think indeed the thing by far the most shocking in this author, is that spirit of cruelty which appears too manifestly in the Iliad.

Virgil was too judicious to imitate Homer in these licences, and is much more reserved in his sarcasms and insults. There are not above four or five in the whole *Æneid*. That of Pyrrhus to Priam in the second book, though barbarous in itself, may be accounted for as intended to raise a character of horror, and to render the action of Pyrrhus odious; whereas Homer stains his most favourite characters with these barbarities. That of Ascanius over Numanus in the ninth, was a fair opportunity where Virgil might have indulged the humour of

Our offers now, illustrious prince ! receive ; 475
 For such an aid what will not Argos give ?
 To conquer Troy, with ours thy forces join,
 And count Atrides' fairest daughter thine.
 Meantime, on farther methods to advise,
 Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies ; 480

a cruel raillery, and have been excused by the youth and gaiety of the speaker ; yet it is no more than a very moderate answer to the insolences with which he had just been provoked by his enemy, only retorting two of his own words upon him.

“ — — I, verbis virtutem illude superbis.

“ Bis capti Phryges hæc Rutulis responsa remittunt.”

He never suffers his Æneas to fall into this practice, but while he is on fire with indignation after the death of his friend Pallas : that short one to Mezentius is the least that could be said to such a tyrant.

“ — — Ubi nunc Mezentius acer, & illa

“ Effera vis animi ? ” —

The worst-natured one I remember (which yet is more excusable than Homer's) is that of Turnus to Eumedes in the twelfth book.

“ En, agros, & quam bello, Trojane, petisti,

“ Hesperiam metire jacens ; hæc præmia, qui me

“ Ferro ausi tentare ; ferunt : sic mœnia condunt.”

v. 474. *And such the contract of the Phrygian king, &c.]*

It was but natural to raise a question, on occasion of these and other passages in Homer, how it comes to pass that the heroes of different nations are so well acquainted with the stories and circumstances of each other ? Eustathius's solution is no ill one, that the warriors on both sides might learn the story of their enemies from the captives they took, during the course of so long a war.

There hear what Greece has on her part to say.
He spoke, and dragg'd the gory corse away.

This Afius view'd, unable to contain,
Before his chariot warring on the plain;
(His crowded courfers, to his squire consign'd,
Impatient panted on his neck behind) 486
To vengeance rising with a sudden spring,
He hop'd the conquest of the Cretan king.
The wary Cretan, as his foe drew near,
Full on his throat discharg'd the forceful spear:
Beneath the chin the point was seen to glide, 491
And glitter'd, extant at the farther side.
As when the mountain-oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine, fit mast for some great admiral,
Groans to the oft-heav'd ax, with many a wound,
Then spreads a length of ruin o'er the ground: 496
So sunk proud Afius in that dreadful day,
And stretch'd before his much-lov'd courfers lay.
He grinds the dust distain'd with streaming gore,
And, fierce in death, lies foaming on the shore.
Depriv'd of motion, stiff with stupid fear, 501
Stands all aghast his trembling charioteer,
Nor shuns the foe, nor turns the steeds away,
But falls transfix'd, an unresisting prey:
Pierc'd by Antilochus, he pants beneath 505
The stately car, and labours out his breath.
Thus Afius' steeds (their mighty master gone)
Remain the prize of Nestor's youthful son,

Stabb'd at the fight, Deiphobus drew nigh, 509
 And made, with force, the vengeful weapon fly.
 The Cretan saw ; and stooping, caus'd to glance
 From his slope shield, the disappointed lance.
 Beneath the spacious targe, (a blazing round,
 Thick with bull-hides and brazen orbits bound,
 On his rais'd arm by two strong braces stay'd) 515
 He lay collected in defensive shade.
 O'er his safe head the jav'lin idly sung,
 And on the tinkling verge more faintly rung.
 Ev'n then, the spear the vigorous arm confest,
 And pierc'd, obliquely, king Hypsenor's breast : 520
 Warm'd in his liver, to the ground it bore
 The chief, his people's guardian now no more !
 Not unattended (the proud Trojan cries)
 Nor unreveng'd, lamented Asius lies :

v. 511. *The Cretan saw ; and stooping, &c.*] Nothing could paint in a more lively manner this whole action, and every circumstance of it, than the following lines. There is the posture of Idomeneus upon seeing the lance flying towards him ; the lifting the shield obliquely to turn it aside ; the arm discovered in that position ; the form, composition, materials, and ornaments of the shield distinctly specified ; the flight of the dart over it ; the sound of it first as it flew, then as it fell ; and the decay of that sound on the edge of the buckler, which being thinner than the other parts, rather tinkled than rung, especially when the first force of the stroke was spent on the orb of it. All this in the compass of so few lines, in which every word is an image, is something more beautifully particular, than I remember to have met with in any poet.

Book XIII. HOMER'S ILIAD. 253

For thee, tho' hell's black portals stand display'd,
This mate shall joy thy melancholy shade. 526

Heart-piercing anguish, at the haughty boast,
Touch'd ev'ry Greek, but Nestor's son the most.
Griev'd as he was, his pious arms attend,
And his broad buckler shields his slaughter'd friend;
'Till sad Mecistheus and Alastor bore 531
His honour'd body to the tented shore.

Nor yet from fight Idomeneus withdraws;
Resolv'd to perish in his country's cause,
Or find some foe, whom heav'n and he shall doom
To wail his fate in death's eternal gloom. 536
He sees Alcathous in the front aspire:
Great Æsyetes was the hero's fire;
His spouse Hippodamè, divinely fair,
Anchises' eldest hope, and darling care; 540
Who charm'd her parent's and her husband's heart,
With beauty, sense, and ev'ry work of art:
He once, of Ilion's youth, the loveliest boy,
The fairest she, of all the fair of Troy.
By Neptune now the hapless hero dies, 545
Who covers with a cloud those beauteous eyes,

v. 543. *He once of Ilion's youth, the loveliest boy.*] Some manuscripts, after these words, ὡς ἐν Τροίῃ εὐρείῃ, insert the three following verses;

Πρὶν Ἀθηνορίδας τραφόμεν ἢ Πανθόον υἱας
Πριαμίδας δ' οἱ τρωσὶ μέλαπρεπον ἵπποδάμοισιν
Ἔως ἐθ' ἦσθην εἶκεν, ὄφελλε δὲ κύριον ἄνθρῳ;

which I have not translated, as not thinking them genuine. Mr. Barnes is of the same opinion.

And fetters ev'ry limb : yet bent to meet
 His fate he stands ; nor shuns the lance of Crete.
 Fixt as some column, or deep-rooted oak,
 (While the winds sleep) his breast receiv'd the
 stroke. 550

Before the pond'rous stroke his corselet yields,
 Long us'd to ward the death in fighting fields.
 The riven armour sends a jarring sound :
 His lab'ring heart, heaves with so strong a bound, }
 The long lance shakes, and vibrates in the wound : }
 Fast-flowing from its source, as prone he lay, 565
 Life's purple tide impetuous gush'd away.

Then Idomen, insulting o'er the slain.
 Behold, Deïphobus ! nor vaunt in vain :
 See ! on one Greek three Trojan ghosts attend, 560
 This, my third victim, to the shades I send.

v. 554. *His lab'ring heart, heaves with so strong a bound,
 The long lance shakes, and vibrates in the wound.]*

We cannot read Homer without observing a wonderful variety in the wounds and manner of dying. Some of these wounds are painted with very singular circumstances, and those of uncommon art and beauty. This passage is a masterpiece in that way ; Alcathous is pierced into the heart, which throbs with so strong a pulse, that the motion is communicated even to the distant end of the spear, which is vibrated thereby. This circumstance might appear too bold, and the effect beyond nature, were we not informed by the most skilful anatomists of the wonderful force of this muscle, which some of them computed to be equal to the weight of several thousand pounds. *Lower de corde, Borellus, & alii.*

Approaching now, thy boasted might approve,
 And try the prowess of the seed of Jove.
 From Jove, enamour'd on a mortal dame,
 Great Minos, guardian of his country, came : 565
 Deucalion, blameless prince ! was Minos' heir ;
 His first-born I, the third from Jupiter :
 O'er spacious Crete, and her bold sons I reign,
 And thence my ships transport me thro' the main :
 Lord of a host, o'er all my host I shine, 570
 A scourge to thee, thy father, and thy line.

The Trojan heard ; uncertain, or to meet
 Alone, with vent'rous arms, the king of Crete ;
 Or seek auxiliar force : at length decreed
 To call some hero to partake the deed, 575
 Forthwith Æneas rises to his thought :
 For him, in Troy's remotest lines, he fought ;
 Where he, incens'd at partial Priam, stands,
 And sees superiour posts in meaner hands.

v. 578. *Incens'd at partial Priam, &c.*] Homer here gives the reason why Æneas did not fight in the foremost ranks. It was against his inclination that he served Priam, and he was rather engaged by honour and reputation to assist his country, than by any disposition to aid that prince. This passage is purely historical, and the ancients have preserved to us a tradition which serves to explain it. They say that Æneas became suspected by Priam, on account of an oracle which prophesied he should in process of time rule over the Trojans. The king therefore shewed him no great degree of esteem or consideration, with design to discredit, and render him despicable to the people. *Eustathius*. This envy of Priam,

To him, ambitious of so great an aid, 580
The bold Deiphobus approach'd, and said :

Now, Trojan prince, employ thy pious arms,
If e'er thy bosom felt fair honour's charms.

and this report of the oracle, are mentioned by Achilles
to Æneas in the twentieth book.

— — ἢ σέ γε θυμὸς ἐμοὶ μαχίσσασθαι ἀνέγει,
Ἐλπόμενον Τρώεσσιν ἀνάξειν ἱπποδάμοισι,
Τιμῆς τῆς Πριάμου ; ἀτὰρ εἴπεν ἐμ' ἐξαναρίξῃς,
Οὔτοι τάνεκά γε Πριάμῳ γέρας ἐν χερσὶ δόσει.
Εἰσὶ γὰρ οἱ παῖδες.—

(See v. 216, &c. of the translation.) And Neptune in
the same book,

Ἦδ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα Πριάμου γένεθ' ἤχθησε Κρονίων.
Νῦν δὲ δὴ Αἰνείας βίη Τρώεσσιν ἀνάξει,
Καὶ παῖδες παιδῶν, τοὶ κεν μετόπισθε γένεσσι.

In the translation, v. 375, &c.

I shall conclude this note with the character of Æneas,
as it is drawn by Philostratus, wherein he makes mention
of the same tradition. “ Æneas (says this author) was
“ inferior to Hector in battle only, in all else equal, and
“ in prudence superiour. He was likewise skilful in
“ whatever related to the Gods, and conscious of what
“ destiny had reserved for him after the taking of Troy.
“ Incapable of fear, never discomposed, and particularly
“ possessing himself in the article of danger. Hector is
“ reported to have been called the hand, and Æneas the
“ head of the Trojans ; and the latter more advantaged
“ their affairs by his caution, than the former by his
“ fury. These two heroes were much of the same age,
“ and the same stature : the air of Æneas had something
“ in it less bold and forward, but at the same time more
“ fixed and constant.” *Philostrat. Heroic.*

Book XIII. HOMER'S ILIAD. 257

Alcathous dies, thy brother and thy friend ! 584

Come, and the warrior's lov'd remains defend.

Beneath his cares thy early youth was train'd,

One table fed you, and one roof contain'd.

This deed to fierce Idomeneus we owe ;

Haste, and revenge it on th' insulting foe.

Æneas heard, and for a space resign'd 590

To tender pity all his manly mind ;

Then rising in his rage, he burns to fight :

The Greek awaits him, with collected might.

As the fell boar on some rough mountain's head,

Arm'd with wild terrours, and to slaughter bred,

When the loud rusticks rise, and shout from far, 596

Attends the tumult, and expects the war ;

O'er his bent back the bristly horrors rise,

Fires stream in light'ning from his sanguine eyes,

His foaming tusks both dogs and men engage, 600

But most his hunters rouse his mighty rage :

So stood Idomeneus, his jaw'lin shook,

And met the Trojan with a low'ring look.

Antilochus, Deïpyrus were near,

The youthful offspring of the God of war, 605

Merion, and Aphareus, in field renown'd :

To these the warrior sent his voice around.

Fellows in arms ! your timely aid unite ;

Lo, great Æneas rushes to the fight : 609

Sprung from a God, and more than mortal bold ;

He fresh in youth, and I in arms grown old.

Else should this hand, this hour, decide the strife,

The great dispute, of glory, or of life.

He spoke, and all as with one soul obey'd ;
 Their lifted bucklers cast a dreadful shade 615
 Around the chief. Æneas too demands
 Th' assisting forces of his native bands :
 Paris, Deiphobus, Agenor join ;
 (Co-aids and captains of the Trojan line)
 In order follow all th' embody'd train ; 620
 Like Ida's flocks proceeding o'er the plain ;
 Before his fleecy care, erect and bold,
 Stalks the proud ram, the father of the fold :
 With joy the swain surveys them, as he leads
 To the cool fountains, thro' the well-known meads,
 So joys Æneas, as his native band,
 Moves on in rank, and stretches o'er the land.

Round dead Alcathous now the battle rose ;
 On ev'ry side the steely circle grows ;
 Now batter'd breast-plates and hack'd helmets
 ring, 630
 And o'er their heads unheeded jav'lines sing.

v. 621. *Like Ida's flocks, &c.*] Homer, whether he treats of the customs of men or beasts, is always a faithful interpreter of nature. When sheep leave the pasture and drink freely, it is a certain sign, that they have found good pasturage, and that they are all found ; it is therefore upon this account, that Homer says the shepherd rejoices. Homer, we find, well understood what Aristotle many ages after him remarked, viz. that sheep grow fat by drinking. This therefore is the reason, why shepherds are accustomed to give their flocks a certain quantity of salt every five days in the summer, that they may by this means drink the more freely. *Eustathius.*

Above the rest, two tow'ring chiefs appear,
 There great Idomeneus, Æneas here.
 Like Gods of war, dispensing fate, they stood,
 And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual
 blood. 635

The Trojan weapon whizz'd along in air,
 The Cretan saw, and shun'd the brazen spear :
 Sent from an arm so strong, the missive wood
 Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it stood.
 But Oenomas receiv'd the Cretan's stroke, 640
 The forceful spear his hollow corselet broke,
 It ripp'd his belly with a ghastly wound,
 And roll'd the smoking entrails to the ground.
 Stretch'd on the plain, he sobs away his breath,
 And furious, grasps the bloody dust in death. 645
 The victor from his breast the weapon tears ;
 (His spoils he could not, for the show'r of spears.)
 Tho' now unfit an active war to wage,
 Heavy with cumb'rous arms, stiff with cold age,
 His listless limbs unable for the course ; 650
 In standing fight he yet maintains his force :
 'Till faint with labour, and by foes repell'd,
 His tir'd, slow steps, he drags from off the field.

Deiphobus beheld him as he past,
 And, fir'd with hate, a parting jav'lin cast : 655

v. 655. *And, fir'd with hate.*] Homer does not tell us the occasion of his hatred ; but since his days, Simonides and Ibycus write, that Idomeneus and Deiphobus were rivals, and both in love with Helen. This very well agrees with the ancient tradition which Euripides and

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The jav'lin err'd, but held its course along,
And, pierc'd Ascalaphus, the brave and young :
The son of Mars fell gasping on the ground,
And gnash'd the dust all bloody with his wound.

Nor knew the furious father of his fall ; 660
High-thron'd amidst the great Olympian hall,
On golden clouds th' immortal synod sat ;
Detain'd from bloody war by Jove and Fate.

Now, where in dust the breathless hero lay,
For slain Ascalaphus commenc'd the fray. 665
Deïphobus to seize his helmet flies,
And from his temples rends the glitt'ring prize ;
Valiant as Mars, Meriones drew near,
And on his loaded arm discharg'd his spear :
He drops the weight, disabled with the pain ; 670
The hollow helmet rings against the plain.
Swift as a vulture leaping on his prey,
From his torn arm the Grecian rent away
The reeking jav'lin, and rejoin'd his friends.
His wounded brother good Polites tends ; 675
Around his waist his pious arms he threw,
And from the rage of combat gently drew :
Him his swift coursers, on his splendid car
Rapt from the less'ning thunder of the war ;
To Troy they drove him, groaning from the
shore, 680
And sprinkling, as he past, the sands with gore.

Virgil have followed : for after the death of Paris, they
tell us she was espoused to Deïphobus. *Eustathius.*

Meanwhile fresh slaughter bathes the sanguine
 ground,
 Heaps fall on heaps, and heav'n and earth resound.
 Bold Aphareus by great Æneas bled ; 684
 As tow'rd the chief he turn'd his daring head,
 He pierc'd his throat ; the bending head, deprest
 Beneath his helmet, nods upon his breast ;
 His shield revers'd o'er the fall'n warrior lies ;
 And everlasting slumber seals his eyes.
 Antilochus, as Thoön turn'd him round, 690
 Transpierc'd his back with a dishonest wound :
 The hollow vein that to the neck extends
 Along the chine, his eager jav'lin rends :
 Supine he falls, and to his social train 694
 Spreads his imploring arms, but spreads in vain.
 Th' exulting victor, leaping where he lay,
 From his broad shoulders tore the spoils away ;
 His time observ'd ; for clos'd by foes around,
 On all sides thick, the peals of arms resound.
 His shield emboss'd, the ringing storm sustains, 700
 But he impervious and untouch'd remains.
 (Great Neptune's care preserv'd from hostile rage
 This youth, the joy of Nestor's glorious age)
 In arms intrepid, with the first he fought,
 Fac'd ev'ry foe, and ev'ry danger sought ; 705
 His winged lance, resistless as the wind,
 Obeys each motion of the master's mind,
 Restless it flies, impatient to be free,
 And meditates the distant enemy.

The son of Afius, Adamas drew near, 710
 And struck his target with the brazen spear,
 Fierce in his front : but Neptune wards the blow,
 And blunts the jav'lin of th' eluded foe.
 In the broad buckler half the weapon stood ;
 Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken wood.
 Disarm'd, he mingled in the Trojan crew ; 716
 But Merion's spear o'ertook him as he flew,
 Deep in the belly's rim an ent'rance found,
 Where sharp the pang, and mortal is the wound. }
 Bending he fell, and doubled to the ground, 720 }
 Lay panting. Thus an ox, in fetters ty'd,
 While death's strong pangs distend his lab'ring
 side,
 His bulk enormous on the field displays ;
 His heaving heart beats thick, as ebbing life decays.
 The spear, the conqu'ror from his body drew, 725
 And death's dim shadows swam before his view.

v. 720. *Bending he fell, and doubled to the ground,
 Lay panting.*—] The original is,

— ἰδ' ἐσπίμενος περὶ θυγὲ
 *ἠσπασί—

The versification represents the short broken pantings of the dying warrior, in the short sudden break at the second syllable of the second line. And this beauty is, as it happens, precisely copied in the English. It is not often that a translator can do this justice to Homer ; but he must be content to imitate these graces and proprieties at more distance, by endeavouring at something parallel, though not the same.

Next brave Deïpyrus in dust was laid :
 King Helenus wav'd high the Thracian blade,
 And smote his temples, with an arm so strong,
 The helm fell off, and roll'd amid the throng : 730
 There, for some luckier Greek it rests a prize ;
 For dark in death the god-like owner lies !
 Raging with grief, great Menelaüs burns,
 And fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns ;
 That shook the pond'rous lance, in act to throw ;
 And this stood adverse with the bended bow : 736
 Foul on his breast the Trojan arrow fell,
 But harmless bounded from the plated steel.
 As on some ample barn's well-harden'd floor,
 (The winds collected at each open door) 740

v. 728. *King Helenus.*] The appellation of king was not anciently confined to those only who bore the sovereign dignity, but applied also to others. There was in the island of Cyprus a whole order of officers called kings, whose business it was to receive the relations of informers, concerning all that happened in the island, and to regulate affairs accordingly. *Eusebius.*

v. 739. *As on some ample barn's well-harden'd floor.*] We ought not to be shocked at the frequency of these similes taken from the ideas of a rural life. In early times, before politeness had raised the esteem of arts subservient to luxury, above those necessary to the subsistence of mankind ; agriculture was the employment of persons of the greatest esteem and distinction. We see, in sacred history, princes busy at sheep-shearing ; and in the time of the Roman commonwealth, a dictator taken from the plough. Wherefore it ought not to be wondered at, that allusions and comparisons of this kind are frequently

While the broad fan with force is whirl'd around,
Light leaps the golden grain, resulting from the
ground :

So from the steel that guards Atrides' heart,
Repell'd to distance flies the bounding dart.

Atrides, watchful of th' unwary foe, 745
Pierc'd with his lance the hand that grasp'd the bow,
And nail'd it to the eugh : the wounded hand
Trail'd the long lance that mark'd with blood the
sand :

But good Agenor gently from the wound
The spear sollicit, and the bandage bound ; 750
A sling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side,
At once the tent and ligature supply'd.

used by ancient heroic writers, as well to raise, as illustrate their descriptions. But since these arts are fallen from their ancient dignity, and become the drudgery of the lowest people, the images of them are likewise sunk into meanness, and without this consideration must appear to common readers unworthy to have place in Epic poems. It was perhaps through too much deference to such tastes, that Chapman omitted this simile in his translation.

v. 751. *A sling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side,
At once the tent and ligature supply'd.]*

The words of the original are these:

Αὐτὴν δὲ ξυνέδησεν ἐς ῥέφω οἷος αἰώτῳ
Σφενδόνη, ἣν ἄρα οἱ θεράπων ἔχε ποιμένι λαῶν.

This passage, by the commentators ancient and modern, seems rightly understood in the sense expressed in this translation : the word σφενδόνη properly signifying a *sling* ;

Behold ! Pisander, urg'd by Fate's decree,
 Springs thro' the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,
 Great Menelaüs ! To enhance thy fame ; 755
 High-tow'ring in the front, the warrior came.

which (as Eustathius observes from an old Scholiast) was anciently made of woollen strings. Chapman alone dissents from the common interpretation, boldly pronouncing that slings are no where mentioned in the Iliad, without giving any reason for his opinion. He therefore translates the word σφενδόνη a scarf, by no other authority but that he says, *it was a fitter thing to hang a wounded arm in, than a sling*; and very prettily wheedles his reader into this opinion by a most gallant imagination, that *his squire might carry this scarf about him as a favour of his own or of his master's mistress*. But for the use he has found for this scarf, there is not any pretence from the original; where it is only said the wound was bound up, without any mention of hanging the arm. After all, he is hard put to it in his translation; for being resolved to have a scarf, and obliged to mention wool, we are left entirely at a loss to know from whence he got the latter.

A like passage recurs near the end of this book, where the poet says, the Locrians went to war without shield or spear, only armed,

Τόξισσι καὶ ἱερσέσφω οἰδὲ δάσπῳ. v. 716.

Which last expression, as all the commentators agree, signifies a *sling*, though the word σφενδόνη is not used. Chapman here likewise, without any colour of authority, dissents from the common opinion; but very inconstant in his errors, varies his mistake, and assures us, *this expression is the true periphrasis of a light kind of armour, called a Jack, which all our archers used to serve in of old, and which were ever quilted with wool*.

First the sharp lance was by Atrides thrown ;
 The lance far distant by the winds was blown.
 Nor pierc'd Pisander thro' Atrides' shield ;
 Pisander's spear fell shiver'd on the field. 760
 Not so discourag'd, to the future blind,
 Vain dreams of conquest swell his haughty mind ;
 Dauntless he rushes where the Spartan lord
 Like light'ning brandish'd his far-beaming sword.
 His left arm high oppos'd the shining shield : 765
 His right, beneath, the cover'd pole-ax held ;
 (An olive's cloudy grain the handle made,
 Distinct with studs ; and brazen was the blade)
 This on the helm discharg'd a noble blow ; 769
 The plume dropp'd nodding to the plain below,
 Shorn from the crest. Atrides wav'd his steel :
 Deep thro' his front the weighty falchion fell ;
 The crashing bones before its force gave way ;
 In dust and blood the groaning hero lay ;
 Forc'd from their ghastly orbs, and spouting gore,
 The clotted eye-balls tumble on the shore. 776
 The fierce Atrides spurn'd him as he bled,
 Tore off his arms, and loud-exulting, said.
 Thus, Trojans, thus, at length be taught to fear ;
 O race perfidious, who delight in war ! 780

v. 766. *The cover'd pole-ax.*] Homer never ascribes this weapon to any but the barbarians, for the battle-ax was not used in war by the politer nations. It was the favourite weapon of the Amazons. *Eustathius.*

v. 779. *The speech of Menelaus.*] This speech of Menelaus over his dying enemy, is very different from those

Already noble deeds ye have perform'd,
A princess rap'd transcends a navy storm'd :

with which Homer frequently makes his heroes insult the vanquished, and answers very well the character of this good-natured prince. Here are no insulting taunts, no cruel sarcasms, nor any sporting with the particular misfortunes of the dead : the invectives he makes are general, arising naturally from a remembrance of his wrongs, and being almost nothing else but a recapitulation of them. These reproaches come most justly from this prince, as being the only person among the Greeks who had received any personal injury from the Trojans. The apostrophe he makes to Jupiter, wherein he complains of his protecting a wicked people, has given occasion to censure Homer as guilty of impiety, in making his heroes tax the Gods with injustice : but since, in the former part of his speech, it is expressly said, that Jupiter will certainly punish the Trojans by the destruction of their city for violating the laws of hospitality, the latter part ought only to be considered as a complaint to Jupiter for delaying that vengeance : this reflection being no more than what a pious suffering mind, grieved at the flourishing condition of prosperous wickedness, might naturally fall into. Not unlike this is the complaint of the prophet Jeremiah, ch. xii. v. 1. *Righteous art thou, O Lord, when I plead with thee : yet let me talk with thee of thy judgments. Wherefore doth the way of the wicked prosper ? Wherefore are all they happy that deal very treacherously ?*

Nothing can more fully represent the cruelty and injustice of the Trojans, than the observation with which Menelaus finishes their character, by saying, that they have a more strong, constant, and insatiable appetite after bloodshed and rapine, than others have to satisfy the most agreeable pleasures and natural desires.

In such bold feats your impious might approve,
Without th' assistance, or the fear of Jove.

The violated rites, the ravish'd dame, 785
Our heroes slaughter'd, and our ships on flame,
Crimes heap'd on crimes, shall bend your glory
down,

And whelm'd in ruins yon' flagitious town.
O thou, great Father ! Lord of earth and skies,
Above the thought of man ! supremely wise ! 790
If from thy hand the fates of mortals flow,
From whence this favour to an impious foe,
A godless crew, abandon'd and unjust,
Still breathing rapine, violence, and lust ? 794
The best of things, beyond their measure, cloy ;
Sleep's balmy blessing, love's endearing joy ;
The feast, the dance ; whate'er mankind desire,
Ev'n the sweet charms of sacred numbers tire.

v. 795. *The best of things beyond their measure, cloy.*] These words comprehend a very natural sentiment, which perfectly shews the wonderful folly of men : they are soon wearied with the most agreeable things, when they are innocent ; but never with the most toilsome things in the world, when unjust and criminal. *Eustathius. Dacier.*

v. 797. *The dance.*] In the original it is called ἀμύμων, *the blameless dance* ; to distinguish (says Eustathius) what sort of dancing it is that Homer commends. For there were two kinds of dancing practised among the ancients, the one reputable, invented by Minerva, or by Castor and Pollux ; the other dishonest, of which Pan, or Bacchus, was the author. They were distinguished by the name of the tragick, and the comick or satyrick dance. But those which probably our author commends were

But Troy for ever reaps a dire delight
 In thirst of slaughter, and in lust of fight. 800
 This said, he seiz'd (while yet the carcase heav'd)
 The bloody armour, which his train receiv'd :
 Then sudden mix'd among the warring crew,
 And the bold son of Pylæmenes flew.
 Harpalion had thro' Asia travell'd far, 805
 Following his martial father to the war :
 Thro' filial love he left his native shore,
 Never, ah never, to behold it more !
 His unsuccessful spear he chanc'd to fling
 Against the target of the Spartan king ; 810
 Thus of his lance disarm'd, from death he flies,
 And turns around his apprehensive eyes.

certain military dances used by the greatest heroes. One of this sort was known to the Macedonians and Persians, practised by Antiochus the Great, and the famous Polyperchon. There was another which was danced in compleat armour, called the Pyrrhick, from Pyrrhus the Spartan its inventor, which continued in fashion among the Lacedæmonians. Scaliger the father remarks, that this dance was too laborious to remain long in use even among the ancients ; however, it seems that labour could not discourage this bold critick from reviving that laudable kind of dance in the presence of the emperor Maximilian and his whole court. It is not to be doubted but the performance raised their admiration ; nor much to be wondered at, if they desired to see more than once so extraordinary a spectacle, as we have it in his own words. Poëtices, lib. i. cap. 18. *Hanc saltationem [Pyrrhicam] nos & sæpe, & diu, coram Divo Maximiliano, jussu Bonifacii patris, non sine stupore totius Germaniæ, representavimus.*

Him, thro' the hip transpiercing as he fled,
 'The shaft of Merion mingled with the dead.
 Beneath the bone the glancing point descends, 815
 And driving down, the swelling bladder rends :
 Sunk in his sad companions arms he lay,
 And in short pantings sobb'd his soul away ;
 (Like some vile worm extended on the ground)
 While life's red torrent gush'd from out the wound;

v. 819. *Like some vile worm extended on the ground.*] I cannot be of Eustathius's opinion, that this simile was designed to debase the character of Harpalion, and to represent him in a mean and disgraceful view, as one who had nothing noble in him. I rather think from the character he gives of this young man, whose piety carried him to the wars to attend his father, and from the air of this whole passage, which is tender and pathetick, that he intended this humble comparison only as a mortifying picture of human misery and mortality. As to the verses which Eustathius alledges for a proof of the cowardice of Harpalion,

“Αψ δ' ἐτάρων εἰς ἔθνη ἐχάζετο κτλ' ἀλείων,
 Πάντοσε παπταίνων.

The retreat described in the first verse is common to the greatest heroes in Homer ; the same words are applied to Deiphobus and Meriones in this book, and to Patroclus in the xvth, v. 817. of the Greek. The same thing in other words is said even of the great Ajax, Il. xv. v. 728. And we have Ulysses described in the ivth, v. 497. with the same circumspection and fear of the darts : though none of those warriors have the same reason as Harpalion for their retreat or caution, he alone being unarmed, which circumstance takes away all imputation of cowardice.

Him on his car the Paphlagonian train 821
 In slow procession bore from off the plain.
 The pensive father, father now no more !
 Attends the mournful pomp along the shore ;
 And unavailing tears profusely shed ; 825
 And unreveng'd, deplor'd his offspring dead.

Paris from far the moving sight beheld,
 With pity soften'd, and with fury swell'd :
 His honour'd host, a youth of matchless grace,
 And lov'd of all the Paphlagonian race ! 830

v. 823. *The pensive father.*] We have seen in the vth Iliad the death of Pylæmenes general of the Paphlagonians, how comes he then in this place to be introduced as following the funeral of his son ? Eustathius informs us of a most ridiculous solution of some criticks, who thought it might be the ghost of this unhappy father, who not being yet interred, according to the opinion of the ancients, wandered upon the earth. Zenodotus not satisfied with this (as indeed he had little reason to be) changed the name Pylæmenes into Kylæmenes. Didymus thinks there were two of the same name ; as there are in Homer two Schedius's, two Eurymedon's, and three Adrastus's. And others correct the verse by adding a negative, *μετὰ δ' ὃ σφι πατρὸς κίε* ; *his father did not follow his chariot with his face bathed in tears.* Which last, if not of more weight than the rest, is yet more ingenious. *Eustathius. Dacier.*

Nor did his valiant father (now no more)
 Pursue the mournful pomp along the shore,
 No fire surviv'd, to grace th' untimely bier,
 Or sprinkle the cold ashes with a tear.

With his full strength he bent his angry bow,
 And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe.
 A chief there was, the brave Euchenor nam'd,
 For riches much, and more for virtue fam'd,
 Who held his feat in Corinth's stately town ; 835
 Polydus' son, a seer of old renown.
 Oft' had the father told his early doom,
 By arms abroad, or slow disease at home :
 He climb'd his vessel, prodigal of breath,
 And chose the certain, glorious path to death. 840
 Beneath his ear the pointed arrow went ;
 The soul came issuing at the narrow vent :
 His limbs, unnerv'd, drop useless on the ground,
 And everlasting darkness shades him round.

v. 840. *And chose the certain, glorious path to death.*] Thus we see Euchenor is like Achilles, who failed to Troy, though he knew he should fall before it : this might somewhat have prejudiced the character of Achilles, every branch of which ought to be single, and superior to all others, as he ought to be without a rival in every thing that speaks a hero : therefore we find two essential differences between Euchenor and Achilles, which preserve the superiority of the hero of the poem. Achilles, if he had not failed to Troy, had enjoyed a long life ; but Euchenor had been soon cut off by some cruel disease. Achilles being independent, and a king, could have lived at ease at home, without being obnoxious to any disgrace ; but Euchenor being but a private man, must either have gone to the war, or been exposed to an ignominious penalty. *Eustathius. Dacier.*

Nor knew great Hector how his legions yield,
 (Wrapt in the cloud and tumult of the field) 846
 Wide on the left the force of Greece commands,
 And conquest hovers o'er th' Achaian bands:
 With such a tide superiour virtue sway'd,
 And he * that shakes the solid earth, gave aid. 850

v. 845. *Nor knew great Hector, &c.*] Most part of this book being employed to describe the brave resistance the Greeks made on their left under Idomeneus and Meriones; the poet now shifts the scene, and returns to Hector, whom he left in the center of the army, after he had passed the wall, endeavouring in vain to break the phalanx where Ajax commanded. And that the reader might take notice of this change of place, and carry distinctly in his mind each scene of action; Homer is very careful in the following lines to let us know that Hector still continues in the place where he had first passed the wall, at that part of it which was lowest, (as appears from Sarpedon's having pulled down one of its battlements on foot, lib. xii.) and which was nearest the station where the ships of Ajax were laid, because that hero was probably thought a sufficient guard for that part. As the poet is so very exact in describing each scene as in a chart or plan, the reader ought to be careful to trace each action in it; otherwise he will see nothing but confusion in things which are in themselves very regular and distinct. This observation is the more necessary, because even in this place, where the poet intended to prevent any such mistake, Dacier and other interpreters have applied to the present action what is only a recapitulation of the time and place described in the former book.

* Neptune.

But in the center Hector fix'd remain'd,
Where first the gates were forc'd, and bulwarks
gain'd ;

There, on the margin of the hoary deep,
(Their naval station where th' Ajaces keep, 854

And where low walls confine the beating tides,
Whose humble barrier scarce the foes divides ;

Where late in fight, both foot and horse engag'd,
And all the thunder of the battle rag'd)

There join'd, the whole Bœotian strength remains,
The proud Ionians with their sweeping trains, 860

Locrians and Phthians, and th' Epæan force ;

But join'd, repel not Hector's fiery course.

The flow'r of Athens, Stichius, Phidas led ;

Bias, and great Menestheus at their head.

Meges the strong th' Epeian bands controll'd, 865

And Dracius prudent, and Amphion bold ;

The Phthians Medon, fam'd for martial might,

And brave Podarces, active in the fight.

This drew from Phylacus his noble line ;

Iphiclus' son : and that (Oileus) thine : 870

(Young Ajax' brother, by a stol'n embrace ;

He dwelt far distant from his native place,

By his fierce stepdame from his father's reign

Expell'd and exil'd for her brother slain.)

These rule the Phthians, and their arms employ

Mixt with Bœotians, on the shores of Troy. 876

v. 861. *Phthians.*] The Phthians are not the troops of Achilles, for these were called Phthiotes ; but they were the troops of Proteusilaus and Philoctetes. *Eustathius,*

Now side by side, with like unweary'd care,
 Each Ajax labour'd thro' the field of war :
 So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil, 879
 Force the bright ploughshare thro' the fallow soil,
 Join'd to one yoke, the stubborn earth they tear,
 And trace large furrows with the shining share ;
 O'er their huge limbs the foam descends in snow,
 And streams of sweat down their four foreheads
 flow.

A train of heroes follow'd thro' the field, 885
 Who bore by turns great Ajax' sev'nfold shield ;
 Whene'er he breath'd, remissive of his might,
 Tir'd with th' incessant slaughters of the fight.
 No following troops his brave associate grace :
 In close engagement an unpractis'd race, 890
 The Locrian squadrons nor the jav'lin wield,
 Nor bear the helm, nor lift the moony shield ;
 But skill'd from far the flying shaft to wing,
 Or whirl the sounding pebble from the sling,
 Dext'rous with these they aim a certain wound,
 Or fell the distant warrior to the ground. 896

v. 879. *So when two lordly bulls, &c.*] The image here given of the Ajaces is very lively and exact ; there being no circumstance of their present condition that is not to be found in the comparison ; and no particular in the comparison that does not resemble the action of the heroes. Their strength and labour, their unanimity and nearness to each other, the difficulties they struggle against, and the sweat occasioned by the struggling, perfectly corresponding with the simile.

Thus in the van, the Telamonian train
Throng'd in bright arms, a pressing fight maintain ;

Far in the rear the Lœrian archers lie,
Whose stones and arrows intercept the sky, 900
The mingled tempest on the foes they pour ;
Troy's scatt'ring orders open to the show'r.

Now had the Greeks eternal fame acquir'd,
And the gall'd Ilians to their walls retir'd ;
But sage Polydamas, discreetly brave, 905
Address'd great Hector, and this counsel gave.

Tho' great in all, thou seem'st averse to lend
Impartial audience to a faithful friend ;
To Gods and men thy matchless worth is known,
And ev'ry art of glorious war thy own ; 910
But in cool thought and counsel to excel,
How widely differs this from warring well ?

Content with what the bounteous Gods have giv'n,
Seek not alone t' engross the gifts of heav'n.
To some the pow'rs of bloody war belong, 915
To some, sweet musick, and the charm of song ;
To few, and wond'rous few, has Jove assign'd
A wise, extensive, all-confid'ring mind ;
Their guardians these, the nations round confess,
And towns and empires for their safety bless. 920
If heav'n have lodg'd this virtue in my breast,
Attend, O Hector, what I judge the best.
See, as thou mov'st, on dangers dangers spread,
And war's whole fury burns around thy head.

Book XIII. HOMER'S ILIAD. 277

Behold ! distress'd within yon hostile wall, 925
How many Trojans yield, disperse, or fall ?
What troops, out-number'd, scarce the war maintain !

And what brave heroes at the ships lie slain ?
Here cease thy fury ; and the chiefs and kings
Convok'd to council, weigh the sum of things.
Whether (the Gods succeeding our desires) 431
To yon' tall ships to bear the Trojan fires ;
Or quit the fleet, and pass unhurt away,
Contented with the conquest of the day.
I fear, I fear, lest Greece not yet undone, 935
Pay the large debt of last revolving fun ;
Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains
On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains !

v. 937. *Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains*
On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains !

There never was a nobler encomium than this of Achilles. It seems enough to so wise a counsellor as Polydamas, to convince so intrepid a warrior as Hector, in how great danger the Trojans stood, to say, *Achilles sees us*. " Though he abstains from the fight, he still casts his eye on the battle ; it is true, we are a brave army, and yet keep our ground, but still Achilles sees us, and we are not safe." This reflection makes him a God, a single regard of whom can turn the fate of armies, and determine the destiny of a whole people. And how nobly is this thought extended in the progress of the poem, where we shall see in the xvth book the Trojans fly at the first sight of his armour, worn by Patroclus ; and in the xviiiith their defeat compleated by his sole appearance, unarmed on his ship.

The counsel pleas'd ; and Hector, with a bound, }
 Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling ground ; }
 Swift as he leap'd, his clanging arms resound. 941 }

v. 939. *Hector, with a bound, Leap'd from his chariot.*] Hector having in the last book alighted, and caused the Trojans to leave their chariots behind them, when they pass the trench, and no mention of any chariot but that of Asius since occurring in the battle ; we must necessarily infer, either that Homer has neglected to mention the advance of the chariots, (a circumstance which should not have been omitted) or else, that he is guilty here of a great mistake in making Hector leap from his chariot. I think it evident, that this is really a slip of the poet's memory : for in this very book, v. 533. (of the orig.) we see Polites leads off his wounded brother to the place where his chariot remained behind the army. And again in the next book, Hector being wounded, is carried out of the battle in his soldiers arms to the place where his horses and chariot waited at a distance from the battle.

— — — τὸν δ' ἄρ' ἐπαΐρου

Χερσὶν αἰετάντες φέρον ἐκ τόνου, ὅφρ' ἴκωθ' ἵππους.

Ωκέας οἱ οἱ ὀπίσθε μάχης ἠδὲ πολέμοιο.

Ἔστασαν

Lib. xiv. v. 428.

But what puts it beyond dispute, that the chariots continued all this time in the place where they first quitted them, is a passage in the beginning of the xvth book, where the Trojans being overpowered by the Greeks, fly back over the wall and trench, till they came to the place where their chariots stood.

Οἱ μὲν δὲ παρ' ὅχεσφιν ἐρητύοντο μένοντες. Lib. xv. v. 3.

Neither Eustathius nor Dacier have taken any notice of this incongruity, which would tempt one to believe they were willing to overlook what they could not excuse. I must honestly own my opinion, that there are several

To guard this post (he cry'd) thy art employ,
And here detain the scatter'd youth of Troy;
Where yonder herbes faint, I bend my way,
And hasten back to end the doubtful day. 945

This said; the tow'ring chief prepares to go,
Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes flow,
And seems a moving mountain topt with snow. }

other negligences of this kind in Homer. I cannot think otherwise of the passage in the present book concerning Pylæmenes, notwithstanding the excuses of the commentators which are there given. The very using the same name in different places for different persons, confounds the reader in the story, and is what certainly would be better avoided: so that it is to no purpose to say, there might as well be two Pylæmenes's as two Schedius's, two Eurymedon's, two Ophelestes's, &c. since it is more blameable to be negligent in many instances than in one. Virgil is not free from this, as Macrobius has observed, Sat. l. v. c. 13. But the abovementioned names are proofs of that critick's being greatly mistaken in affirming that Homer is not guilty of the same. It is one of those many errors he was led into, by his partiality to Homer above Virgil.

v. 948. *And seems a moving mountain topt with snow.* This simile is very short in the original, and requires to be opened a little to discover its full beauty. I am not of M. Dacier's opinion, that the lustre of Hector's armour was that which furnished Homer with this image; it seems rather to allude to the plume upon his helmet, in the action of shaking which, this hero is so frequently painted by our author, and from thence distinguished by the remarkable epithet *κορυβαίολος*. This is a very pleasing image, and very much what painters call *picturesque*. I fancy it gave the hint for a very fine one in Spenser,

Thro' all his host, inspiring force, he flies,
 And bids anew the martial thunder rise. 950
 To Panthus' son, at Hector's high command,
 Haste the bold leaders of the Trojan band :
 But round the battlements, and round the plain,
 For many a chief he look'd, but look'd in vain ;
 Deiphobus, nor Helenus the seer, 955
 Nor Aias' son, nor Aias' self appear.
 For these were pierc'd with many a ghastly wound,
 Some cold in death, some groaning on the ground ;
 Some low in dust (a mournful object) lay ; 959
 High on the wall some breath'd their souls away.

Far on the left, amid the throng he found
 (Cheering the troops, and dealing deaths around)
 The graceful Paris ; whom, with fury mov'd,
 Opprobrius, thus, th' impatient chief reprov'd.

Ill-fated Paris ! slave to womankind, 965
 As smooth of face as fraudulent of mind !

where he represents the person of Contemplation in the figure of a venerable old man almost consumed with study :

His snowy locks adown his shoulders spread,
 As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
 The mossy branches of an oak half dead.

v. 965. *Ill-fated Paris !*] The reproaches which Hector here casts on Paris, gives us the character of this hero, who in many things resembles Achilles ; being (like him) unjust, violent, and impetuous, and making no distinction between the innocent and criminal. It is he who is obstinate in attacking the entrenchments, yet asks

Where is Deïphobus, where Asius gone?
 The god-like father, and th' intrepid son?
 The force of Helenus, dispensing fate;
 And great Othryoneus, so fear'd of late? 970
 Black fate hangs o'er thee from th' avenging Gods,
 Imperial Troy from her foundations nods;
 Whelm'd in thy country's ruins shalt thou fall,
 And one devouring vengeance swallow all. 974

When Paris thus: My brother and my friend,
 Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend.
 In other battles I deserv'd thy blame,
 Tho' then not deedless, nor unknown to fame:
 But since yon' rampart by thy arms lay low,
 I scatter'd slaughter from my fatal bow. 980
 The chiefs you seek on yonder shore lie slain;
 Of all those heroes, two alone remain;
 Deïphobus, and Helenus the seer:
 Each now disabled by a hostile spear.
 Go then, successful, where thy soul inspires: 985
 This heart and hand shall second all thy fires:
 What with this arm I can, prepare to know,
 'Till death for death be paid, and blow for blow.
 But 'tis not ours, with forces not our own
 To combat; strength is of the Gods alone. 990

an account of those who were slain in the attack from Paris; and though he ought to blame himself for their deaths, yet he speaks to Paris, as if through his cowardice he had suffered these to be slain, whom he might have preserved if he had fought courageously. *Eustathius.*

These words the hero's angry mind assuage :
 Then fierce they mingle where the thickest rage.
 Around Polydamas, distain'd with blood,
 Cebrion, Phalces, stern Orthæus stood,
 Palmus, with Polypætēs the divine, 995
 And two bold brothers of Hippotion's line :
 (Who reach'd fair Ilion, from Ascania far,
 The former day ; the next engag'd in war.)
 As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind springs,
 That bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful wings,
 Wide o'er the blasted fields the tempest sweeps ; 1001
 Then gather'd, settles on the hoary deeps ;
 Th' afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar ;
 The waves behind impel the waves before,
 Wide-rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to }
 the shore : 1005 }
 Thus rank on rank the thick battalions throng,
 Chief urg'd on chief, and man drove man along.
 Far o'er the plains in dreadful order bright,
 The brazen arms reflect a beamy light :
 Full in the blazing van great Hector shin'd, 1010
 Like Mars commission'd to confound mankind.
 Before him flaming, his enormous shield
 Like the broad sun, illumin'd all the field :

v. 1005. *Wide-rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the shore.*] I have endeavoured in this verse to imitate the confusion, and broken sound of the original, which images the tumult and roaring of many waters.

Κύματα πᾶφλδζοντα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης
 Κυρὰ, φασερίωντα. —

His nodding helm emits a streamy ray ;
His piercing eyes through all the battle stray, 1015
And, while beneath his targe he flash'd along,
Shot terrors round, that wither'd ev'n the strong.

Thus stalk'd he, dreadful ; death was in his look ;
Whole nations fear'd : but not an Argive shook.

The tow'ring Ajax, with an ample stride 1020
Advanc'd the first, and thus the chief defy'd.

Hector ! come on, thy empty threats forbear :
'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thund'ring Jove we fear :
The skill of war to us not idly giv'n, 1024
Lo ! Greece is humbled, not by Troy, but Heav'n.
Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts,
To force our fleet: the Greeks have hands, and
hearts.

Long e'er in flames our lofty navy fall,
Your boasted city, and your god-built wall 1029
Shall sink beneath us, smoking on the ground ;
And spread a long, unmeasur'd ruin round.
The time shall come, when chas'd along the plain
Ev'n thou shalt call on Jove, and call in vain ;
Ev'n thou shalt wish, to aid thy desp'rate course,
The wings of falcons for thy flying horse ; 1035
Shalt run, forgetful of a warrior's fame,
While clouds of friendly dust conceal thy shame.

v. 1037. *Clouds of friendly dust.*] A critick might take occasion from hence, to speak of the exact time of the year in which the actions of the Iliad are supposed to have happened. And (according to the grave manner of a learned dissertator) begin by informing us, that he

As thus he spoke, behold, in open view,
On sounding wings a dexter eagle flew.

has found it must be the *summer* season, from the frequent mention made of clouds of *dust*: though what he discovers might be full as well inferred from common sense, the summer being the natural season for a campaign. However he should quote all these passages at large; and adding to the article of *dust* as much as he can find of the *sweat* of the heroes, it might fill three pages very much to his own satisfaction. It would look well to observe farther, that the fields are described flowery, Il. ii. v. 546. that the branches of a tamarisk tree are flourishing, Il. x. v. 537. that the warriors sometimes wash themselves in the sea, Il. x. v. 674. and sometimes refresh themselves by cool breezes from the sea, Il. xi. v. 762. that Diomed sleeps out of his tent on the ground, Il. x. v. 170. that the flies are very busy about the dead body of Patroclus, Il. xix. v. 30. that Apollo covers the body of Hector with a cloud to prevent its being scorched, Il. xxiii. All this would prove the very thing which was said at first, that it was *summer*. He might next proceed to enquire, what precise critical time of summer? And here the mention of new-made honey in Il. xi. v. 771. might be of great service in the investigation of this important matter: he would conjecture from hence, that it must be near the end of summer, honey being seldom taken till that time; to which having added the plague which rages in book i. and remarked, that infections of that kind generally proceed from the extremest heats, which heats are not till near the *autumn*; the learned enquirer might hug himself in this discovery, and conclude with triumph.

If any one thinks this too ridiculous to have been ever put in practice, he may see what Bossu has done to determine the precise season of the *Æneid*, lib. iii. ch. 12. The memory of that learned critick failed him, when he

Book XIII. HOMER's ILIAD. 285

To Jove's glad omen all the Grecians rise, 1040
And hail, with shouts, his progress thro' the skies :
Far-echoing clamours bound from side to side ;
They ceas'd ; and thus the chief of Troy reply'd.

From whence this menace, this insulting strain ?
Enormous boaster ! doom'd to vaunt in vain. 1045
So may the Gods on Hector life bestow,
(Not that short life which mortals lead below,
But such as those of Jove's high lineage born,
The blue-ey'd Maid, or He that gilds the morn.)
As this decisive day shall end the fame
Of Greece, and Argos be no more a name. 1050
And thou, imperious ! if thy madness wait
The lance of Hector, thou shalt meet thy fate:
That giant-corse, extended on the shore,
Shall largely feast the fowls with fat and gore.

He said, and like a lion stalk'd along : 1055
With shouts incessant earth and ocean rung,
Sent from his foll'wing host : the Grecian train
With answering thunders fill'd the echoing plain ;
A shout that tore heav'n's concave, and above
Shook the fix'd splendours of the throne of Jove. 1060

produced as one of the proofs that it was autumn, a passage in the vith book, where the fall of the leaf is only mentioned in a *simile*. He has also found out a beauty in Homer, which few even of his greatest admirers can believe he intended ; which is, that to the *violence* and *fury* of the Iliad he artfully adapted the *heat* of *summer*, but to the Odyssey the *cooler* and *maturer* season of *autumn*, to correspond with the *sedateness* and *prudence* of Ulysses.

THE
FOURTEENTH BOOK
A R G U M E N T

June deceives Jupiter by the Girdle of Venus

WESTON, being at the time in the
with the celebrated argument of the poet, and having
agreement: on his way he meets that prince, and

FOURTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

I L I A D.

THE
A R G U M E N T.

Juno deceives Jupiter by the Girdle of Venus.

NESTOR sitting at the table with *Machaon*, is alarmed with the encreasing clamour of the war, and hastens to *Agamemnon*: on his way he meets that prince with *Diomed* and *Ulysses*, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. *Agamemnon* proposes to make their escape by night, which *Ulysses* withstands; to which *Diomed* adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they should go forth and encourage the army with their presence; which advice is pursued. *Juno* seeing the partiality of *Jupiter* to the *Trojans*, forms a design to over-reach him; she sets off her charms with the utmost care, and (the more surely to enchant him) obtains the magick girdle of *Venus*. She then applies herself to the God of Sleep, and, with some difficulty, persuades him to seal the eyes of *Jupiter*; this done, she goes to mount *Ida*, where the God, at first sight, is ravished with her beauty, sinks in her embraces, and is laid asleep. *Neptune* takes advantage of his slumber, and succours the *Greeks*: *Hector* is struck to the ground with a prodigious stone by *Ajax*, and carried off from the battle: several actions succeed; till the *Trojans*, much distressed, are obliged to give way: the lesser *Ajax* signalizes himself in a particular manner.

THE

*FOURTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

I L I A D.

BUT nor the genial feast, nor flowing bowl,
Could charm the cares of Nestor's watchful
foul ;

His startled ears th' encreasing cries attend ;
Then thus, impatient, to his wounded friend.

* The poet, to advance the character of Nestor, and give us a due esteem for his conduct and circumspection, represents him as deeply solicitous for the common good : in the very article of mirth or relaxation from the toils of war, he is all attention to learn the fate and issue of the battle : and through his long use and skill in martial events, he judges from the nature of the uproar still encreasing, that the fortune of the day is held no longer in suspense, but inclines to one side. *Eustathius.*

v. 1. *But nor the genial feast.*] At the end of the eleventh book we left Nestor at the table with Machaon. The attack of the entrenchments, described through the twelfth and thirteenth books, happened while Nestor and Machaon sat at the table ; nor is there any improbability

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U

What new alarm, divine Machaon, say, 5
 What mixt events attend this mighty day ?
 Hark ! how the shouts divide, and how they meet,
 And now come full, and thicken to the fleet !
 Here, with the cordial draught dispel thy care,
 Let Hecamede the strength'ning bath prepare, 10
 Refresh thy wound, and cleanse the clotted gore ;
 While I th' adventures of the day explore.

He said: and seizing Thrasymedes' shield,
 (His valiant offspring) hasten'd to the field ;
 (That day, the son his father's buckler bore) 15
 Then snatch'd a lance, and issu'd from the door.
 Soon as the prospect open'd to his view,
 His wounded eyes the scene of sorrow knew ;
 Dire disarray ! the tumult of the fight,
 The wall in ruins, and the Greeks in flight. 20
 As when old Ocean's silent surface sleeps,
 The waves just heaving on the purple deeps :

herein, since there is nothing performed in those two books, but what might naturally happen in the space of two hours. Homer constantly follows the thread of his narration, and never suffers his reader to forget the train of action, or the time it employs. *Dacier.*

v. 10. *Let Hecamede the bath prepare.*] The custom of women officiating to men in the bath, was usual in ancient times. Examples are frequent in the *Odyssey*. And it is not at all more odd, or to be sneered at, than the custom now used in France, of *valets de chambres* dressing and undressing the ladies.

v. 21. *As when old Ocean's silent surface sleeps.*] There are no where more finished pictures of nature than those

While yet th' expected tempest hangs on high,
Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the sky,

which Homer draws in several of his comparisons. The beauty however of some of these will be lost to many, who cannot perceive the resemblance, having never had opportunity to observe the things themselves. The life of this description will be most sensible to those who have been at sea in a calm : in this condition the water is not entirely motionless, but swells gently in smooth waves, which fluctuate backwards and forwards in a kind of balancing motion : this state continues till a rising wind gives a determination to the waves, and rolls them one certain way. There is scarce any thing in the whole compass of nature that can more truly represent the state of an irresolute mind, wavering between two different designs, sometimes inclining to the one, sometimes to the other, and then moving to that point to which its resolution is at last determined. Every circumstance of this comparison is both beautiful and just ; and it is the more to be admired, because it is very difficult to find sensible images proper to represent the motions of the mind ; wherefore we but rarely meet with such comparisons even in the best poets. There is one of great beauty in Virgil, upon a subject very like this, where he compares his hero's mind, agitated with a great variety, and quick succession of thoughts, to a dancing light, reflected from a vessel of water in motion :

- “ Cuncta videns, magno curarum fluctuat æstu,
“ Atque animum, nunc huc, celerem, nunc dividit illuc,
“ In partesque rapit varias, perque omnia versat.
“ Sicut aquæ tremulum labris ubi lumen ahenis
“ Sole re percussum, aut radiantis imagine lunæ,
“ Omnia pervolat latè loca ; jamque sub auras
“ Erigitur, summique ferit laquearia tecti.”

Æn. l. viii. v. 19.

The mass of waters will no wind obey ; 25
 Jove sends one gust, and bids them roll away.
 While wav'ring counsels thus his mind engage,
 Fluctuates in doubtful thought the Pylian sage,
 To join the host, or to the gen'ral haste ;
 Debating long, he fixes on the last : 30
 Yet, as he moves, the fight his bosom warms ;
 The field rings dreadful with the clang of arms ;
 The gleaming falchions flash, the jav'lins fly ;
 Blows echo blows, and all or kill, or die.

Him, in his march, the wounded princes meet,
 By tardy steps ascending from the fleet : 36
 The king of men, Ulysses the divine,
 And who to Tydeus owes his noble line.

v. 30. *He fixes on the last.*] Nestor appears in this place a great friend to his prince ; for upon deliberating whether he should go through the body of the Grecian host, or else repair to Agamemnon's tent ; he determines at last, and judges it the best way to go to the latter. Now because it had been ill concerted to have made a man of his age walk a great way round about in quest of his commander, Homer has ordered it so, that he should meet Agamemnon in his way thither. And nothing could be better imagined than the reason why the wounded princes left their tents ; they were impatient to behold the battle, anxious for its success, and desirous to inspirit the soldiers by their presence. The poet was obliged to give a reason ; for in epick poetry, as well as in dramattick, no person ought to be introduced without some necessity, or at least some probability, for his appearance. *Eustathius.*

(Their ships at distance from the battle stand,
In lines advanc'd along the shelving strand: 40

v. 39. *Their ships at distance, &c.*] Homer being always careful to distinguish each scene of action, gives a very particular description of the station of the ships, shewing in what manner they lay drawn up on the land. This he had only hinted at before; but here taking occasion on the wounded heroes coming from their ships, which were at a distance from the fight (while others were engaged in the defence of those ships where the wall was broke down) he tells us, that the shore of the bay (comprehended between the Rhætean and Sigæan promontories) was not sufficient to contain the ships in one line: which they were therefore obliged to draw up in ranks, ranged in parallel lines along the shore. How many of these lines there were, the poet does not determine. M. Dacier, without giving any reason for her opinion, says they were but two; one advanced near the wall, the other on the verge of the sea. But it is more than probable, that there were several intermediate lines; since the order in which the vessels lay is here described by a metaphor taken from the steps of a *scaling-ladder*; which had been no way proper to give an image only of two ranks, but very fit to represent a greater, though undetermined number. That there were more than two lines, may likewise be inferred from what we find in the beginning of the eleventh book; where it is said, that the voice of Discord, standing on the ship of Ulysses, *in the middle of the fleet*, was heard as far as the stations of Achilles and Ajax, *whose ships were drawn up in the two extremities*: those of Ajax were nearest the wall (as is expressly said in the 682d verse of the thirteenth book, *in the original*) and those of Achilles nearest the sea, as appears from many passages scattered through the Iliad.

Whose bay, the fleet unable to contain
 At length; beside the margin of the main,
 Rank above rank, the crouded ships they moor :
 Who landed first, lay highest on the shore.)
 Supported on their spears, they took their way, 45
 Unfit to fight, but anxious for the day.
 Nestor's approach alarm'd each Grecian breast,
 Whom thus the gen'ral of the host address.
 O grace and glory of th' Achaian name !
 What drives thee, Nestor, from the field of fame ?

It must be supposed that those ships were drawn highest upon land, which first approached the shore; the first line therefore consisted of those who first disembarked, which were the ships of Ajax and Proteusilaus; the latter of whom seems mentioned in the verse above-cited of the thirteenth book, only to give occasion to observe this; for he was slain, as he landed first of the Greeks. And accordingly we shall find in the fifteenth book, it is his ship that is first attacked by the Trojans, as it lay the nearest to them.

We may likewise guess how it happens, that the ships of Achilles were placed nearest to the sea; for in the answer of Achilles to Ulysses in the ninth book, v. 432. he mentions a naval expedition he had made while Agamemnon lay safe in the camp: so that his ships at their return did naturally lie next the sea; which, without this consideration, might appear a station not so becoming this hero's courage.

v. 47. *Nestor's approach alarm'd.*] That so laborious a person as Nestor has been described, so indefatigable, so little indulgent of his extreme age, and one that never receded from the battle, should approach to meet them; this it was that struck the princes with amazement, when they saw he had left the field. *Eustathius.*

Book XIV. HOMER'S ILIAD. 295

Shall then proud Hector see his boast fulfill'd, 51

Our fleets in ashes, and our heroes kill'd?

Such was his threat, ah now too soon made good,

On many a Grecian bosom writ in blood.

Is ev'ry heart inflam'd with equal rage 55

Against your king, nor will one chief engage?

And have I liv'd to see with mournful eyes

In ev'ry Greek a new Achilles rise?

Gerenian Nestor then. So Fate has will'd;

And all-confirming time has fate fulfill'd. 60

Not he that thunders from the ærial bow'r,

Not Jove himself, upon the past has pow'r.

The wall, our late inviolable bound,

And best defence, lies smoking on the ground:

Ev'n to the ships their conqu'ring arms extend, 65

And groans of slaughter'd Greeks to heav'n ascend.

On speedy measures then employ your thought,

In such distress. If counsel profit ought;

Arms cannot much: tho' Mars our souls incite;

These gaping wounds withhold us from the fight. 70

To him the monarch. That our army bends,

That Troy triumphant our high fleet ascends,

And that the rampart, late our surest trust,

And best defence, lies smoking in the dust:

All this from Jove's afflictive hand we bear, 75

Who, far from Argos, wills our ruin here.

Past are the days when happier Greece was blest,

And all his favour, all his aid confest;

Now heav'n averſe, our hands from battle ties,
 And lifts the Trojan glory to the ſkies. 80
 Ceafe we at length to waſte our blood in vain,
 And lanch what ſhips lie neareſt to the main ;

v. 81. *Ceafe we at length, &c.*] Agamemnon either does not know what courſe to take in this diſtreſs, or only ſounds the ſentiments of his nobles, (as he did in the ſecond book, of the whole army.) He delivers himſelf firſt after Neſtor's ſpeech, as it became a counſellor to do : but knowing this advice to be diſhonourable, and unſuitable to the character he aſſumes elſewhere ἰδρώσει μὲν τοι Τελαμών, &c. and conſidering that he ſhould do no better than abandon his poſt, when before he had threatened the deſerters with death ; he reduces his counſel into the form of a proverb, diſguiſing it as handſomely as he can under a ſentence. *It is better to ſhun an evil, &c.* It is obſervable too how he has qualified the expreſſion : he does not ſay, to *ſhun the battle*, for that had been unſoldierly ; but he ſoftens the phraſe, and calls it, to ſhun *evil* : and this word *evil* he applies twice together, in advising them to leave the engagement.

It is farther remarked, that this was the nobleſt opportunity for a general to try the temper of his officers ; for he knew that in a calm of affairs, it was common with moſt people, either out of flattery or reſpect, to ſubmit to their leaders : but in imminent danger fear does not bribe them, but every one diſcovers his very ſoul, valuing all other conſiderations, in regard to his ſafety, but in the ſecond place. He knew the men he ſpoke to were prudent perſons, and not eaſy to caſt themſelves into a precipitate flight. He might likewiſe have a mind to recommend himſelf to his army by the means of his officers ; which he was not very able to do of himſelf, angry as they were at him, for the affront he had offered Achilles, and by conſequence thinking him the author of all their preſent calamities. *Euſtathius,*

Leave these at anchor 'till the coming night:
 Then, if impetuous Troy forbear the fight,
 Bring all to sea, and hoist each sail for flight. 85
 Better from evils, well foreseen, to run,
 Than perish in the danger we may shun.

Thus he. The sage Ulysses thus replies,
 While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes.
 What shameful words (unkingly as thou art) 90
 Fall from that trembling tongue, and tim'rous
 heart?

Oh were thy sway the curse of meaner pow'rs,
 And thou the shame of any host but ours!
 A host, by Jove endu'd with martial might,
 And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight: 95
 Advent'rous combats and bold wars to wage,
 Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age.
 And wilt thou thus desert the Trojan plain?
 And have whole streams of blood been spilt in
 vain?

In such base sentence if thou couch thy fear, 100
 Speak it in whispers, lest a Greek should hear.
 Lives there a man so dead to fame, who dares
 To think such meanness, or the thought declares?

v. 92. *Oh were thy sway the curse of meaner pow'rs,
 And thou the shame of any host but ours!*]

This is a noble compliment to his country and to the Grecian army, to shew that it was an impossibility for them to follow even their general in any thing that was cowardly or shameful; though the lives and safeties of them all were concerned in it.

And comes it ev'n from him whose sov'reign sway
 The banded legions of all Greece obey? 105
 Is this a gen'ral's voice, that calls to flight,
 While war hangs doubtful, while his soldiers fight?
 What more could Troy? What yet their fate denies
 Thou giv'st the foe: all Greece becomes their prize.
 No more the troops, (our hoisted sails in view, 110
 Themselves abandon'd) shall the fight pursue;
 But thy ships flying, with despair shall see;
 And owe destruction to a prince like thee.

Thy just reproofs (Atrides calm replies)
 Like arrows pierce me, for thy words are wise.
 Unwilling as I am to lose the host, 116
 I force not Greece to quit this hateful coast.
 Glad I submit, whoe'er, or young or old,
 Aught, more conducive to our weal, unfold.

v. 104. *And comes it ev'n from him whose sov'reign sway
 The banded legions of all Greece obey?]*

As who should say, that another man might indeed have uttered the same advice, but it could not be a person of prudence; or if he had prudence, he could not be a governour, but a private man; or if a governour, yet one who had not a well-disciplined and obedient army; or lastly, if he had an army so conditioned, yet it could not be so large and numerous as one as that of Agamemnon. This is a fine climax, and of wonderful strength. *Eustathius.*

v. 118. *Whoe'er, or young or old, &c.]* This nearly resembles an ancient custom at Athens, where in times of trouble and distress, every one, of what age or quality soever, was invited to give in his opinion with freedom, by the publick cryer. *Eustathius.*

Tydides cut him short, and thus began. 120
 Such counsel if you seek, behold the man
 Who boldly gives it, and what he shall say,
 Young tho' he be, disdain not to obey :
 A youth, who from the mighty Tydeus springs,
 May speak to councils and assembled kings. 125
 Hear then in me the great Oenides' son,
 Whose honour'd dust (his race of glory run)
 Lies whelm'd in ruins of the Theban wall ;
 Brave in his life, and glorious in his fall ;
 With three bold sons was gen'rous Prothous blest,
 Who Pleuron's walls and Calydon possess ; 131

v. 120.] This speech of Diomed is naturally introduced, beginning with an answer, as if he had been called upon to give his advice. The counsel he proposes was that alone which could be of any real service in their present exigency : however, since he ventures to advise where Ulysses is at a loss, and Nestor himself silent, he thinks it proper to apologize for this liberty by reminding them of his birth and descent, hoping thence to add to his counsel a weight and authority which he could not from his years and experience. It cannot indeed be denied that this historical digression seems more out of season than any of the same kind which we so frequently meet with in Homer, since his birth and parentage must have been sufficiently known to all at the siege, as he here tells them. This must be owned a defect not altogether to be excused in the poet, but which may receive some alleviation, if considered as a fault of temperament. For he had certainly a strong inclination to genealogical stories, and too frequently takes occasion to gratify this humour.

Melas and Agrius, but (who far surpass
 The rest in courage) Oeneus was the last.
 From him, my Sire. From Calydon expell'd,
 He past to Argos, and in exile dwell'd ; 135
 The monarch's daughter there (so Jove ordain'd)
 He won, and flourish'd where Adrastus reign'd ;
 There rich in fortune's gifts, his acres till'd,
 Beheld his vines their liquid harvest yield,
 And num'rous flocks that whiten'd all the field. }
 Such Tydeus was, the foremost once in fame ! 141
 Nor lives in Greece a stranger to his name.
 Then, what for common good my thoughts inspire,
 Attend, and in the son, respect the sire.
 Tho' sore of battle, tho' with wounds oppress'd, 145
 Let each go forth, and animate the rest,

v. 135. *He past to Argos.*] This is a very artful colour : he calls the flight of his father for killing one of his brothers, *travelling and dwelling at Argos*, without mentioning the cause and occasion of his retreat. What immediately follows (*so Jove ordain'd*) does not only contain in it a disguise of his crime, but is a just motive likewise for our compassion. *Eustathius.*

v. 146. *Let each go forth, and animate the rest.*] It is worth a remark, with what management and discretion the poet has brought these four kings, and no more towards the engagement, since these are sufficient alone to perform all he requires. For Nestor proposes to them to enquire, if there be any way or means which prudence can direct for their security. Agamemnon attempts to discover that method. Ulysses refutes him, as one whose method was dishonourable, but proposes no other project. Diomed supplies that deficiency, and shews what

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Advance the glory which he cannot share,
Tho' not partaker, witness of the war.
But lest new wounds on wounds o'erpower us
quite,

Beyond the missile jav'lin's founding flight, 150
Safe let us stand; and from the tumult far,
Inspire the ranks, and rule the distant war.

He added not: the list'ning kings obey,
Slow moving on; Atrides leads the way.
The God of Ocean (to inflame their rage) 155
Appears a warrior furrow'd o'er with age;
Prest in his own, the gen'ral's hand he took,
And thus the venerable hero spoke.

Atrides, lo! with what disdainful eye
Achilles sees his country's forces fly; 160
Blind impious man! whose anger is his guide,
Who glories in unutterable pride.

So may he perish, so may Jove disclaim
The wretch relentless, and o'erwhelm with shame!
But heav'n forsakes not thee: o'er yonder sands 165
Soon shalt thou view the scatter'd Trojan bands
Fly diverse; while proud kings, and chiefs re-
nown'd,

Driv'n heaps on heaps, with clouds involv'd around

must be done; That wounded as they are, they should go forth to the battle; for though they were not able to engage, yet their presence would re-establish their affairs, by detaining in arms those who might otherwise quit the field. This council is embraced, and readily obeyed by the rest. *Eustathius.*

Of rolling dust, their winged wheels employ
To hide their ignominious heads in Troy. 170

He spoke, then rush'd amid the warrior crew;
And sent his voice before him as he flew,
Loud, as the shout encount'ring armies yield,
When twice ten thousand shake the lab'ring field;
Such was the voice, and such the thund'ring sound
Of him, whose trident rends the solid ground. 176
Each Argive bosom beats to meet the fight,
And grisly war appears a pleasing fight.

Meantime Saturnia from Olympus' brow,
High-thron'd in gold, beheld the fields below; 180

v. 179. *The story of Jupiter and Juno.*] I do not know a bolder fiction in all antiquity, than this of Jupiter's being deceived and laid asleep, or that has a greater air of impiety and absurdity. It is an observation of Mons. de St. Evremond upon the ancient poets, which every one will agree to: "That it is surprising enough to find
" them so scrupulous to preserve probability, in actions
" purely human; and so ready to violate it in representing the actions of the Gods. Even those who have
" spoken more sagely than the rest, of their nature, could
" not forbear to speak extravagantly of their conduct.
" When they establish their being and their attributes,
" they make them immortal, infinite, almighty, perfectly wise, and perfectly good: but the moment they
" represent them acting, there is no weakness to which
" they do not make them stoop, and no folly or wickedness they do not make them commit." The same author answers this in another place by remarking, "That
" truth was not the inclination of the first ages: a foolish
" lye or a lucky falsehood gave reputation to impostors,
" and pleasure to the credulous. It was the whole secret of the great and wise, to govern the simple and

With joy the glorious conflict she survey'd,
Where her great brother gave the Grecians aid.

“ ignorant herd. The vulgar, who pay a profound reverence to mysterious errors, would have despised plain truth, and it was thought a piece of prudence to deceive them. All the discourses of the ancients were fitted to so advantageous a design. There was nothing to be seen but fictions, allegories, and similitudes, and nothing was to appear as it was in itself.”

I must needs, upon the whole, as far as I can judge, give up the morality of this fable; but what colour of excuse for it Homer might have from ancient tradition, or what mystical or allegorical sense might atone for the appearing impiety, is hard to be ascertained at this distant period of time. That there had been before his age a tradition of Jupiter's being laid asleep, appears from the story of Hercules at Coos, referred to by our author, v. 285. There is also a passage in Diodorus, lib. i. c. 7. which gives some small light to this fiction. Among other reasons which that historian lays down to prove that Homer travelled into Ægypt, he alledges this passage of the interview of Jupiter and Juno, which he says was grounded upon an Ægyptian festival, *whereon the nuptial ceremonies of those two deities were celebrated, at which time both their tabernacles, adorned with all sorts of flowers, are carried by the priests to the top of a high mountain.* Indeed as the greatest part of the ceremonies of the ancient religions consisted in some symbolical representations of certain actions of their Gods, or rather deified mortals, so a great part of ancient poetry consisted in the description of the actions exhibited in those ceremonies. The loves of Venus and Adonis are a remarkable instance of this kind, which, though under different names, were celebrated by annual representations, as well in Ægypt as in several nations of Greece and Asia: and to the images which were carried in these festivals, several an-

But plac'd aloft, on Ida's shady height
She sees her Jove, and trembles at the sight.

cient poets were indebted for their most happy descriptions. If the truth of this observation of Diodorus be admitted, the present passage will appear with more dignity, being grounded on religion; and the conduct of the poet will be more justifiable, if that, which has been generally counted an indecent, wanton fiction, should prove to be the representation of a religious solemnity. Considering the great ignorance we are in of many ancient ceremonies, there may be probably in Homer many incidents entirely of this nature; wherefore we ought to be reserved in our censures, lest what we decry as wrong in the poet, should prove only a fault in his religion. And indeed it would be a very unfair way to tax any people, or any age whatever, with grossness in general, purely from the gross or absurd ideas or practices that are to be found in their religions.

In the next place, if we have recourse to allegory, (which softens and reconciles every thing) it may be imagined that by the congress of Jupiter and Juno, is meant the mingling of the *æther* and the *air* (which are generally said to be signified by these two deities.) The ancients believed the *æther* to be igneous, and that by its kind influence upon the air, it was the cause of all vegetation: to which nothing more exactly corresponds, than the fiction of the earth putting forth her flowers immediately upon this congress. Virgil has some lines in the second Georgick, that seem a perfect explanation of the fable into this sense. In describing the spring, he hints as if something of a vivifying influence was at that time spread from the upper heavens into the air. He calls Jupiter expressly *Æther*, and represents him operating upon his spouse for the production of all things:

“ Tum pater omnipotens fecundis imbris æther
“ Conjuga in gremium lætæ descendit, & omnes

Jove to deceive, what methods shall she try, 185

What arts, to blind his all-beholding eye?

At length she trusts her pow'r; resolv'd to prove

The old, yet still successful, cheat of love;

"Magnus alit, magno commixtus corpore, foetus.

"Parturit omnis ager, &c."

But, be all this as it will, it is certain, that whatever may be thought of this fable in a theological or philosophical view, it is one of the most beautiful pieces that ever was produced by poetry. Neither does it want its moral: an ingenious modern writer (whom I am pleased to take any occasion of quoting) has given it us in these words:

"This passage of Homer may suggest abundance of
"instruction to a woman who has a mind to preserve or
"recall the affection of her husband. The care of her
"person and dress, with the particular blandishments
"woven in the cestus, are so plainly recommended by
"this fable, and so indispensably necessary in every fe-
"male who desires to please, that they need no farther
"explanation. The discretion likewise in covering all
"matrimonial quarrels from the knowledge of others, is
"taught in the pretended visit to Tethys, in the speech
"where Juno addresses herself to Venus; as the chaste
"and prudent management of a wife's charms is inti-
"mated by the same pretence for her appearing before
"Jupiter, and by the concealment of the Cestus in her
"bosom. I shall leave this tale to the consideration of
"such good housewives, who are never well dressed but
"when they are abroad, and think it necessary to ap-
"pear more agreeable to all men living than their hus-
"bands: as also to those prudent ladies, who, to avoid
"the appearance of being over-fond, entertain their hus-
"bands with indifference, aversion, sullen silence, or ex-
"asperating language."

Against his wisdom to oppose her charms,
And lull the Lord of Thunders in her arms. 190

Swift to her bright apartment she repairs,
Sacred to dress and beauty's pleasing cares :
With skill divine had Vulcan form'd the bow'r,
Safe from access of each intruding pow'r.
Touch'd with her secret key, the doors unfold : 195
Self-clos'd, behind her shut the valves of gold.
Here first she bathes ; and round her body pours
Soft oils of fragrance, and ambrosial show'rs :

v. 191. *Swift to her bright apartment she repairs, &c.*] This passage may be of consideration to the ladies, and, for their sakes, I take a little pains to observe upon it. Homer tells us that the very Goddesses, who are all over charms, never dress in sight of any one : the Queen of Heaven adorns herself in private, and the doors lock after her. In Homer there are no *Dieux des Ruelles*, no Gods are admitted to the toilet.

I am afraid there are some earthly goddesses of less prudence, who have lost much of the adoration of mankind by the contrary practice. Lucretius (a very good judge in gallantry) prescribes as a cure to a desperate lover, the frequent sight of his mistress undressed. Juno herself has suffered a little by the very Muse's peeping into her chamber, since some nice criticks are shocked in this place of Homer, to find that the Goddess washes herself, which presents some idea as if she was dirty. Those who have delicacy will profit by this remark.

v. 198. *Soft oils of fragrance.*] The practice of Juno in anointing her body with perfumed oils, was a remarkable part of ancient cosmeticks, though entirely disused in the modern arts of dress. It may possibly offend the niceness of modern ladies ; but such of them as paint, ought to consider that this practice might, without much

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The winds, perfum'd, the balmy gale convey
Thro' heav'n, thro' earth, and all th' aërial way :
Spirit divine ! whose exhalation greets 201
The sense of Gods with more than mortal sweets.
Thus while she breath'd of heav'n, with decent pride
Her artful hands the radiant tresses ty'd ;

greater difficulty, be reconciled to cleanliness. This passage is a clear instance of the antiquity of this custom, and clearly determines against Pliny, (who is of opinion that it was not so ancient as those times) where, speaking of perfumed unguents, he says, *Quis primus invenerit, non traditur ; Iliacis temporibus non erant*, lib. xiii. c. 1. Besides the custom of anointing kings among the Jews, which the Christians have borrowed ; there are several allusions in the Old Testament which shew, that this practice was thought ornamental among them. The Psalmist, speaking of the gifts of God, mentions wine and oil, the former to make glad the heart of man, and the latter to give him a chearful countenance. It seems most probable that this was an eastern invention, agreeable to the luxury of the Asiatics, among whom the most proper ingredients for these unguents were produced ; from them this custom was propagated among the Romans, by whom it was esteemed a pleasure of a very refined nature. Whoever is curious to see instances of their expence and delicacy therein, may be satisfied in the three first chapters of the thirteenth book of Pliny's Natural History.

v. 203. *Thus while she breath'd of heav'n, &c.*] We have here a compleat picture from head to foot of the dress of the fair sex, and of the mode between two and three thousand years ago. May I have leave to observe the great simplicity of Juno's dress, in comparison with the innumerable equipage of a modern toilet ? The God.

Part on her head in shining ringlets roll'd, 205

Part o'er her shoulders wav'd like melted gold.

defs, even when she is setting herself out on the greatest occasion, has only her own locks to tie, a white veil to cast over them, a mantle to dress her whole body, her pendants, and her sandals. This the poet expressly says was *all her dress* [πάντα κόσμον;] and one may reasonably conclude it was all that was used by the greatest princesses and finest beauties of those times. The good Eustathius is ravished to find, that here are no washes for the face, no dyes for the hair, and none of those artificial embellishments since in practice; he also rejoices not a little, that Juno has no looking-glass, tire-woman, or waiting-maid. One may preach till doomsday on this subject, but all the commentators in the world will never prevail upon a lady to stick one pin the less in her gown, except she can be convinced that the ancient dress will better set off her person.

As the Asiatics always surpassed the Grecians in whatever regarded magnificence and luxury, so we find their women far gone in the contrary extreme of dress. There is a passage in Isaiah, ch. iii. that gives us a particular account of their wardrobe, with the number and uselessness of their ornaments; and which I think appears very well in contrast to this of Homer. *The bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon: the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands, and the tablets, and the ear-rings, the rings and nose-jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping-pins, the glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils.*

I could be glad to ask the ladies which they should like best to imitate, the Greeks or the Asiatics? I would desire those that are handsome and well made, to consider, that the dress of Juno (which is the same they see in

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Around her next a heav'nly mantle flow'd,
 That rich with Pallas' labour'd colours glow'd :
 Large clasps of gold the foldings gather'd round,
 A golden zone her swelling bosom bound. 210
 Far-beaming pendants tremble in her ear,
 Each gem illumin'd with a triple star.
 Then o'er her head she casts a veil more white
 Than new-fall'n snow, and dazling as the light.
 Last her fair feet celestial sandals grace. 215
 Thus issuing radiant, with majestick pace,

statues) has manifestly the advantage of the present, in displaying whatever is beautiful : that the charms of the *neck* and *breast* are not less laid open, than by the modern stays ; and that those of the *leg* are more gracefully discovered, than even by the hoop-petticoat : that the fine turn of the *arms* is better observed ; and that several natural graces of the *shape* and *body* appear much more conspicuous. It is not to be denied but the Asiatick and our present modes were better contrived to conceal some people's defects, but I do not speak to such people : I speak only to ladies of that beauty, who can make any fashion prevail by their being seen in it ; and who put others of their sex under the wretched necessity of being like them in their habits, or not being like them at all. As for the rest, let them follow the mode of Judæa, and be content with the name of Asiaticks.

v. 216. *Thus issuing radiant, &c.*] Thus the Goddess comes from her apartment, against her spouse, in compleat armour. The women of pleasure mostly prevail by pure cunning, and the artful management of their persons ; for there is but one way for the weak to subdue the mighty, and that is by pleasure. The poet shews at the same time, that men of understanding are not mas-

Forth from the dome th' imperial Goddess moves,
And calls the Mother of the Smiles and Loves.

tered without a great deal of artifice and address. There are but three ways whereby to overcome another, by violence, by persuasion, or by craft: Jupiter was invincible by main force; to think of persuading was as fruitless, after he had passed his nod to Achilles; therefore Juno was obliged of necessity to turn her thoughts entirely upon craft; and by the force of pleasure it is, that she insnares and manages the God. *Eustathius*.

v. 218. *And calls the Mother of the Smiles and Loves.* Notwithstanding all the pains Juno has been at, to adorn herself, she is still conscious that neither the natural beauty of her person, nor the artificial one of her dress, will be sufficient to work upon a husband. She therefore has recourse to the cestus of Venus, as a kind of love-charm, not doubting to enflame his mind by *magical enchantment*; a folly which in all ages has possessed her sex. To procure this, she applies to the Goddess of Love; from whom hiding her real design under a *feigned story*, (another propriety in the character of the fair) she obtains the valuable present of this wonder-working girdle. The allegory of the cestus lies very open, though the impertinences of Eustathius on this head are unspeakable: in it are comprised the most powerful *incentives* to love, as well as the strongest *effects* of the passion. The just admiration of this passage has been always so great and universal, that the cestus of Venus is become proverbial. The beauty of the lines, which in a few words comprehend this agreeable fiction, can scarce be equalled; so beautiful an original has produced very fine imitations, wherein we may observe a few additional figures, expressing some of the improvements which the affectation, or artifice of the fair sex, have introduced into the art of love since Homer's days. Tasso has finely imitated

How long (to Venus thus apart she cry'd)
Shall human strife celestial minds divide? 220

this description in the magical girdle of Armida. Gie-
rusalemme Liberata, cant. xvi.

- " Teneri Sdegni, e placide e tranquille
- " Repulse, e cari vezzi, e liete paci,
- " Sorrisi, parolette, e dolci stille
- " Di pianto, e sospir tronchi, e molli baci."

Monf. de la Motte's imitation of this fiction is likewise
wonderfully beautiful.

- " Ce tissu, le simbole, & la cause à la fois,
- " Du pouvoir de l'amour, du charme de ses loix.
- " Elle enflamme les yeux, de cet ardeur qui touche ;
- " D'un sourire enchanteur, elle anime la bouche ;
- " Passionne la voix, en adoucit les sons,
- " Prête ces tours heureux, plus forts que les raisons ;
- " Inspire, pour toucher, ces tendres stratagèmes,
- " Ces refus attirans, l'ecueil des sages mêmes.
- " Et la nature enfin, y voulut renfermer,
- " Tout ce qui persuade, & ce qui fait aimer.
- " En prenant ce tissu, que Venus lui presente,
- " Junon n'etoit que belle, elle devient charmante.
- " Les graces, & les ris, les plaisirs, & les jeux,
- " Surpris cherchent Venus, doutent qui l'est des deux.
- " L'amour même trompè, trove Junon plus belle ;
- " Et son arc à la main, deja vole après elle."

Spenser, in his fourth book, canto 5. describes a girdle
of Venus of a very different nature: for *this* had the
power to raise up loose desires in others; *that* had a more
wonderful faculty, to suppress them in the person that
wore it: but it had a most dreadful quality, to burst
asunder whenever tied about any but a chaste bosom.
Such a girdle, it is to be feared, would produce effects
very different from the other: Homer's cestus would be

In this was ev'ry art, and ev'ry charm,
 To win the wifest, and the coldest warm :
 Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
 The kind deceit, the still-reviving fire, 250
 Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
 Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.
 This, on her hand the Cyprian Goddess laid ;
 Take this, and with it all thy wish, she said.
 With smiles she took the charm ; and smiling
 prest 255

The pow'rful cestus to her snowy breast.
 Then Venus to the courts of Jove withdrew ;
 Whilst from Olympus pleas'd Saturnia flew.
 O'er high Pieria thence her course she bore,
 O'er fair Emathia's ever-pleasing shore, 260
 O'er Hæmus' hills with snows eternal crown'd ;
 Nor once her flying foot approach'd the ground.

v. 255. — — *And prest The pow'rful cestus to her snowy breast.* Eustathius takes notice, that the word cestus is not the name, but epithet only, of Venus's girdle ; though the epithet has prevailed so far as to become the proper name in common use. This has happened to others of our author's epithets ; the word *pygmy* is of the same nature. Venus wore this girdle below her neck, and in open sight ; but Juno hides it in her bosom, to shew the difference of the two characters : it suits well with Venus to make a shew of whatever is engaging in her ; but Juno, who is a matron of prudence and gravity, ought to be more modest.

Then taking wing from Athos' lofty steep,
 She speeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep, 264 }
 And seeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep. }

v. 264. *She speeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,
 And seeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep.]*

In this fiction Homer introduces a new divine personage ; it does not appear whether this God of Sleep was a God of Homer's creation, or whether his pretensions to divinity were of more ancient date. The poet indeed speaks of him as of one formerly active in some heavenly transactions. Be this as it will, succeeding poets have always acknowledged his title. Virgil would not let his *Æneid* be without a person so proper for poetical machinery ; though he has employed him with much less art than his master, since he appears in the fifth book without provocation or commission, only to destroy the Trojan pilot. The criticks, who cannot see all the allegories which the commentators pretend to find in Homer's divinities, must be obliged to acknowledge the reality and propriety of this ; since every thing that is here said of this imaginary Deity is justly applicable to Sleep. He is called the *Brother of Death* ; said to be protected by Night ; and is employed very naturally to lull a husband to rest in the embraces of his wife ; which effect of this *conjugal opiate*, even the modest Virgil has remarked in the persons of Vulcan and Venus, probably with an eye to this passage of Homer :

" — — — — Placidumque petivit

" Conjugis infusus gremio per membra soporem."

v. 264. *To Lemnos.]* The commentators are hard put to it, to give a reason why Juno seeks for Sleep in Lemnos. Some finding out that Lemnos anciently abounded with wine, inform us that it was a proper place of residence for him, wine being naturally a great provoker of

Sweet pleasing Sleep ! (Saturnia thus began)
Who spread'st thy empire o'er each God and Man ;

sleep. Others will have it, that this God being in love with Pasithaë, who resided with her sister the wife of Vulcan, in Lemnos, it was very probable he might be found haunting near his mistress. Other commentators perceiving the weakness of these conjectures, will have it that Juno met Sleep here by mere accident ; but this is contradictory to the whole thread of the narration. But who knows whether Homer might not design this fiction as a piece of raillery upon the sluggishness of the Lemnians ; though this character of them does not appear ? A kind of satire like that of Ariosto, who makes the angel find Discord in a monastery ? Or like that of Boileau in his *Lutrin*, where he places Moleffe in a dormitory of the monks of St. Bernard.

v. 266. *Sweet pleasing Sleep, &c.*] Virgil has copied some part of this conversation between Juno and Sleep, where he introduces the same Goddess making a request to Æolus. Scaliger, who is always eager to depreciate Homer, and zealous to praise his favourite author, has highly censured this passage : but notwithstanding this critick's judgment, an impartial reader will find, I do not doubt, much more art and beauty in the original than in the copy. In the former, Juno endeavours to engage Sleep in her design by the promises of a proper and valuable present ; but having formerly run a great hazard in a like attempt, he is not prevailed upon. Hereupon the Goddess, knowing his passion for one of the Graces, engages to give her to his desires : this hope brings the lover to consent, but not before he obliges Juno to confirm her promise by an oath in the most solemn manner, the very words and ceremony whereof he prescribes to her. These are all beautiful and poetical circumstances, most whereof are untouched by Virgil,

If e'er obsequious to thy Juno's will,
 O Pow'r of Slumbers! hear, and favour still.
 Shed thy soft dews on Jove's immortal eyes, 270
 While sunk in love's entrancing joys he lies.
 A splendid footstool, and a throne, that shine
 With gold unfading, Somnus shall be thine;
 The work of Vulcan; to indulge thy ease,
 When wine and feasts thy golden humours
 please.

and which Scaliger therefore calls low and vulgar. He only makes Juno demand a favour from Æolus, which he had no reason to refuse; and promise him a reward, which it does not appear he was fond of. The Latin poet has indeed with great judgment added one circumstance concerning the promise of children,

“ — — & pulchrâ faciat te prole parentem.”

And this is very conformable to the religion of the Romans, among whom Juno was supposed to preside over human birth; but it does not appear she had any such office in the Greek theology.

v. 272. *A splendid footstool.*] Notwithstanding the cavils of Scaliger, it may be allowed that an easy chair was no improper present for Sleep. As to the footstool, madam Dacier's observation is a very just one; that besides its being a conveniency, it was a mark of honour, and was far from presenting any low or trivial idea. It is upon that account we find it so frequently mentioned in scripture, where the earth is called *the footstool of the throne of God*. In Jeremiah, Judæa is called, (as a mark of distinction) *the footstool of the feet of God*. Lament. ii. v. 1. *And he remembered not the footstool of his feet, in the day of his wrath*. We see here the same image, founded no doubt upon the same customs. Dacier.

Imperial Dame (the balmy pow'r replies)
 Great Saturn's heir, and empress of the skies !
 O'er other Gods I spread my easy chain ;
 The fire of all, old Ocean, owns my reign,
 And his hush'd waves lie silent on the main. 280
 But how, unbidden, shall I dare to steep
 Jove's awful temples in the dew of sleep ?
 Long since too vent'rous, at thy bold command,
 On those eternal lids I laid my hand :
 What-time, deserting Ilion's wasted plain, 285
 His conqu'ring son, Alcides, plough'd the main.

v. 279. *The Sire of all, old Ocean.*] "Homer (says Plutarch) calls the sea *Father of All*, with a view to this doctrine, that all things were generated from water. Thaies the Milesian, the head of the Ionick sect, who seems to have been the first author of philosophy, affirmed water to be the principle from whence all things spring, and into which all things are resolved ; because the prolifick seed of all animals is a moisture ; all plants are nourished by moisture ; the very sun and stars, which are fire, are nourished by moist vapours and exhalations ; and consequently he thought the world was produced from this element." *Plut. Opin. of Philos.* lib. i. cap. 3.

v. 281. *But how, unbidden, &c.*] This particularly is worth remarking ; Sleep tells Juno that he dares not approach Jupiter without his own order ; whereby he seems to intimate, that a spirit of a superiour kind may give itself up to a voluntary cessation of thought and action, though it does not want this relaxation from any weakness or necessity of its nature.

v. 285. *What-time deserting Ilion's wasted plain, &c.*] One may observe from hence, that to make falsity in fa-

When lo! the deeps arise, the tempests roar,
 And drive the hero to the Coan shore ;
 Great Jove awaking, shook the blest abodes 289
 With rising wrath, and tumbled Gods on Gods ;
 Me chief he fought, and from the realms on high
 Had hurl'd indignant to the nether sky,
 But gentle Night, to whom I fled for aid,
 (The friend of earth and heav'n) her wings display'd ;
 Impower'd the wrath of Gods and men to tame,
 Ev'n Jove rever'd the venerable Dame. 296

bles useful and subservient to our designs, it is not enough to cause the story to resemble truth, but we are to corroborate it by parallel places ; which method the poet uses elsewhere. Thus many have attempted great difficulties, and surmounted them. So did Hercules, so did Juno, so did Pluto. Here therefore the poet feigning that Sleep is going to practise insidiously upon Jove, prevents the strangeness and incredibility of the tale, by squaring it to an ancient story ; which ancient story was, that Sleep had once before got the mastery of Jove in the case of Hercules. *Eustathius.*

v. 296. *Ev'n Jove rever'd the venerable Dame.*] Jupiter is represented as unwilling to do any thing that might be offensive or ungrateful to Night ; the poet (says Eustathius) instructs us by this, that a wise and honest man will curb his wrath before any awful and venerable persons. Such was Night in regard of Jupiter, feigned as an ancestor, and honourable on account of her antiquity and power. For the Greek theology teaches that Night and Chaos were before all things. Wherefore it was held sacred to obey the Night in the conflicts of war, as we find by the admonitions of the heralds to Hector and Ajax, in the seventh Iliad.

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Vain are thy fears (the Queen of Heav'n replies,
And speaking, rolls her large majestick eyes)
Think'st thou that Troy has Jove's high favour won,
Like great Alcides, his all-conqu'ring son? 300
Hear, and obey the mistress of the skies,
Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize;
For know, thy lov'd one shall be ever thine,
The youngest Grace, Pasithaë the divine. 304
Swear then (he said) by those tremendous floods
That roar thro' hell, and bind th' invoking Gods:

Milton has made a fine use of this ancient opinion in relation to Chaos and Night, in the latter part of his second book, where he describes the passage of Satan through their empire. He calls them,

— — — — — Eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of nature; ———

And alludes to the same, in those noble verses,

— — — — — Behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful deep: with him enthron'd
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign. ———

That fine apostrophe of Spenser has also the same allusion, book i.

O thou, most ancient grandmother of all,
More old than Jove, whom thou at first didst breed,
Or that great house of Gods celestial;
Which was begot in Dæmogorgon's hall,
And saw'st the secrets of the world unmade.

Let the great parent Earth one hand sustain,
 And stretch the other o'er the sacred main.
 Call the black 'Titans, that with Chronos dwell,
 To hear and witness from the depths of hell; 310
 That she, my lov'd-one, shall be ever mine,
 The youngest Grace, Pasithaë the divine.

The queen assents, and from th' infernal bow'rs,
 Invokes the fable subtartarean Pow'rs,
 And those who rule th' inviolable floods, 315
 Whom mortals name the dread Titanian Gods.

Then swift as wind, o'er Lemnos smoky isle,
 They wing their way, and Imbrus' sea-beat foil,
 Thro' air, unseen, involv'd in darkness glide,
 And light on Lectos, on the point of Ide; 320
 (Mother of savages, whose echoing hills
 Are heard resounding with a hundred rills)

v. 307. *Let the great parent Earth one hand sustain,
 And stretch the other o'er the sacred main, &c.]*

There is something wonderfully solemn in this manner of swearing proposed by Sleep to Juno. How answerable is this idea to the dignity of the queen of the Goddesses, where Earth, Ocean, and Hell itself, where the whole creation, all things visible and invisible, are called to be witnesses of the oath of the Deity?

v. 311. *That she, my lov'd-one, &c.]* Sleep is here made to repeat the words of Juno's promise, than which repetition nothing, I think, can be more beautiful or better placed. The lover fired with these hopes, insists on the promise, dwelling with pleasure on each circumstance that relates to his fair one. The throne and footstool, it seems, are quite out of his head.

Fair Ida trembles underneath the God ;
 Hush'd are her mountains, and her forests nod ;
 There on a fir, whose spiry branches rise 325
 To join its summit to the neighb'ring skies ;
 Dark in embow'ring shade, conceal'd from sight,
 Sat Sleep, in likeness of the bird of night.

v. 323. *Fair Ida trembles.*] It is usually supposed, at the approach or presence of any heavenly Being, that upon their motion all should shake that lies beneath them. Here the poet giving a description of the descent of these Deities upon the ground at Lectos, says that the loftiest of the wood trembled under their feet : which expression is to intimate the lightness and the swiftness of the motions of heavenly Beings ; the wood does not shake under their feet from any corporeal weight, but from a certain awful dread and horreur. *Eustathius.*

v. 328. *In likeness of the bird of night.*] This is a bird about the size of a hawk, entirely black ; and that is the reason why Homer describes Sleep under its form. Here (says Eustathius) Homer lets us know, as well as in many other places, that he is no stranger to the language of the Gods. Hobbes has taken very much from the dignity of this supposition, in translating the present lines in this manner.

And there sat Sleep, in likeness of a fowl,
 Which Gods do Chalcis call, and men an owl.

We find in Plato's Cratylus a discourse of great subtilty, grounded chiefly on this observation of Homer, that the Gods and men call the same thing by different names. The philosopher supposes that in the original language every thing was expressed by a word ; whose sound was naturally apt to mark the nature of the thing signified. This great work he ascribes to the Gods, since it required

(Chalcis his name by those of heav'nly birth,
But call'd Cymindis by the race of earth.) 330

To Ida's top successful Juno flies ;
Great Jove surveys her with desiring eyes :
The God, whose light'ning sets the heav'ns on fire,
Thro' all his bosom feels the fierce desire ;
Fierce as when first by stealth he seiz'd her
 charms,

Mix'd with her soul, and melted in her arms, 336
Fix'd on her eyes he fed his eager look,
Then press'd her hand, and thus with transport
spoke.

Why comes my goddess from th' ætherial sky,
And not her steeds and flaming chariot nigh ? 340

Then she—I haste to those remote abodes,
Where the great parents of the deathless gods,
The rev'rend Ocean and grey Tethys reign,
On the last limits of the land and main.

more knowledge both in the nature of sounds and things, than man had attained to. This resemblance, he says, was almost lost in modern languages by the unskilful alterations men had made, and the great licence they had taken in compounding of words. However, he observes there were yet among the Greeks some remains of this original language, of which he gives a few instances, adding, that many more were to be found in some of the barbarous languages, that had deviated less from the original, which was still preserved entire among the Gods. This appears a notion so uncommon, that I could not forbear to mention it.

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I visit these, to whose indulgent cares 345

I owe the nursing of my tender years.

For strife, I hear, has made that union cease,

Which held so long this ancient pair in peace.

The steeds, prepar'd my chariot to convey

O'er earth and seas, and thro' th' aërial way, 350

Wait under Ide : of thy superiour pow'r

To ask consent, I leave th' Olympian bow'r ;

Nor seek, unknown to thee, the sacred cells

Deep under seas, where hoary Ocean dwells.

For that (said Jove) suffice another day ;

But eager love denies the least delay. 356

Let softer cares the present hour employ,

And be these moments sacred all to joy.

Ne'er did my soul so strong a passion prove,

Or for an earthly, or a heav'nly love : 360

v. 345. — *To whose indulging cares I owe the nursing, &c.]* The allegory of this is very obvious. Juno is constantly understood to be the *air* : and we are here told she was nourished by the vapours which rise from the Ocean and the Earth. For Tethys is the same with Rhea. *Eustathius.*

v. 359. This courtship of Jupiter to Juno may possibly be thought pretty singular. He endeavours to prove the ardour of his passion to her, by the instances of its warmth to other women. A great many people will look upon this as no very likely method to recommend himself to Juno's favour. Yet, after all, something may be said in defence of Jupiter's way of thinking with respect to the ladies. Perhaps a man's love to the sex in general may be no ill recommendation of him to a particular.

Not when I press'd Ixion's matchless dame,
 Whence rose Perithous like the Gods in fame.
 Not when fair Danaë felt the show'r of gold
 Stream into life, whence Perseus brave and bold.
 Not thus I burn'd for either Theban dame, 365
 (Bacchus from this, from that Alcides came).
 Not Phoenix' daughter, beautiful and young,
 Whence godlike Rhadamanth and Minos sprung.
 Not thus I burn'd for fair Latona's face,
 Nor comelier Ceres' more majestic grace. 370
 Not thus ev'n for thyself I felt desire,
 As now my veins receive the pleasing fire.

He spoke ; the Goddess with the charming eyes
 Glows with celestial red, and thus replies.

Is this a scene for love ? On Ida's height 375
 Expos'd to mortal, and immortal sight ;
 Our joys profan'd by each familiar eye ;
 The sport of heav'n, and fable of the sky.
 How shall I e'er review the blest abodes,
 Or mix among the senate of the Gods ? 380
 Shall I not think, that, with disorder'd charms,
 All heav'n beholds me recent from thy arms ?
 With skill divine has Vulcan form'd thy bow'r,
 Sacred to love and to the genial hour ;
 If such thy will, to that recess retire, 385
 And secret there indulge thy soft desire.

And to be known or thought to have been successful
 with a good many, is what some moderns have found no
 unfortunate qualification in gaining a lady, even a most
 virtuous one like Juno, especially one who (like her) has
 had the experience of a married state.

She ceas'd ; and smiling with superiour love,
Thus answer'd mild the cloud-compelling Jove.
Nor God, nor mortal shall our joys behold, 389
Shaded with clouds, and circumfus'd in gold ;
Not ev'n the sun, who darts thro' heav'n his rays,
And whose broad eye th' extended earth surveys.

Gazing he spoke, and kindling at the view,
His eager arms around the Goddess threw. 394
Glad earth perceives, and from her bosom pours
Unbidden herbs and voluntary flow'rs :

v. 395. *Glad earth perceives, &c.*] It is an observation of Aristotle in the xxvth chapter of his Poeticks, that when Homer is obliged to describe any thing of itself absurd or too improbable, he constantly contrives to blind and dazzle the judgment of his readers with some shining description. This passage is a remarkable instance of that artifice ; for having imagined a fiction of very great absurdity, that the Supreme Being should be laid aside in a female embrace, he immediately, as it were to divert his reader from reflecting on his boldness, pours forth a great variety of poetical ornaments ; by describing the various flowers the earth shoots up to compose their couch, the golden clouds that encompassed them, and the bright heavenly dews that were showered round them. Eustathius observes it as an instance of Homer's modest conduct in so delicate an affair, that he has purposely adorned the bed of Jupiter with such a variety of beautiful flowers, that the reader's thoughts being entirely taken up with these ornaments, might have no room for loose imaginations. In the same manner an ancient scholiast has observed, that the golden cloud was contrived to lock up this action from any farther enquiry of the reader.

Thick new-born vi'lets a soft carpet spread,
And clust'ring lotos swell'd the rising bed,

I cannot conclude the notes on this story of Jupiter and Juno, without observing with what particular care Milton has imitated the several beautiful parts of this episode, introducing them upon different occasions as the subjects of his poem would admit. The circumstance of Sleep's sitting in likeness of a bird on the fir-tree upon mount Ida, is alluded to in his ivth book, where Satan sits in likeness of a cormorant on the tree of life. The creation is made to give the same tokens of joy at the performance of the nuptial rights of our first parents, as she does here at the congress of Jupiter and Juno. Lib. viii,

—————To the nuptial bow'r
I led her blushing like the morn; all heav'n
And happy constellations on that hour
Shed their selectest influence; the earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub.

Those lines also in the ivth book are manifestly from the same original:

—————Roses and jessamine
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; under-foot the violet,
Crocus and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground.—————

Where the very turn of Homer's verses is observed, and the cadence, and almost the words, finely translated.

But it is with wonderful judgment and decency he has used that exceptionable passage of the dalliance, ardour, and enjoyment: that which seems in Homer an impious fiction, becomes a moral lesson in Milton; since he makes

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And sudden hyacinths the turf bestrow,
And flamy crocus made the mountain glow. 400
There golden clouds conceal the heav'nly pair,
Steep'd in soft joys, and circumfus'd with air;
Celestial dews, descending o'er the ground,
Perfume the mount, and breathe ambrosia round.
At length with love and sleep's soft pow'r oppress'd,
The panting Thund'rer nods, and sinks to rest. 406
Now to the navy borne on silent wings,
To Neptune's ear soft Sleep his message brings;
Beside him sudden, unperceiv'd he stood,
And thus with gentle words address'd the God. 410

that lascivious rage of the passion the immediate effect
of the sin of our first parents after the fall. Adam ex-
presses it in the words of Jupiter;

For never did thy beauty since the day
I saw thee first, and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all perfections, so enflame my sense
With ardour to enjoy thee; fairer now
Than ever; bounty of this virtuous tree!

So said he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent, well understood
Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he seiz'd, and to a shady bank
Thick over-head with verdant roof embower'd,
He led her, nothing loath: flow'rs were the couch,
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,
And hyacinth; earth's freshest, softest lap.
There they their fill of love and love's disport
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal;
The solace of their sin: 'till dewy Sleep
Oppress'd them, weary of their amorous play.

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Now, Neptune ! now, th' important hour employ,
To check a while the haughty hopes of Troy :
While Jove yet rests, while yet my vapours shed
The golden vision round his sacred head ;
For Juno's love, and Somnus' pleasing ties, 415
Have clos'd those awful and eternal eyes.

Thus having said, the Pow'r of Slumber flew,
On human lids to drop the balmy dew.
Neptune, with zeal increas'd, renews his care,
And tow'ring in the foremost ranks of war, 420
Indignant thus——Oh once of martial fame !
O Greeks ! if yet ye can deserve the name !
This half-recover'd day, shall Troy obtain ?
Shall Hector thunder at your ships again ? 424

V. 417. *The Pow'r of Slumber flew.*] M. Dacier in her translation of this passage has thought fit to dissent from the common interpretation, as well as obvious sense of the words. She restrains the general expression ἐπὶ κλυτὰ φύλ' ἀνθρώπων, *the famous nations of men*, to signify only the country of the Lemnians, who, she says, were much celebrated on account of Vulcan. But this strained interpretation cannot be admitted, especially when the obvious meaning of the words express what is very proper and natural. The God of Sleep having hastily delivered his message to Neptune, immediately leaves the hurry of the battle, (which was no proper scene for him) and retires among the tribe of mankind. The word κλυτὰ, on which M. Dacier grounds her criticism, is an expletive epithet very common in Homer, and no way fit to point out one certain nation, especially in an author, one of whose most distinguishing characters is *particularity* in description.

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Lo still he vaunts, and threats the fleet with fires,
While stern Achilles in his wrath retires.

One hero's loss too tamely you deplore,
Be still yourselves, and we shall need no more.

Oh yet, if glory any bosom warms, 429

Brace on your firmest helms, and stand to arms :

His strongest spear each valiant Grecian wield,

Each valiant Grecian seize his broadest shield ;

Let, to the weak, the lighter arms belong,

The pond'rous targe be wielded by the strong. 434

(Thus arm'd) not Hector shall our presence stay ;

Myself, ye Greeks ! myself will lead the way.

The troops assent ; their martial arms they change,

The busy chiefs their banded legions range.

The kings, tho' wounded, and oppress'd with pair,

With helpful hands themselves assist the train. 440

The strong and cumb'rous arms the valiant wield,

The weaker warrior takes a lighter shield.

v. 442. *The weaker warrior takes a lighter shield*] Plutarch seems to allude to this passage in the beginning of the life of Pelopidas. "Homer, says he, makes the
"bravest and stoutest of his warriors march to battle
"in the best arms. The Grecian legislators punished
"those who cast away their shields, but not those who
"lost their spears or their swords ; as an intimation that
"the care of preserving and defending ourselves is preferable to the wounding our enemy, especially in those
"who are generals of armies, or governors of states." Eustathius has observed, that the poet here makes the best warriors take the largest shields and longest spears, that they might be ready prepared, with proper arms, both offensive and defensive, for a new kind of fight, in

Thus sheath'd in shining brags, in bright array
 The legions march, and Neptune leads the way :
 His brandish'd falchion flames before their eyes, 445
 Like light'ning flashing thro' the frighted skies.
 Clad in his might, th' Earth-shaking Pow'r appears ;
 Pale mortals tremble, and confess their fears.

Troy's great defender stands alone unaw'd, 449
 Arms his proud host, and dares oppose a God :

which they are soon to be engaged when the fleet is attacked. Which indeed seems the most rational account that can be given for Neptune's advice in this exigence.

Mr. Hobbes has committed a great oversight in this place ; he makes the wounded princes (who it is plain were unfit for the battle, and do not engage in the ensuing fight) put on arms as well as the others ; whereas they do no more in Homer than see their orders obeyed by the rest, as to this change of arms.

v. 444. *The legions march, and Neptune leads the way.*]
 The chief advantage the Greeks gain by the sleep of Jupiter, seems to be this : Neptune unwilling to offend Jupiter, has hitherto concealed himself in disguised shapes ; so that it does not appear that Jupiter knew of his being among the Greeks, since he takes no notice of it. This precaution hinders him from assisting the Greeks otherwise than by his advice. But upon the intelligence received of what Juno had done, he assumes a form that manifests his divinity ; inspiring courage into the Grecian chiefs, appearing at the head of their army, and brandishing a sword in his hand, the sight of which struck such a terrour into the Trojans, that, as Homer says, none durst approach it. And therefore it is not to be wondered, that the Trojans, who are no longer sustained by Jupiter, immediately give way to the enemy.

And lo ! the God, and wond'rous man appear :
 The seas stern Ruler there, and Hector here.
 The roaring main, at her great master's call,
 Rose in huge ranks, and form'd a wat'ry wall 454
 Around the ships ; seas hanging o'er the shores,
 Both armies join : Earth thunders, Ocean roars.
 Not half so loud the bellowing deeps resound,
 When stormy winds disclose the dark profound ;

v. 451. *And lo ! the God and wond'rous man appear.*] What magnificence and nobleness is there in this idea ! where Homer opposes Hector to Neptune, and equalizes him in some degree to a God. *Eustathius.*

v. 453. *The roaring main, &c.*] This swelling and inundation of the sea towards the Grecian camp, as if it had been agitated by a storm, is meant for a prodigy, intimating that the waters had the same resentments with their commander Neptune, and seconded him in his quarrel. *Eustathius.*

v. 457. *Not half so loud, &c.*] The poet having ended the episode of Jupiter and Juno, returns to the battle, where the Greeks being animated and led on by Neptune, renew the fight with vigour. The noise and outcry of this fresh onset, he endeavours to express by these three sounding comparisons ; as if he thought it necessary to awake the reader's attention, which by the preceding descriptions might be lulled into a forgetfulness of the fight. He might likewise design to shew how soundly Jupiter slept, since he is not awaked by so terrible an uproar.

This passage cannot be thought justly liable to the objections which have been made against heaping comparisons one upon another, whereby the principal object is lost amidst too great a variety of different images. In

Less loud the winds, that from th' Æolian hall
 Roar thro' the woods, and make whole forests
 fall; 460

Less loud the woods, when flames in torrents pour,
 Catch the dry mountain, and its shades devour:
 With such a rage the meeting hosts are driv'n,
 And such a clamour shakes the sounding heav'n.
 The first bold jav'lin urg'd by Hector's force, 465
 Direct at Ajax' bosom wing'd its course;

this case the principal image is more strongly impressed on the mind by a multiplication of similes, which are the natural product of an imagination labouring to express something very fast: but finding no single idea sufficient to answer its conceptions, it endeavours by redoubling the comparisons to supply this defect: the different sounds of waters, winds, and flames, being as it were united in one. We have several instances of this sort even in so castigated and reserved a writer as Virgil, who has joined together the images of this passage in the fourth Georgick, v. 261. and applied them, beautifully softened by a kind of parody, to the buzzing of a bee hive:

“Frigidus ut quondam sylvis immurmurat Auster,
 “Ut mare sollicitum stridet refluantibus undis,
 “Æstuat ut clausis rapidus fornacibus ignis.”

Tasso has not only imitated this particular passage of Homer, but likewise added to it. Cant. ix. Sta. 22.

“Rapido sì che torbida procella
 “De cavernosi monti esce più tarda:
 “Fiume, ch' alberi insieme, e case svelta:
 “Folgore, che le torri abbatta, & arda:
 “Terremoto, che 'l mondo empia d' horrore,
 “Son picciole sembianze al suo furore.”

But there no pass the crossing belts afford,
 (One brac'd his shield, and one sustain'd his sword.)
 Then back the disappointed Trojan drew,
 And curs'd the lance that unavailing flew : 470
 But 'scap'd not Ajax ; his tempestuous hand
 A pond'rous stone up-heaving from the sand,
 (Where heaps laid loose beneath the warrior's feet,
 Or serv'd to ballast, or to prop the fleet)
 Toss'd round and round, the missive marble flings ;
 On the raz'd shield the falling ruin rings, 476
 Full on his breast and throat with force descends ;
 Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury spends,
 But whirling on, with many a fiery round,
 Smokes in the dust, and ploughs into the ground.

v. 480. *Smokes in the dust, and ploughs into the ground.]*

Στερόμενον δ' ὡς ἑστίας βαλὼν, &c.

These words are translated by several, as if they signified that Hector was turned round with the blow, like a whirlwind ; which would enhance the wonderful greatness of Ajax's strength. Eustathius rather inclines to refer the words to the stone itself, and the violence of its motion. Chapman, I think, is in the right to prefer the latter, but he should not have taken the interpretation to himself. He says, it is above the wit of man to give a more fiery illustration both of Ajax's strength and Hector's ; of Ajax, for giving such a force to the stone, that it could not spend itself on Hector ; but afterwards turned upon the earth with that violence ; and of Hector, for standing the blow so solidly : for without that consideration, the stone could never have recoiled so fiercely. This image, together with the noble simile following it, seem to have given Spenser the hint of those sublime verses :

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As when the bolt, red-hissing from above, 481
Darts on the consecrated plant of Jove,
The mountain-oak in flaming ruin lies,
Black from the blow, and smokes of sulphur rise ;
Stiff with amaze the pale beholders stand, 485
And own the terrors of th' Almighty hand !
So lies great Hector prostrate on the shore ;
His slacken'd hand deserts the lance it bore ;
His following shield the fallen chief o'erspread ;
Beneath his helmet dropp'd his fainting head ; 490
His load of armour sinking to the ground,
Clanks on the field ; a dead, and hollow sound.
Loud shouts of triumph fill the crouded plain ;
Greece sees, in hope, Troy's great defender slain :
All spring to seize him ; storms of arrows fly ;
And thicker jav'lins intercept the sky. 496
In vain an iron tempest hisses round ;
He lies protected, and without a wound.
Polydamas, Agenor the divine,
The pious warrior of Anchises' line, 500

As when almighty Jove, in wrathful mood,
To wreak the guilt of mortal sins is bent,
Hurks forth his thund'ring dart with deadly food
Enroll'd, of flames, and smouldring dreariment :
Thro' riven clouds, and molten firmament,
The fierce three-forked engine making way,
Both lofty tow'rs and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his dreadful passage stay,
And shooting in the earth, casts up a mound of clay.
His boist'rous club so buried in the ground,
He could not rear again, &c.

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And each bold leader of the Lycian band;
With cov'ring shields (a friendly circle) stand.
His mournful followers, with assistant care,
The groaning hero to his chariot bear;
His foaming courfers, swifter than the wind, 505
Speed to the town, and leave the war behind.

When now they touch'd the mead's enamell'd side,
Where gentie Xanthus rolls his easy tide,
With wat'ry drops the chief they sprinkle round,
Plac'd on the margin of the flow'ry ground. 510
Rais'd on his knees, he now ejects the gore;
Now faints a-new, low-sinking on the shore;
By fits he breathes, half views the fleeting skies,
And seals again, by fits, his swimming eyes.

Soon as the Greeks the chief's retreat beheld, 515
With double fury each invades the field.
Oïlean Ajax first his jav'lin sped,
Pierc'd by whose point the son of Enops bled;
(Satnius the brave, whom beauteous Neïs bore
Amidst her flocks on Satnio's silver shore) 520
Struck thro' the belly's rim, the warrior lies
Supine, and shades eternal veil his eyes.
An arduous battle rose around the dead;
By turns the Greeks, by turns the Trojans bled.

Fir'd with revenge, Polydamas drew near, 525
And at Prothœnor shook the trembling spear;
The driving jav'lin thro' his shoulder thrust,
He sinks to earth, and grasps the bloody dust.
Lo thus (the victor cries) we rule the field,
And thus their arms the race of Panthus wield:

From this unerring hand there flies no dart 531

But bathes its point within a Grecian heart.

Propt on that spear to which thou ow'st thy fall,

Go, guide thy darksome steps to Pluto's dreary hall!

He said, and sorrow touch'd each Argive
breast: 535

The soul of Ajax burn'd above the rest.

As by his side the groaning warrior fell,

At the fierce foe he lanch'd his piercing steel;

The foe reclining, shunn'd the flying death;

But Fate, Archelochus, demands thy breath: 540

Thy lofty birth no succour could impart,

The wings of death o'ertook thee on the dart,

Swift to perform Heav'n's fatal will it fled,

Full on the juncture of the neck and head,

And took the joint, and cut the nerves in twain: 545

The dropping head first tumbled to the plain.

So just the stroke, that yet the body stood

Erect, then roll'd along the sands in blood.

v. 533. *Propt on that spear, &c.*] The occasion of this sarcasm of Polydamas seems taken from the attitude of his falling enemy, who is transfix'd with a spear through his right shoulder. This posture bearing some resemblance to that of a man leaning on a staff, might probably suggest the conceit.

The speech of Polydamas begins a long string of sarcastick raillery, in which Eustathius pretends to observe very different characters. This of Polydamas, he says, is *pleasant*; that of Ajax, *heroick*; that of Acamas, *plain*; and that of Peneleus, *pathetick*.

Here, proud Polydamas, here turn thy eyes!
 (The tow'ring Ajax loud insulting cries) 550
 Say, is this chief extended on the plain,
 A worthy vengeance for Prothœnor slain?
 Mark well his port! his figure and his face
 Nor speak him vulgar, nor of vulgar race;
 Some lines, methinks, may make his lineage
 known, 555

Antenor's brother, or perhaps his son.
 He spake, and smil'd severe, for well he knew
 The bleeding youth: Troy sadden'd at the view.
 But furious Acamas aveng'd his cause;
 As Promachus his slaughter'd brother draws, 560
 He pierc'd his heart——Such fate attends you all,
 Proud Argives! destin'd by our arms to fall.
 Not Troy alone, but haughty Greece shall share
 The toils, the sorrows, and the wounds of war.
 Behold your Promachus depriv'd of breath, 565
 A victim ow'd to my brave brother's death.
 Not unappeas'd he enters Pluto's gate,
 Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate.

Heart-piercing anguish struck the Grecian host,
 But touch'd the breast of bold Peneleus most; 570
 At the proud boaster he directs his course;
 The boaster flies, and shuns superiour force.
 But young Ilioneus receiv'd the spear;
 Ilioneus, his father's only care:
 (Phorbas the rich, of all the Trojan train 575
 Whom Hermes lov'd, and taught the arts of gain)

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Full in his eye the weapon chanc'd to fall,
 And from the fibres scoop'd the rooted ball,
 Drove thro' the neck; and hurl'd him to the plain :
 He lifts his miserable arms in vain ! 580
 Swift his broad falchion fierce Peneleus spread,
 And from the spouting shoulders struck his head ;
 To earth at once the head and helmet fly ;
 The lance, yet striking thro' the bleeding eye,
 The victor seiz'd ; and as aloft he shook 585
 The gory visage, thus insulting spoke.

Trojans ! your great Ilioneus behold !
 Haste, to his father let the tale be told :
 Let his high roofs resound with frantick woe,
 Such, as the house of Promachus must know ; 590
 Let doleful tidings greet his mother's ear,
 Such, as to Promachus' sad spouse we bear ;
 When we, victorious shall to Greece return,
 And the pale matron in our triumphs mourn. 594

Dreadful he spoke, then tofs'd the head on high ;
 The Trojans hear, they tremble, and they fly :
 Aghast they gaze around the fleet and wall,
 And dread the ruin that impends on all.

Daughters of Jove ! that on Olympus shine,
 Ye all-beholding, all-recording Nine ! 600

v. 599. *Daughters of Jove ! &c.*] Whenever we meet with these fresh invocations in the midst of action, the poets would seem to give their readers to understand, that they are come to a point where the description being above their own strength, they have occasion for su-

O say, when Neptune made proud Ilion yield,
What chief, what hero first embru'd the field?
Of all the Grecians what immortal name,
And whose blest trophies will ye raise to fame?

Thou first, great Ajax! on th' ensanguin'd plain
Laid Hyrtius, leader of the Mysian train. 606
Phalces and Mermer, Nestor's son o'erthrew,
Bold Merion, Morys, and Hippotion flew.
Strong Periphætes and Prothoön bled,
By Teucer's arrows mingled with the dead. 610

pernatural assistance; by this artifice at once exciting the reader's attention, and gracefully varying the narration. In the present case, Homer seems to triumph in the advantage the Greeks had gained in the flight of the Trojans, by invoking the Muses to snatch the brave actions of his heroes from oblivion, and set them in the light of eternity. This power is vindicated to them by the poets on every occasion, and it is to this task they are so solemnly and frequently summoned by our author. Tasso has, I think, introduced one of these invocations in a very noble and peculiar manner; where, on occasion of a battle by night, he calls upon the Night to allow him to draw forth those mighty deeds, which were performed under the concealment of her shades, and to display their glories, notwithstanding their disadvantage, to all posterity:

“ Notte, che nel profondo oscuro seno
“ Chiudesti, e ne l' oblio fatto sì grande;
“ Piacciati, ch' io nel trágga, e'n bel sereno
“ A la future età lo spieghi, e mande.
“ Viva la fame loro, e trà lor gloria,
“ Splenda del fosco tuo l' alta memoria.”

Pierc'd in the flank by Menelaüs' steel,
His people's pastor, Hyperenor fell ;
Eternal darkness wrapt the warrior round,
And the fierce soul came rushing thro' the wound.
But stretch'd in heaps before Oileus' son, 615
Fall mighty numbers, mighty numbers run ;
Ajax the less, of all the Grecian race
Skill'd in pursuit, and swiftest in the chace.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME,



